The New Hoover an article by **George Creel**

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Collier's

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Oct. 12, 1935

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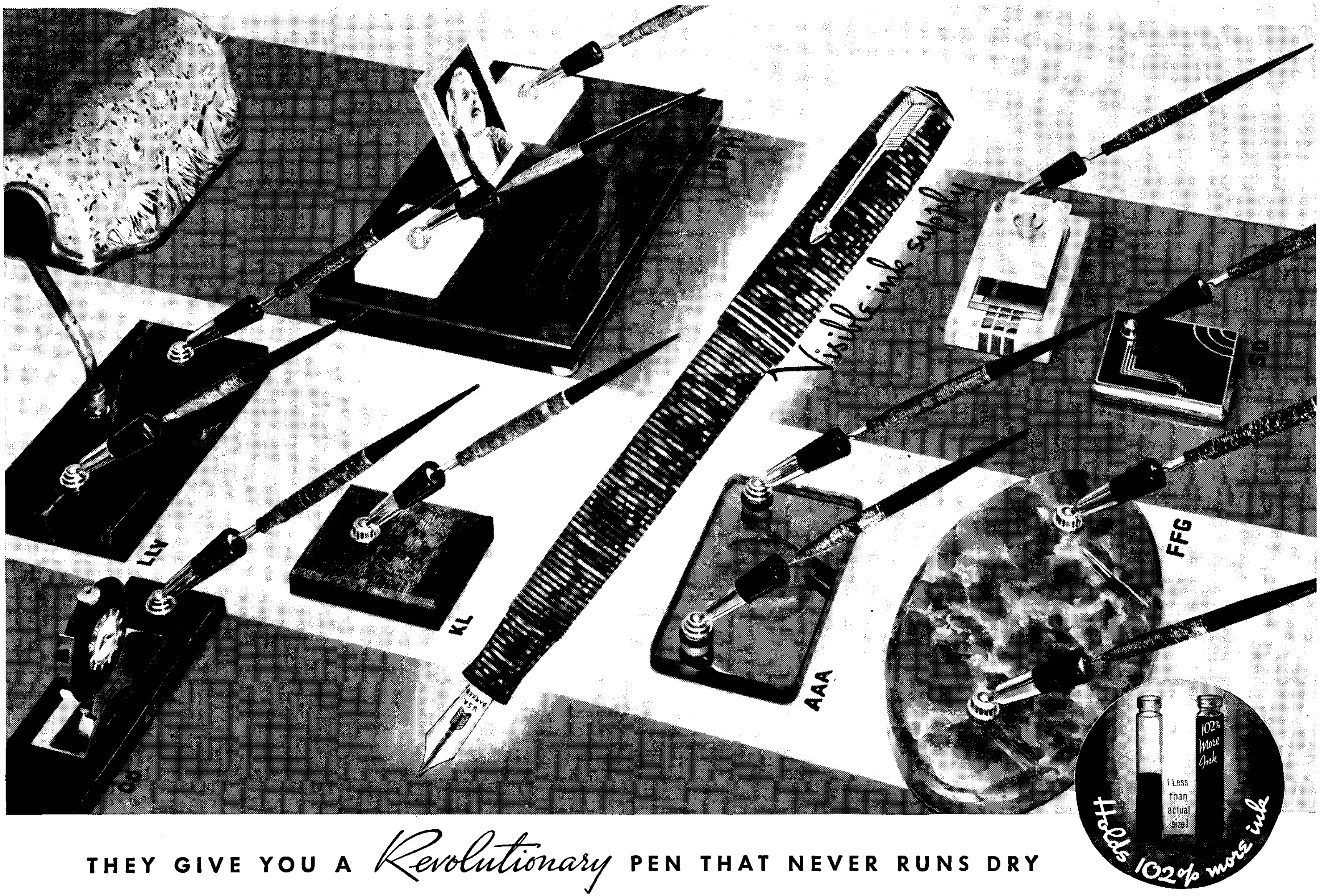

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Hold it to the light—see the ink level within—a Parker idea that ends running out of ink at some critical moment.

If you want guaranteed mechanical perfection, be sure to ask for a "PARKER" instead of just "a fountain pen." The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

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Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10
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SD, $ 2.50:	Moderne Chrome-finished Metal inlaid with Ivory or Black Enamel (3¾" x 3¾").
BD, $ 5.00:	Handy Roll Blotter fitted in Ivory or Black Enameled Metal Base, moderne Chrome finish (6¾"x3"). Same with 2 sockets (BBD)—$6.00.
KL, $ 5.00:	Glass inlaid with Laminated Silver, Burgundy, or Emerald Pearl to match Pen (4" x 3½"). Brocatelle Marble (KB) or Italian Marble (KM), $4.00; mounted in Gold- or Silver-finished frame, $6.00.
AAA, $ 7.50:	Smart Gunmetal Glass with scoop and 2 sockets (7" x 3½"); or AAL, plain glass inlaid with Laminated Pearl to match Pens and Pencils; or AAG in stunning Green Onyx.
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FFM, $20.00:	Large Italian Marble Base (12"x 6") with 2 sockets.
FFG, $25.00 and $27.50:	Rich Green Onyx (12"x 6") mounted in Silver- or Gold-finished frame $27.50; without frame, $25.00.
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

NERRY PINE was a poet and a hero-worshiper. His hero was Tody, his brother. Everyone conceded that Tody was a very remarkable fellow, a boy who would make money and go far. Tody always got what he wanted. He wanted Nerry's girl, and Nerry made no protest. How could he? Tody was a hero.

It took a bullet in the shoulder to rearrange Nerry's ideas, but the new setup proved to be eminently satisfactory. In a swift and dramatic love story James Aswell tells you about the boy who wanted to keep a certain "Glory in His Head."

NEXT time you're at a football game and see the pigskin flash out of the backfield to sweep over the line in a long, perfect arc and nestle miraculously in the right man's arms and then see interference, equally miraculously, spring up to convoy it across the goal line—don't talk about luck. The forward pass is a science in itself. Behind every one completed there are months of practice, split-second timing and carefully rehearsed coördination. The whole mechanism of "The Passing Show" is described by Frank Thomas, coach of Alabama, for whom the long passes fell so luckily in the Rose Bowl game last year.

JERRY BRODERICK was thirty-four years old when he jumped into the surf one afternoon and saved the life of Joan Fielding. Miss Fielding was twenty-three. Obviously the difference in age was great enough to preclude any romantic interest. At any rate that's what Jerry told himself. He introduced his golfing partner, who was younger. The result is recorded by Frank Condon in a lively story called, after a kind of strong drink, "The Policeman's Hat."

A FEW years ago we heard a lot about the Yellow Peril. Now the danger is running the other way, and the grave fathers of Tokyo are losing sleep over "The White Peril." Jim Marshall tells you why.

ONE of Tarat's most audacious enterprises was an attempt to inveigle the erratic Uranus, lord of chance. There was a fortune at stake, to say nothing of a very pretty romance. But Uranus, the leisurely one, the far one, refused to be trapped. Thomas McMorrow records the events in "The Sign of the Twins."

ROBERT BUCKNER, W. B. Courtney, Kyle Crichton, Quentin Reynolds, Ruth Carson, Alan LeMay and Ernest Haycox supply fiction and articles. You'll know what to expect.

This Week

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October 12, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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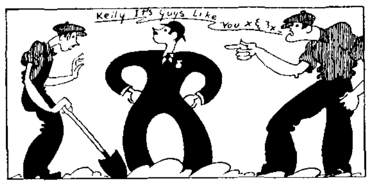
●

Any Week

WITH more daring than confidence we begin by trying to explain ourselves to Mr. H. R. Brehm of Hortonville, Wisconsin. While he doesn't say so in so many words, the implication is clear that he has his doubts concerning the importance of the conductor of this column. This isn't the first time the subject has been forced upon us. We've never cared for the topic at all since that day, many years ago, when to our vast surprise an employer of ours came to our desk and, with the most gracious of smiles, said: "Mister—whatever your name is—this concern is about to start trying to get along without your services." And we regret to say that the progress of that concern has been steadily upward. But Mr. Brehm, observing that we are equipped with an Editor, a Managing Editor and an Editorial Director, inquires into "the probable duties of this triumvirate." Says he: "Seems to me that the Editorial Director must be someone like an Assistant Postmaster, the guy who does the work; the Managing Editor must be like the Postmaster—lovely office, thick rugs and water decanter, bankers' hours and theoretically telling the Editorial Director what to do; and the Editor must be a Jim Farley, a general overseer and receiver of the bouquets and brickbats."

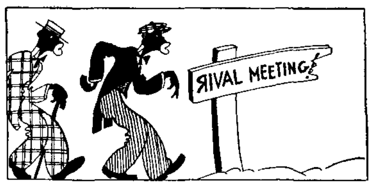
THIS leaves us in a position to appreciate a letter we've just received from Mr. Jerome E. Keily of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Keily has a Works Progress job. "I am one of those poor guys who can't even shovel straight," confesses he. "But I have my uses. Quite a lot of work we do is done wrong and that's where I come in. Every time the inspector comes along and finds fault my boss calls me over to him and in a loud voice says: 'Keily, it's guys like you that's the matter with this country.' And that makes him feel better."



Keily It's guys Like You ×{?×

BUT such situations cannot always be dismissed so lightly. Mrs. C. M. Rutledge reports from Washington, D. C., that just after Congress adjourned she was talking to a member of the House of Representatives, who told her that the chances of his seeing her again were not as bright as he'd like. Said he: "I'm going back home to try to explain a lot of things to my constituency. I'm going to be frank with them. I'm going to get up there and say: 'Well, folks, I did my best but I seem to have been outnumbered. After all, what could I do against the rest of Congress plus the AAA, the FERA, the Cabinet and the rest of them?' And," continued the congressman, "if that don't work I'm going back to my law business, if any."

ANYWAY, writes Mrs. R. P. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, it's "Big Meetin' time in the hill country." Says she: "Brother Lige began a series of meetings in the Tabernacle of the M. E. Church, South, Colored. Brother Henry's followers in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Ethiopian, built him a brush arbor. The services ran concurrently. To guide the feet of the faithful, at the road forks they put up a sign reading: 'Rival Meeting!' When Brother Henry boasted of having saved ten souls, Brother Lige retaliated that his entire choir of fifteen voices was composed of convicts."



AND no sooner had we finished reading Mrs. Sheaffer's letter than we were knee-deep in one from Mr. Arthur Knobbly of Mobile, Alabama. Mr. Knobbly is afraid that "tourists driving along our roads are liable to think that some of our relief-job workers might be prison-labor gangs. So," says he, "why not give relief-job workers some distinctive kind of uniform or insignia? It might be like college athletes who get their numerals and letters for playing on the teams. For instance, after a man has worked for the government a year he could get his numeral or class letter. After a while he gets the government or varsity letter. And after four years on relief he can be graduated with the President handing him his diploma."

"AND I," gloats Mr. Ernest Lochheiler of St. Louis, Missouri, "am forty-eight years old. I have never voted, never paid taxes, ain't married, am an orphan, never earned more than twenty dollars a week, haven't had a job for eighteen months, am healthy as a battleship, haven't missed a meal in my life and am about to write the story of my life. What do you say?"

LOCHHEILER for President!

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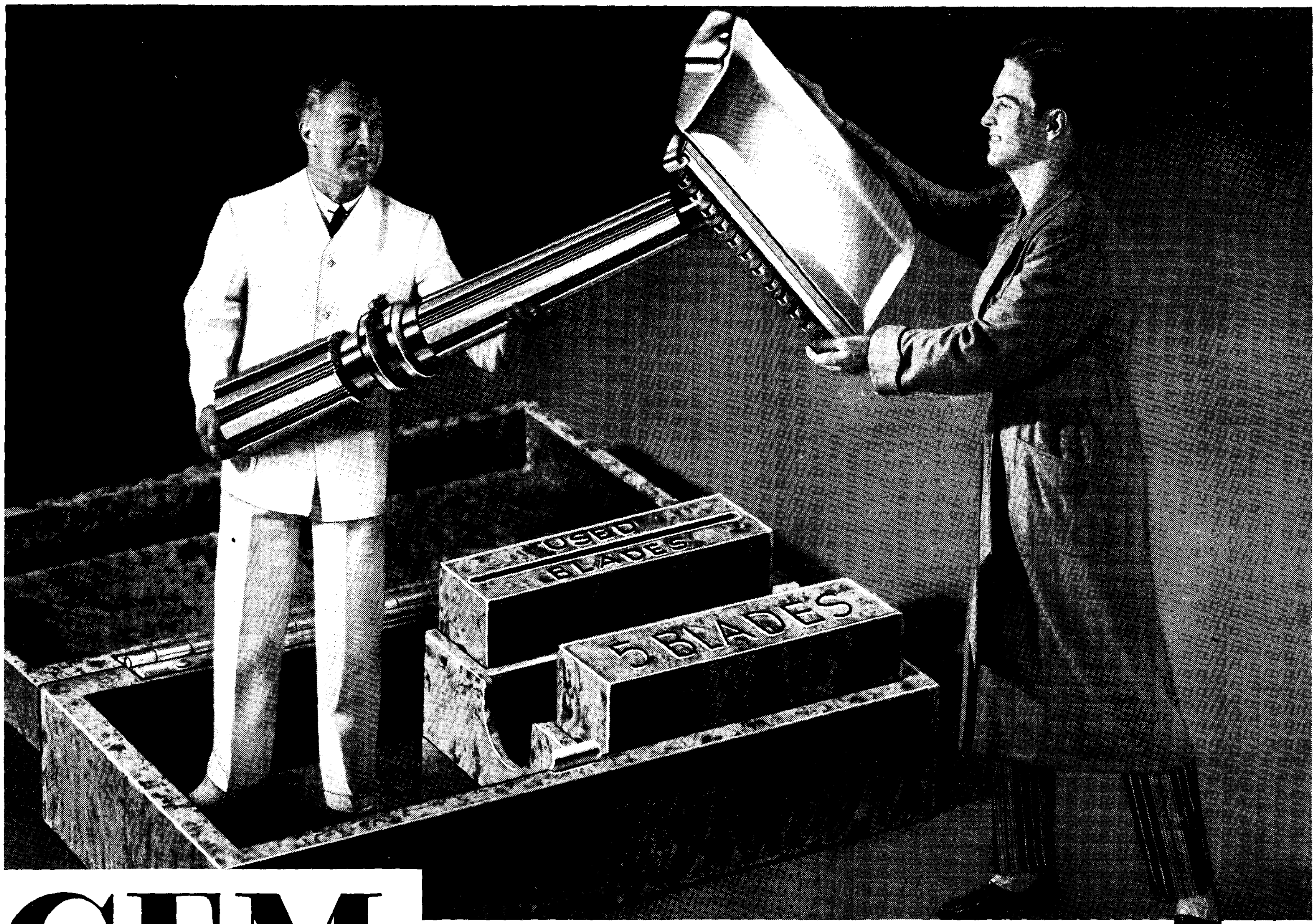
Long Distance saves legwork and lobby-sitting for salesmen

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company found that entirely too much of their salesmen's time was wasted waiting for interviews. "How," asked officials, "can we cut down this waste, cover more territory, find time for *new* prospects?" All three questions were answered by a systematic telephone plan prepared with the help of the telephone company.

Now, descriptive literature, personal letters, and samples are sent out before sales trips. As he travels, each salesman telephones ahead from selected key towns to arrange appointments. The telephone does *not* replace the personal demonstrations that this company's products demand. But it *does* reduce waiting time to a minimum, avoid useless visits, and provide a courteous contact that customers appreciate. And it has increased coverage from 4 to 11 towns per salesman per week!

Similarly, company salesmen follow up prospect leads with telephone calls from strategic points along their routes. Every inquiry is answered promptly and personally. In this way, productive leads are sorted out from the worthless ones, and appointments made without waste motion. Says the sales manager, "When our telephone bills went *up*, selling costs came *down*. It was one of the best investments we ever made."

Long Distance is applicable to the individual needs of virtually every business. Your local telephone company will be glad to help you discover how this service can best be used by *your* business—in production, traffic, credit, accounting, as well as sales. Just call the Business Office. No obligation.



GEM's "little barber-in-a-box" *hands you the perfect shave*

First, Gem invented the Micromatic Razor, which introduced the barber-shop stroke to self-shaving and made it *safe* for you to use *keener* blades. *Now*, Gem protects your skin from soiled fabric and metal with its stainless Marbelite case—as washable as a drinking glass.

And *further* to guard you from *mischance*, Gem has been super-plated with the *purest* chromium which never tarnishes, corrodes or rusts.

These latest and handsomest outfits are the *finest* razor kits ever manufactured.

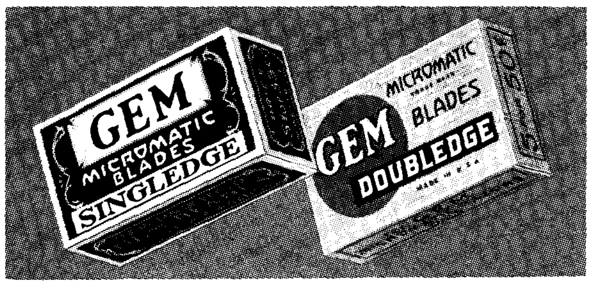
But stores *everywhere* retail the *new* Gem at the *old* price—one dollar.

The "Little-Barber-in-a-Box" urges you to get one *today*—no *other* razor reproduces his professional skill. No other razor is *unconditionally* guaranteed *forever*. No other razor permits such *close* shaving that a *once-over* holds the *heaviest* stubble in 24-hour check. And no other razor is automatically set so that it can't skip, scuff or irritate the tenderest face.

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) locks the blade at *five* points, eliminates all risk of wobble, and enables any *beginner* to shave with the adeptness of a *veteran*.

Gem's 50% thicker, *surgical steel* blades are so *toughly* textured and sharply edged that they wade through the wiriest bristle without a wince or tug. They cost so *little* because they *last* so long and make all substitutes too expensive for *economical* men.

5 Gem Micromatic Blades, the chrome plated frame and the washable Marbelite case, *all* for $1—*everywhere*. Or a test set consisting of a standard gold plated Gem Razor and 2 blades for 25c and our coupon.


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE

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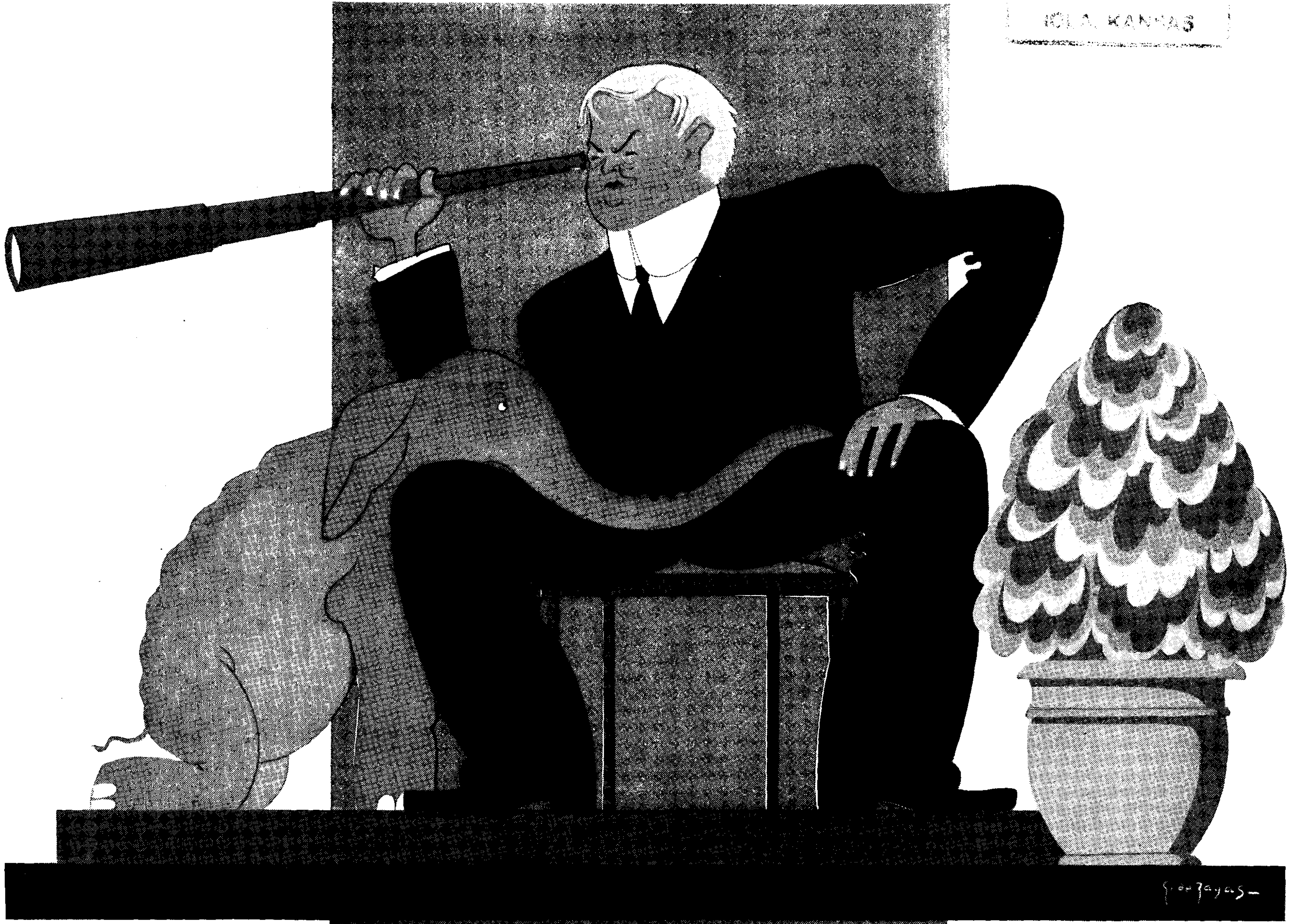


Happily convinced that he must once more become The Man of the Hour, Herbert Hoover sits on his Palo Alto porch and awaits the Call

The New Hoover

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

The worried look that plowed Mr. Hoover's brow during the latter days of his administration has given place to an expression of happy serenity. Everything, he feels, [illegible] and he looks forward hopefully to 1936. Mr. Creel shows you our ex-President as he [illegible] among the lesser Republican prospects

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DeZAYAS

LOOKING at Democrats today—triumphant, lordly and with billions to spend for the satisfaction of every whim and fancy—it seems impossible that they ever knew lean, unhappy years. Nevertheless, there was indeed a long, distressful period when the party of Jefferson used blue glasses and a tin cup for raising campaign funds, and relied on city directories and telephone books for its candidates. It was even the case that men reckless enough to pass the convention hall were frequently dragged in and nominated before their cries for help could be heard and answered by agents of the Humane Society.

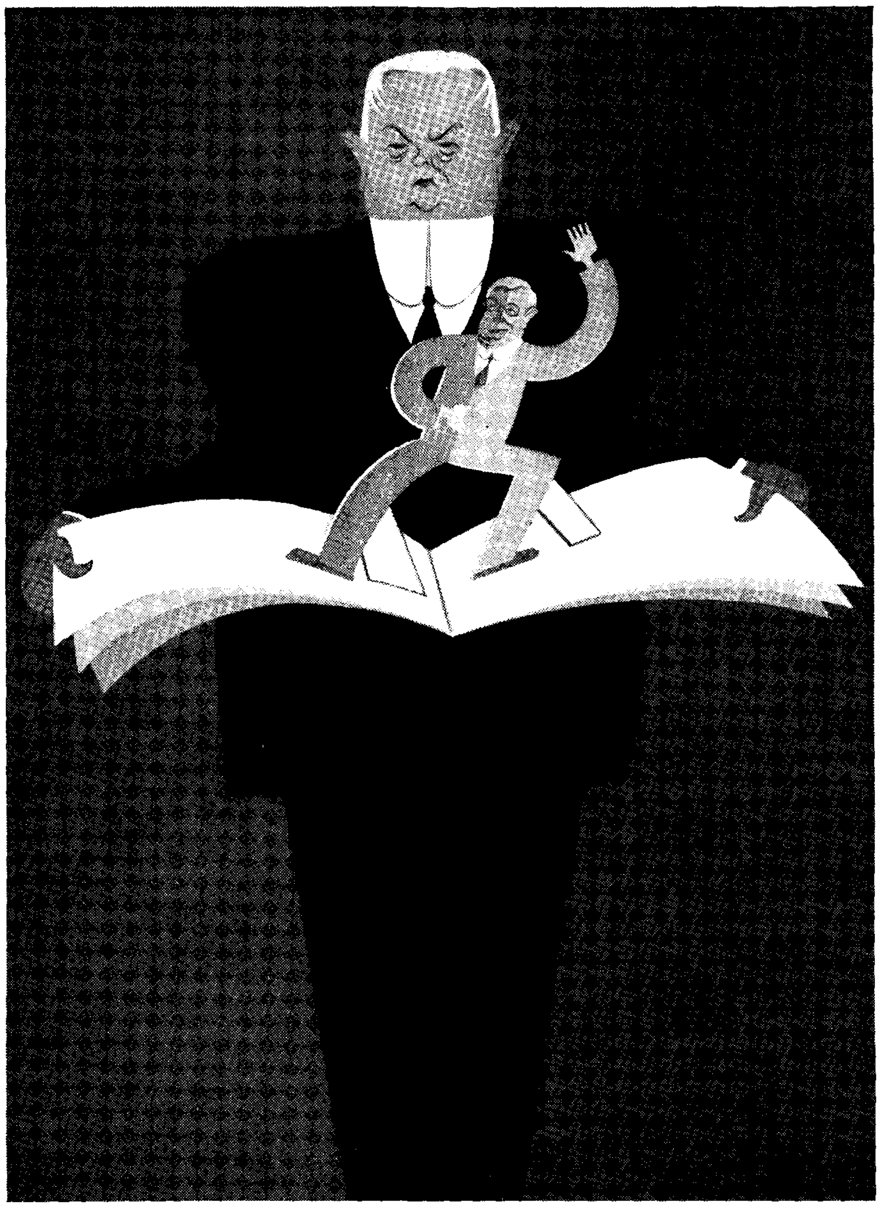
Now, by a turn of the wheel, it is the Republicans who are called upon to bear the pains of disorganization and demoralization. Gone are the good old times when a group of G. O. P. leaders met in a back room, passed around the cigars, shucked their coats, settled themselves comfortably, and then proceeded to the selection of a presidential nominee, putting him on ice until ready for use. Not that the followers of Lincoln are lacking in hope. Far from it. Sodden despairs and adenoidal apathies have been succeeded by a passion of optimism, and from coast to coast there is no city corner or country crossroad without its bunch of Republicans, cackling excitedly and happily.

All sorts of rumors excite them to the point of delirium. They believe implicitly that the right wing and the left wing of the Democratic party will split off from the main body, taking millions of votes away from Roosevelt, thus making Republican victory absolutely certain. Already it is being stated as a fact that John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith and "Jimmie" Cox will lead a bolt of conservatives, summoning a constitutional Democratic convention for the repudiation of "Roosevelt heresies." William R. Hearst, that sterling old Jeffersonian, is expected to support the secession, and the candidate will be Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland or Lewis Douglas, former director of the budget, all depending on which is the slowest of foot.

As for the Left Wingers, the Republicans were sublimely convinced, until the death of Huey Long, that there would be a Share-the-Wealth ticket in the field, and they counted on its carrying Louisiana, Arkansas, Georgia, Southern California and other sections in the pecan belt. Now they are not so sure. They believe that the late Senator Long had intended either to stand forth for himself or to support Governor Talmadge or Senator Wheeler of Montana. What will happen to the Share-the-Wealth ticket is anybody's guess.

Daily reports of desertions from the Democratic ranks pour like wine into the shrunken veins of the Republicans. Cheers split the air as they hear that the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Investment Bankers' Association and the Ancient and Honorable Order of Public Utility Executives have regretfully decided to quit Franklin D. Roosevelt and support the Republican ticket for the first time in their lives.

Even so, there is still a large bluebottle fly in the G. O. P. ointment, and Republican optimism is shot through with



Newspaperman Col. Frank Knox was one of the prize Palo Alto pop-ups

a note of dark foreboding. *What about an issue?* It is a question calculated to give pause even to the most resourceful. Obviously not the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, for when the famous "grass roots convention" started to attack Secretary Wallace and all his works, a howl of protest from the farmers forced the adoption of a resolution that virtually endorsed the AAA.

The NRA is equally lacking in vitamins as an issue, for the businessmen of the country have come to belated realization that fair trade practices are a necessity, and are pathetically endeavoring to uphold NRA fundamentals by voluntary compact. With millions on relief, and with cities and states fighting like mad for their share of the four billions, it would border on the suicidal to advocate the scrapping of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration and the suspension of public works.

Even more hectic and bedeviling than the search for the right issue is the hunt for a candidate. The whole country is being scoured for a nominee who will be able to draw all factions together, appealing with equal force to Andrew Mellon and Senator Nye. Horsemen and hounds are beating the thickets and brush piles; and Alpine climbers have been brought from Switzerland to make a thorough survey of the mountain regions.

In the last analysis, however, the real cause for mounting Republican panic is one Herbert Clark Hoover. He is the cloud that threatens to blot out their sun; the skeleton that bids fair to make a mess of their feast. As one Republican leader confessed in a recent confidential interview, "We know now just what the Democrats suffered with William J. Bryan. Lord, if Hoover would only get out and leave us alone."

Mr. Hoover, it may be stated authoritatively, has no such intention. Planted firmly in a comfortable chair on the front porch of his pleasant home in Palo Alto, he looks out over the Republican party in full confidence that it is still his demesne. Stouter than when he quit the presidency, his face has lost its querulousness, and that curiously lunar terrain is broken up at intervals by an actual smile. From all appearances he is both a happy man and hopeful.

The Head That Will Not Bow

From those close to the ex-President, the following clues have been obtained to his mental and emotional processes. First of all, he regards himself as the titular head of the party, and under no circumstances will he consent to have himself pushed aside or minimized. While conscious of his unpopularity, he holds that it proceeds only from the crack-brained, radical element that has no proper place in Republican councils.

Behind these convictions is Mr. Hoover's steadfast refusal to admit that he was a failure as a President. With all his heart and soul he believes that he was a great Chief Executive, who had the misfortune to run into a set of tragic circumstances over which he had no control, and that these circumstances were capitalized by unscrupulous demagogues to his discredit and defeat. It is his deep feeling that the people of the United States have come to see this truth, and that 1936 may well witness a demand for his renomination. In event, however, that the demand does not materialize, he means to insist on his right to an authoritative voice in connection with the platform and the nominee.

To his own satisfaction, at least, he has already decided the issue on which the coming campaign will be fought. In the course of the commencement address delivered to the graduating class of Stanford University, he struck an attitude with one arm thrown protectingly about the Constitution, declaring that it was the sacred duty of all Americans, regardless of party, to guard the Ark of the Covenant against the attack of radicals and demagogues who sought to destroy the palladium of our liberties.

A ringing speech, emitted with all the force at his command. This done, he returned to his front porch, seating himself as one who, having said his say, was without further interest in the proceedings. Almost immediately, however, a stream of Republican leaders began to pour into California, clattering a noisy way to the home on San Juan Hill. First came ex-Senator Otis Glenn of Illinois, and then in rapid succession followed Harry Nice, governor of Maryland; James M. Beck, the great constitutional authority from Philadelphia and Washington; Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War; and Colonel Frank Knox, the Chicago publisher.

Mr. Hoover gave every indication of surprise. He was delighted, of course, to be visited by such eminent Republicans and dear friends, but what could they possibly want with one who had no further thought of public life, desiring only the peace and quiet that a strenuous career had denied him? Unfortunately, Alf Landon, governor of Kansas, came out with a maladroit statement regretting his inability to accept the invitation to Palo Alto, and it stood revealed that Mr. Hoover himself had mailed many and specific requests.

Senator Glenn came and went without large notice, but the trumpets blared for Mr. Beck. After being a house guest on San Juan Hill, the Pennsylvanian spoke before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, and Mr. Hoover sat at his right hand by way of giving the address his official approval. Always a bit lachrymal, Mr. Beck fairly sobbed as he described what Franklin D. Roosevelt was doing to the Constitution, and the audience blanched with terror as he pointed out the abyss into which America was being dragged.

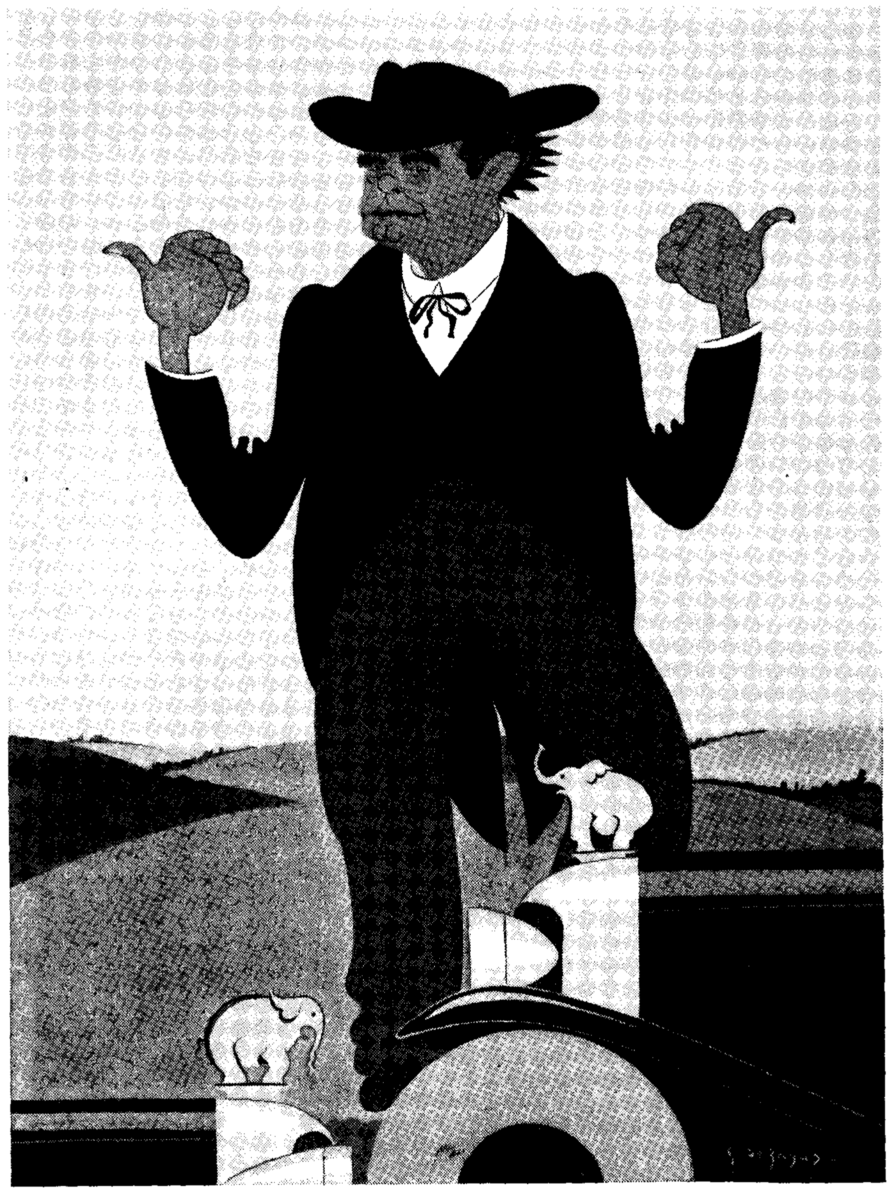
Some Flies in the Good Old Soup

Speaking as one who has made the Constitution the study of a lifetime, finding even the commas rich in pious meaning, he charged that the New Deal was a deliberate attempt to overthrow democratic government. True, he said nothing about RFC loans to banks and railroads, or the expenditure of federal funds to aid states and cities in caring for the hungry and homeless, but he made up for these reticences by attacking the NRA, the TVA and the AAA as utterly and absolutely unconstitutional. Processing taxes, in particular, irked him unbearably.

"The power to tax," he cried, "is the power to destroy. When the government takes from a man the product of his toil, and gives his property to others, it is a distinct violation of an ancient creed. Equalization of property is, in its final form, nothing but Communism."

Distressfully enough, however, before Mr. Beck's speech had ceased to echo, the press carried a statement from William M. Jardine, a Kansas Republican and Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinet of Calvin Coolidge. Answering the attack on processing taxes, Mr. Jardine declared that 90 per cent of the

Borah seems to be out on his record as a political hitchhiker



farmers in the United States were strongly in favor of the AAA, and that any attempt to abandon it would prove disastrous.

Moreover, the Sacramento Bee, a fiercely independent paper, developed the fact that Mr. Beck had split a $35,000 fee for delivering an opinion that held certain New Deal laws entirely unconstitutional, only to have a Circuit Court of Appeals uphold the constitutionality of the legislation a few weeks later.

It was also brought out that Mr. Beck had dedicated one of his massive tomes on the Constitution to his dear friend, Harry M. Daugherty, the Attorney General in President Harding's Cabinet.

Governor Harry Nice, Mr. Hoover's next presentation, was equally ill-fated, despite a most auspicious start. Hundreds of enthusiastic Republicans came from all over the state to hear his San Francisco speech, and although too portly for Mr. Beck's tigerish emotionalism, the Maryland governor succeeded in working up to quite a pitch of fire and fury.

"Under Republican administration," he said, "and with constructive policies conforming to prescribed constitutional practices, recovery was on the way in June, 1932, only to be set back by the election, following which a wave of fear of the new policies precipitated a banking panic." Other high notes were the charge that "the nation reels under the opium of opportunism," and a stirring appeal to return to a "constitutional form of government," and the recapture of a "proper respect for the rights of the states."

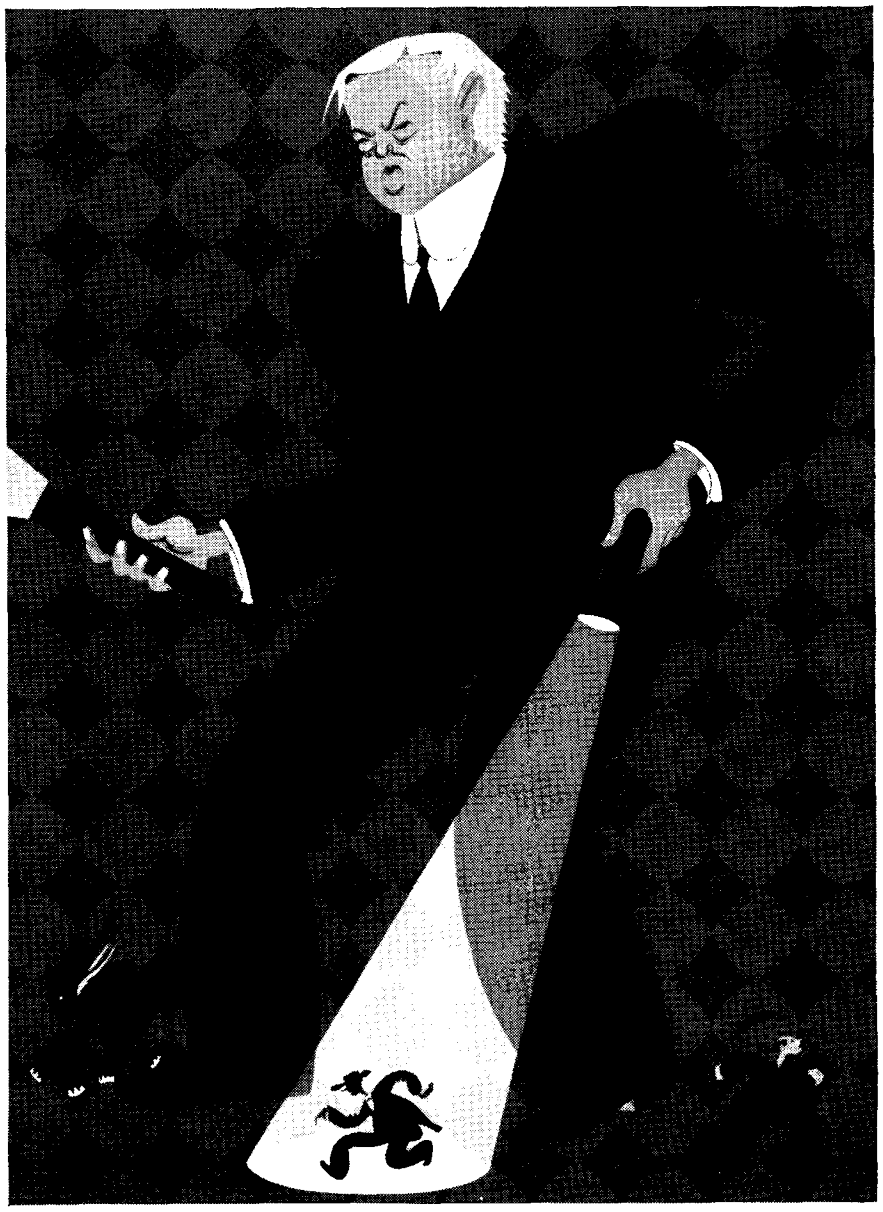
Again, as in the case of Mr. Beck, the annoying Sacramento Bee rattled a skeleton. Digging back into the files, it unearthed the fact that when Mr. Nice ran for governor of Maryland in 1934 he made the race as an ardent Roosevelt supporter, attacking Governor Ritchie as a rock-ribbed conservative who was out of sympathy with the Great Humanitarian in the White House, whose wise laws were restoring pride and prosperity.

With Mr. Beck and Governor Nice out of the way, and the Sacramento Bee quiet for a while, Mr. Hoover produced Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News. A husky, dynamic person, the red of his hair just giving way to gray, and looking much younger than his sixty-one years, the colonel made a very good impression on California. Skillful presswork put over the fact that he had been a Rough Rider in his reckless youth, and that, although his record was marred by having served as general manager of the Hearst papers, the employment was of brief duration, and the record proved that he had lived it down.

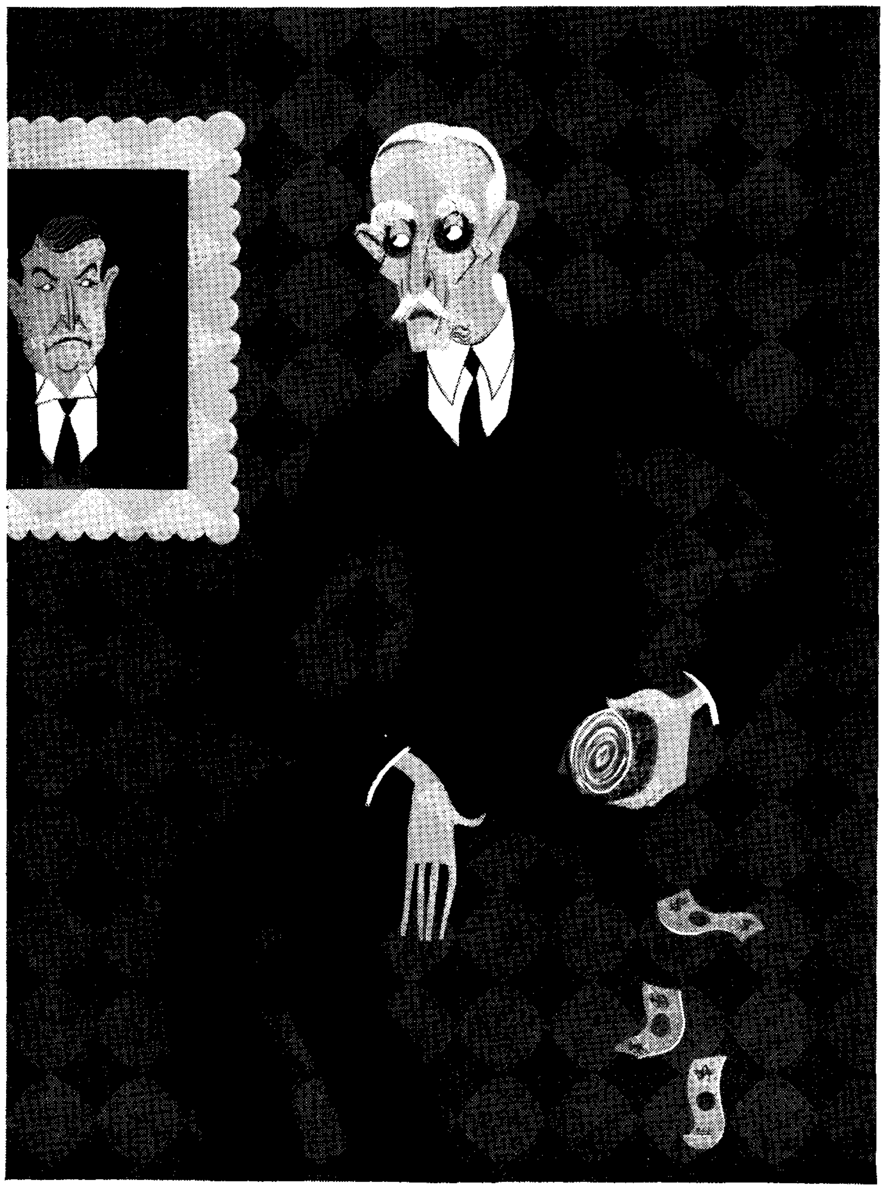
Building Up a Man of the Hour

Again Republicans rushed to San Francisco from every part of California, and Colonel Knox lost no time in endorsing the Hoover issue. There was no question in his mind that President Roosevelt had violated his oath to support constitutional government when he proposed such legislation as the NRA, the AAA and the TVA. When it came to praising "free competition" and demanding the return of Rugged Individualism, all that the colonel needed for his picture of Daniel Boone was a long rifle and a coonskin cap. As he talked, his auditors heard the creak of the Covered Wagon, and every face showed fear of an Indian attack.

Patrick J. Hurley followed Colonel Knox as a Hoover guest, but before he could give his views on the Constitution and the state of the nation, he was compelled to dash back to Washington for the purpose of explaining to the Black committee just what he did for the handsome fees received from Associated Gas and Electric, the company headed by the elusive Mr. Hopson.



The search for a candidate is more hectic than the search for an issue



Rumor has it that Mellon might go overboard for Justice Owen Roberts

Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Hoover suffered no heartbreak, not even heartburn, by reason of these mishaps to his guests. Had he not shown a generous, friendly spirit, bringing them to California, a pivotal state, and giving them the pat of approval? In the event that Colonel Knox goes to the convention with the Illinois delegation pledged to him, Governor Nice with the Maryland delegation, Hurley with the Oklahoma delegation, only to find that they themselves have no chance for the nomination, what more natural than that they should turn to Herbert Hoover, their friend and first sponsor?

Knox, Nice and Hurley are regarded merely as Favorite Sons, important only for the strength they may be able to deliver at the right moment. Senator Vandenburg of Michigan is not taken seriously, for all indications point to the fact that he will be fought by Senator Couzens, which means that he cannot have the delegation from the Wolverine State. John Raymond McCarl, mentioned as a dark horse, will have to stand as a Nebraska candidate, and there he would have the active and powerful opposition of Senator George Norris, bitter against the Comptroller General for various rulings that crippled the Tennessee Valley Authority. Senator Lester Jesse Dickinson of Iowa is somewhat contemptuously dismissed as a Fourth of July spellbinder.

There is, of course, a disturbing report from Pennsylvania to the effect that Andrew Mellon, infuriated by the federal prosecution in connection with his income tax, is prepared to take the rubber band off his roll and spend money like water in behalf of Owen Roberts, justice of the Supreme Court. The Hoover camp, however, is not unduly alarmed, figuring the possibility from these angles.

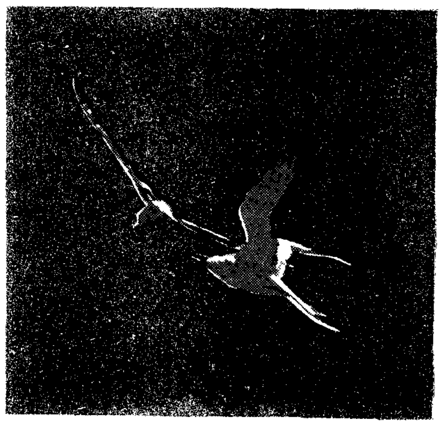
Everything under Control

As a matter of fact, Senator Borah is about the only Republican taken seriously as a candidate by the Hoover group. They are convinced that the Man from Idaho is receptive, to say the least, and suffer no delusions as to his popular appeal. Even so, there are two things that give them confidence. One is Senator Borah's record as a political hitchhiker. The other thing that makes Senator Borah's nomination an absolute impossibility, according to the Hooverites, is his financial views.

Just the same, the Hoover camp has a large olive branch held in readiness for Senator Borah.

It is indeed a new Herbert Hoover who sits out by the Golden Gate, calmly and inflexibly asserting his right to Republican leadership, and bolstering the assertion by a series of adroit moves. No memory of past wrongs is permitted to appear in his eyes, and none of the bitternesses that used to curdle him will be allowed to stand in the way of the harmony necessary to the attainment of his consuming desire to regain the office from which he was expelled so definitely and so savagely.

Out of the picture, indeed! He believes sincerely that he *is* the picture.



The Test of Tests

You can learn all you need to know of any man if you're alone with him when there is danger. The cook of a Gloucester fisherman tells the story

By James B. Connolly

AT THIS time I'm cook of the Ariadne, a fresh halibuter out o' Gloucester; and the cook of a fresh halibuter, in case you don't know, has to be able to do more than stand by his pots and kettles and the galley stove.

On this morning the vessel is putting out to sea, and Roy Patton and myself are on our way to the wharf with a young Finlander called Nekkie. We swing into Main Street, and looming ahead of us is Lem Shallop.

We overhaul Lem, and Roy says: "You look thoughtful, Lem, and that ain't a natural expression for you. Somebody been crossin' your bows?"

"Val Flood dropped in on me last night," explains Lem, "to tell me he's heaved and hauled his last trawl on the winter banks, not to mention bein' most washed overboard four or five times on ev'ry hard market passage." Val is Lem's dorymate.

"Last trip was maybe a rough trip," says Roy, "but some men wouldn't be happy unless they could worry about bein' lost some day."

"That ain't what I mean," says Lem. "What I mean is what'm I goin' to do for a dorymate if Val don't show up this mornin'?"

"You can ease your mind about Val," says Roy. "Jud and me saw him this morning and he ain't goin' to show up. See that lad walkin' behind us with Jud? How does he look to yuh?"

"He's able-lookin'," said Lem.

"That's what I said when I first sighted him," says Roy. "Big enough to go fresh halibutin'. And he's a friend of Jud's and his name is Nekkie."

"Nekkie? What kind of a name is that?"

"He's a Finlander and his full name is too long to be pronouncin' all the time, but what d' you care about his name, so he turns out to be a good dorymate?"

"A dorymate for me?" says Lem.

By this time we're at the wharf, and I call Lem to one side and tell him about Nekkie: how he's been working over in the Rockport granite quarries—Rockport is just across the cape from Gloucester—and how when he first come to this country he had to get a job somewhere and so he went to work in the granite quarries. "But before he left Finland he was a fisherman," I said.

"What kind o' fishin'?" asks Lem.

"Long-line fishing, something like our trawling."

"Mm-m! What's the matter with his quarry job?"

"The quarries shut down and it's chafing him to have to loaf and he all ready to get married to a nice little Finn girl that my wife has in to look after the children when she goes to the movies of an evening and I'm out to sea."

"There's plenty wives, I bet you," says Lem, "who puts in their evenin's goin' to the movies when their men're out to sea."

"S'pose they do?" says Roy. "And why not? Mine does, and what's wrong with it?"

"Nothin' wrong, o' course, if they only go to the movies," says Lem. "But ain't them quarries goin' to open up again, Jud?"

"I don't know. But Nekkie doesn't want to go back to any quarry job. You see, Nekkie's father was a fisherman before him, and his father before him, and one day Nekkie comes wandering along the Gloucester waterfront and he gets a close-up of three or four able, handsome Gloucestermen driving in from sea. And when he does, the fishing blood in him comes out. One of the vessels, Lem, was the Ariadne."

"THAT right?" says Lem. "Well, when he saw her adrivin' in he saw somethin'. Let him be standin' off anywhere's under her loo'ard bow and she comin' on swingin' both tops'ls to a strong wind—well, he was lookin' at something then." He squints over at Nekkie. "He looks able enough, Jud, but I dunno, I never been shipmates, let alone dorymates, with a Finlander."

The skipper is standing over on the stringpiece with his watch in his hand. He's a driver and he believes in putting out on time like the vessel is a passenger steamer. He moves over toward us wanting to know what we're gossiping like a lot of old wimmen about.

Lem tells him about being without a dorymate, then I tell him about Nekkie, and he has a side look at him and says: "He looks like he might do, but I dunno, I never been shipmates with any Finlanders."

"Nor me," I says to that, "but Finns are probably a lot like other people when we come to know 'em, and from what I read about 'em they're pretty good sailormen."

"And athletes," put in Roy. "Some swell athletes among 'em. Remember those Olympic games and Nurmi, Skipper?"

"Nurmi? Oh, the runner! I remember readin' about him, and I guess he could log off the knots on a runnin' track, but runnin' ain't trawlin', Roy."

"Maybe not," says Roy, "but don't forget, Skipper, about Finland not reneging on her war debt."

"That's right—they didn't, did they? And what a crew o' bums we were to let them other nations work to wind'ard of us the way they did. I read somewheres that if they paid us what they owed us there'd be so much money layin' around loose in this country that people could be payin' one quarter more than they're doin' now for things to eat an' not be mindin' it."

"A half more, I read," says Roy.

"A half more? Meanin' we'd got thirty-six cents a pound for our halibut last trip? What a stock we'd 'a' had, hah?"

"Would we!" says Roy. "But what about Nekkie for Lem's dorymate, Skipper?"

"Mm—oh, I guess Finlanders are all right. If Lem wants to try him out, go ahead. Only if he don't make good, mind, Lem, it's back to the quarries for him!"

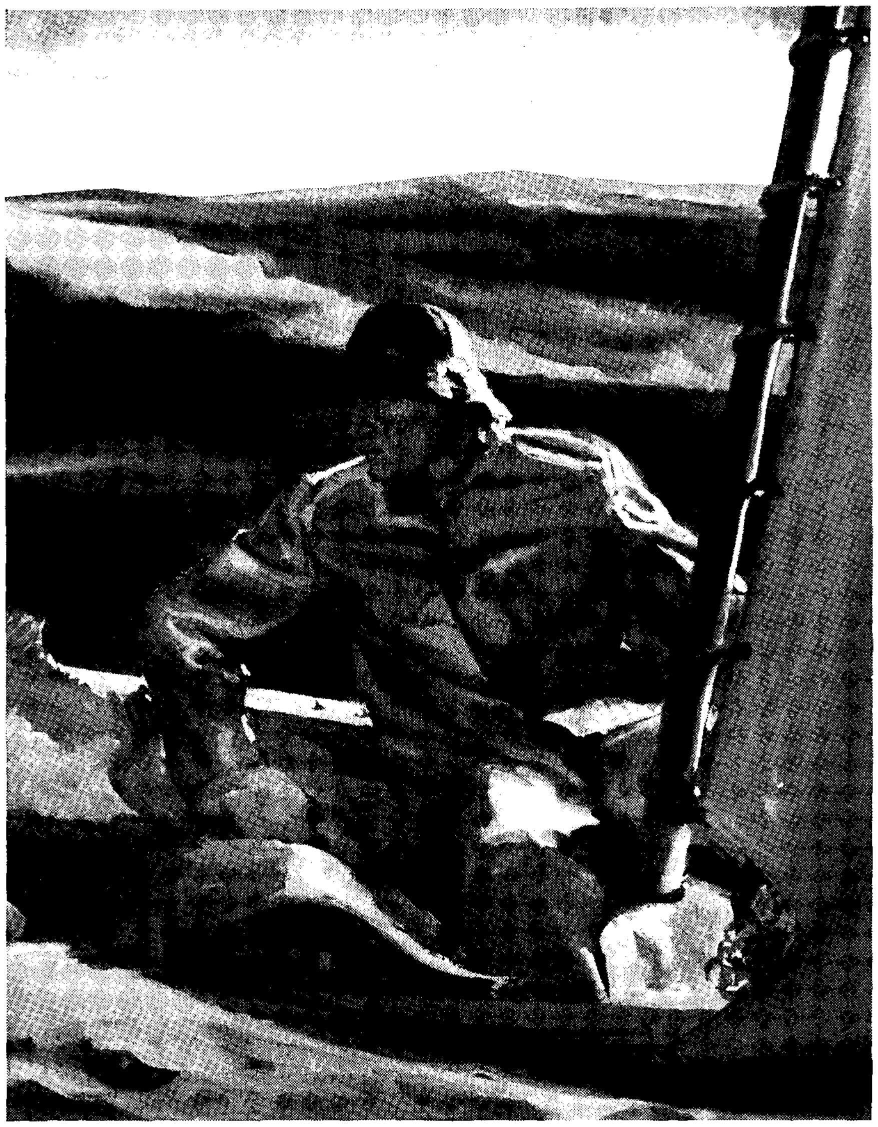
WE WERE fishing that winter in the Gulley, which, if you don't know, is a deep spot on the Grand Banks, and a great place for big halibut. We got in a week of good fishing, and allowing the same price halibut was fetching when we left home, we could've swung the vessel off then and stocked a good share.

But our skipper is a killer—a big trip always for him. "This breeze won't hang on," says the skipper. "We'll get in another few sets after it blows by and then to the west'ard she'll go."

The breeze blew itself out on the second night, and next morning the crew have an early breakfast, bait up, put over the dories, heave their trawls and come back aboard. Halibut, if you don't know, are a big fish and they don't come schooling along by the millions like

ILLUSTRATED BY
DONALD TEAGUE

The hours we waited! And the wistful expression of Nekkie when he would turn for a look toward where I told him the vessel would come from—when she come!



small fish. You got to give big fellows like halibut time to cruise around and find the baited hooks along the bottom.

"We'll let them skates o' trawls set a while afore we haul 'em," says the skipper. "A couple o' more sets after that and then she'll take the first strong fair wind comes along and a-leapin' she'll go for the Boston market."

THE crew come back aboard from setting their trawls by nine o'clock, and they have a mug-up for themselves. And then they sit around fore and aft waiting for the dinner call.

Ten o'clock is dinner-time on our vessel, and it's getting along toward it. I'm in the galley, doing my best to read a mystery crime story and keep a wind-'ard eye on a pot of boiling potatoes and a loo'ard nose at the same time for a pot of boiling coffee. I have to take my reading when I can. Roy Patton is sitting over on a locker seat with no more to distract him than to be filling his pipe.

The fo'c's'le hatch cover is slid back and Lem eases his bulk down the ladder.

"Hi, Lem!" says Roy. "How's Nekkie makin' out as a dorymate?"

"Well enough so far," says Lem. "He's ketchin' on quick to our ways, but it's been all fine weather so far. Wait till he gets a try-out in a bit o' rough weather and I'll tell you. Any signs, Roy?"

He means any signs of dinner going on to the table soon, and he means it for me of course.

"You know when dinner is," says Roy. "Ten o'clock, Jud said."

"Ten is it?" He takes a peek at the galley clock. "And ten to ten now? Time enough."

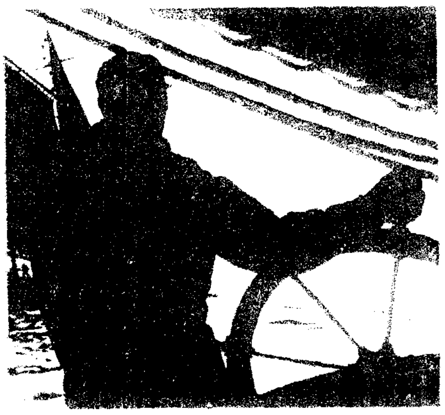
He meant time enough to have a mug-up before dinner, and he pours himself a mug of coffee off the galley stove and rummages around in the grub locker and hauls out the makings of a thick cold beef sandwich. He makes three bites of the sandwich and two swallows of the coffee.

"NO MATTER what you're thinkin', Jud," says Roy, "I'll bet you're admirin' him just the same. If only they had eatin' championships in the Olympic Games, Lem, what honor and glory you'd bring to the Gloucester fleet."

"You holdin' it against me that I enjoy my vittles?" says Lem, starting out.

"I'll bet Jud ain't, because Jud knows it's men who enjoy their grub who give the cook of a vessel a good name."

"Dinner's at ten—don't forget," Roy hollers after him.



I finish a chapter in my crime mystery and stick my head out the fo'c's'le hatchway and sing out to the gang aft that dinner is ready. Up the cabin companionway they come piling, with Lem in the lead. The vessel is pitching some, which Lem in his hurry to get for'ard doesn't make allowance for. He takes a header off the break of the vessel and fetches up against the coamings of the forehatch with his hands stuck out in front to ease his fall.

He comes below holding on to one of his wrists, and half way through dinner he stops eating to feel the bad wrist. "Look, Roy!" he says. "Look at her swellin' up! Suppose she keeps on swellin' and I ain't able to hold my knife to cut my vittles?"

"What a tragedy of the Grand Banks fleet that would be! Lem Shallop held back in his eatin'," says Roy. "But what the skipper will be interested to know is will you be able to hold a pair of oars and take a good grip of the ground line when it comes time to haul your trawls this afternoon."

Lem's wrist keeps on swelling. When it's time to put off in the dories it's as big as his ankle, most, and the skipper can't poke his finger into it without poor Lem twisting his face into knots.

THE next thing then is who's going to take Lem's place with Nekkie in the dory because of course there's going to be no letting her trawls go adrift and losing trawls and fish both. Then comes in what I mean by a fishing cook knowing more than standing by his galley stove. I'd been ten years a doryman before ever I went cook, and I tell the skipper that of course I'm going with Nekkie in the dory.

To Lem I said: "The crew will be like a lot of wolves when they come back from hauling the trawls. I've started things for supper. You look after the galley till I get back to the vessel."

"And the Lord pity you, Lem," says the skipper, "if Jud goes astray in the dory, because then you'll have to stay cook till the vessel gets home."

"Pity Lem?" says Roy. "Pity the rest of the crew. He'll eat what grub he cooks as fast as he cooks it—if he cooks any."

The other dories put off. I get into my woolen jacket and oilskins and redjacks. "That roast in the oven," I holler to Lem, "be sure to baste it regularly."

"Baste it?" says Lem. "What's that?"

"There's a cookbook in my bunk will tell you all about it," I says, "and now I have to hurry if we're going to get those trawls in before dark."

Our dory had great fishing that day. One big fellow must've been a two-hun-dred-pounder, and there were two that would scale a full hundred pounds apiece. And there were plenty of forty- and fifty-pounders, which is a fine market size.

Nekkie would snub them up to the gunnel, kill 'em with a slap of the gob stick over the nose, and I would then gaff 'em into the waist of the dory. They had to be killed. Big fish like them flopping around in a dory don't help to make her safer or more comfortable.

Being the new man in the crew, Nekkie got excited to think maybe his dory would be high line for that day. And even to an old hand it's a great feeling, where it is share and share alike with a crew, to know you are bringing your full portion to the common stock.

Nekkie hauls away on the trawl in the bow and I coil it onto the skates in the waist of the dory. I have also the job of putting the dory head-on to any bad seas that might upset her. Between the good fishing and the rough seas we don't either of us have much time for looking around.

It was February, and at that time of the year on the Grand Banks the sun sets early; and as owing to Lem not admitting till the last minute that his wrist wouldn't allow him to go in the dory, Nekkie and I had been delayed in putting out from the vessel; and so it was that by the time we had our trawl coiled in, and our anchor line yet to haul, it was growing dark. Every other dory was well on her way to the vessel by then, if they weren't already alongside or aboard.

WE HAULED our anchor line, and in ninety fathom of water that took time. With our anchor in, the dark night was on us. The vessel by then was showing her white riding light.

Our dory was to her gunnels, almost, with our grand day's fishing when we set out for the vessel. We had to keep picking her riding light over our shoulder as we rowed.

The tides run strong in the Gulley, and the tide being now against us, the best we could do, with the pair of us putting every pound we had onto the oars, was to no more than hold our own. It was no use setting the sail, the wind also being against us. I saw before long that for all the headway the dory was making she might as well have stayed laying to her anchor. Still we rowed on, for maybe two hours—a winter-bank trawler has to make a good try always.

Being sure at last that we were only wasting our strength trying to reach the vessel against the tide and the wind, I said to Nekkie:

"The vessel is miles away, and it's a strong tide and a hard wind against us. It's time, boy, we began to save our strength for the hard night before us." To that he answered: "You the dory captain. What you say all right for me."

"There's a rough night before us, Nekkie," I said, "and before it gets too rough we'll heave the dory to, and let her ride to a sea anchor for a while." So we in with our oars, lashed our buoy keg and the anchor and our sail and mast together, dropped them over the bow and paid out a good long scope of our anchor line. Fishing in ninety fathom of water, we had no lack of roding for our sea anchor.

THE sea makes, and keeps on making, but the dory keeps on riding it—she has to or go down. She ships plenty of water though, she being so deep loaded. In the waist of the dory, where the broad-backed halibut were piled to the gunnel almost, small space was left for the seas to find room; but the open spaces at both ends of the dory left plenty of room. Nekkie in the stern and myself in the bow were kept busy at the bailing with our sou'westers being used for bailers.

Now somebody may be thinking by this time that we should have thrown the halibut overboard and lightened the dory, because with good handling, as

(Continued on page 57)

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

KAREN WATERSON, a San Francisco girl, makes a startling discovery: Alakoa, a valuable island in the Hawaiian group, had been sold by her grandfather when he was mentally incompetent; legal action, in Honolulu, will enable her to gain possession of it!

Without delay, she goes to Honolulu, where, acting on the advice of John Colt, her legal adviser, she files suit against old James Wayne, who is in possession of the island. But she needs more data pertaining to the case. To obtain them, she goes out of her way to meet one of Wayne's nephews—Richard Wayne, a debonair young man, who, cruising about in his schooner, the Holokai, is known everywhere as "Tonga Dick." He invites her to go sailing with him. She does, and Dick takes her to Alakoa. Arrived at the island, much to her embarrassment, Dick informs her that she has no choice but to land and spend the night.

Together they go to James Wayne's lovely home, where the housekeeper takes Karen under her wing. When they arrive, Wayne is ill. Dick discusses the suit with him; he makes no mention, however, of Karen. The old man is worried. He admits that the Waterson girl seems to have a good case. Then—"Dick," he says, "you know and I know that there's a way to break this case. It begins to look as though there isn't any other way."

Dick does not commit himself. Leaving his uncle, he joins Karen. Astonished at the familiarity of one of the household—Lilua, a striking Hawaiian girl who is obviously in love with Dick—Karen asks some questions. Dick answers them; he has, he says, known the girl since she was a baby, he regards her almost as a member of the family, she is not in love with him. After which, they plunge into a discussion of the strange situation confronting them.

IV

THEY were silent for a moment or two. Suddenly Dick recognized that they were both experiencing a regret for the days of careless plenty.

"I'm sorry, sometimes," he said, "that those old days are gone. There are things that are rigid, and dull too, about the Wayne regime."

She looked at him and the shared moment broke up. "How do you know all this?"

"The Waynes were very close friends of Garrett Waterson."

"To the profit of the Waynes," Karen said with repressed bitterness.

Tonga Dick shook his head, not in denial but in objection. "Your grandfather ended up utterly broke. You see, he was the last of the great old catch-as-catch-can traders. Island trading was a tough game after the sandalwood gave out, but Garrett Waterson had a tremendous, robust energy, and he made himself two or three fortunes. But all that was over a good many years before he sold Alakoa. I doubt if he had made a cent for at least a decade. He had no business judgment; even his ownership of this island was an accident. He won Alakoa in a poker game with the native king—and even that was partly by mistake, because he thought he was gambling for just the fishing rights. He was actually astounded when he found out he had won it all."

"I suppose it amuses you," Karen said, "to make out that my grandfather was a great fool."

"You shouldn't mind," Dick smiled. "You and John Colt are trying to establish that he was an imbecile."

Karen flushed, and Dick finished more gently.

"His last years here were spent in running through his money. I have no doubt that he was very much surprised when he came to the end of it with a bang. After he was broke he found that out of all the people who had filled this house he had hardly one real friend. He must have recognized, himself, at the last, that he was not the man to handle the island. And the island itself was all he had left."

"So the Waynes did him out of it," Karen said.

A sultry spark showed behind Dick Wayne's eyes for a moment, but his tone was composed, even lazy: "Alakoa was a taro-patch island when James Wayne took it over. No cane grew here at all, until water was flumed from the windward to the leeward side—a project of such unbelievable difficulties that no one ever even considered it, except James Wayne. But now there are power plants and deep wells, miles of pipe and flume—there's a tunnel through a mountain of lava; and cane plantations lie where there were only sow thistle and horseweed. There are big cane mills—even Alakoa's own ships on the sea. Thousands of cattle are running the uplands now, and they are of the finest breeding in the Islands; but mile upon mile of worthless country had to be planted in imported grasses before that could be made to come true. Those are the things that have made Alakoa valuable—things built and fought for by James Wayne, and no one else. And those are the things that John Colt wants to get his hooks into now."

KAREN bit her lip; she was silent for a full minute, and when she spoke she took an entirely new tone. "I don't suppose there is any possible way of letting Honolulu know where I am?"

"Yes, there is. I can get Honolulu by wireless telephone, if you like."

"I most certainly should like," said Karen. "I have no idea what you expected to gain by bringing me here, but—"

"You are here," Dick said wearily, "because John Colt sent you cruising with me, to find out some things he doesn't know. You can't imagine it, but certain affairs are a good deal more important to me than John Colt's spying processes."

"If you think," Karen snapped at him, "that either John Colt or I have the least interest in you whatever—"

"I think you have," said Dick. "For one thing, I can tell you this—your case is never going to come to trial."

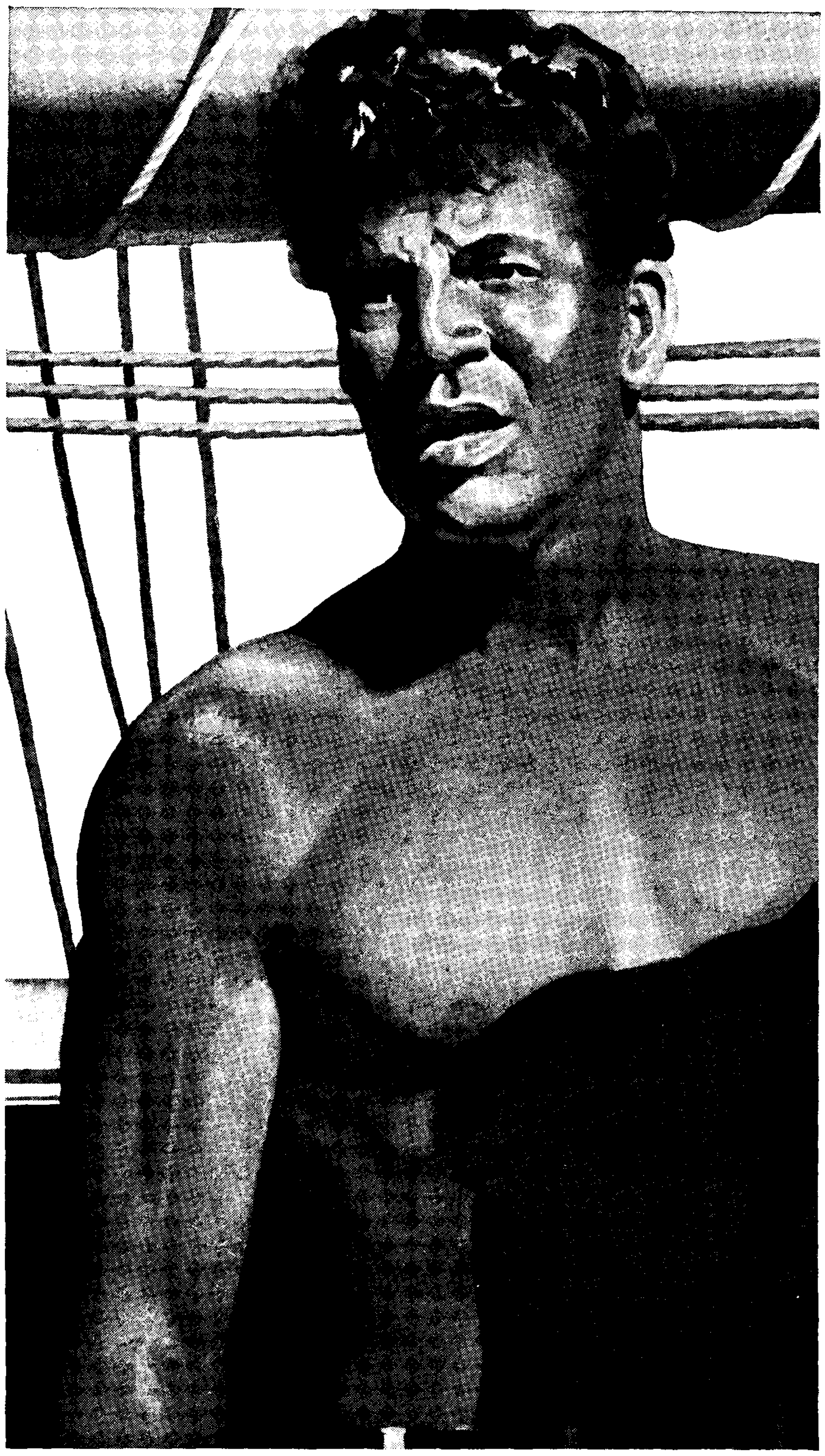
"It's already on the calendar! Nobody can stop it now."

"I can," Tonga Dick told her. "Ask yourself, Karen, just what John Colt is so anxious to learn."

Karen Waterson flushed. She could have ignored the cool conviction of Dick Wayne's words; but now she was wondering just what John Colt had suspected—and feared—that had made him so unnecessarily curious about Tonga Dick. And she was wondering why she herself had ever been such a fool as to match wits with this cool, hard-bitten man, whose purposes she could not understand. It seemed very long ago that she had made herself believe that she could conceal her identity from Tonga Dick.

Karen stood up abruptly. "This—this—I don't want to talk about this."

Dick stepped close to her and his hands cupped her shoulders. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to get you stirred up. The only hope there is in this thing, for anybody, is that you and I somehow make out to understand each other."



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Karen Waterson tried to harden her eyes, but she could not. Unreasonably, incredibly, all the brittle temper went out of her at the touch of Dick Wayne's hands. Her eyes dropped and her lips trembled, and she wanted nothing so much in the world as to be held in this man's arms. Much of the time Karen hated Dick Wayne; but that hate had a demoralizing trick of turning suddenly and irrationally into something else.

They stood silent for a moment, while the wind that Lilua had promised made a low moaning sound all around the old house—an oddly broken sound, as if it were filled with many half-heard voices.

Dick could hardly hear Karen's words, "I don't know what you mean."

"Nobody but you and I can work out a compromise that will decently settle the possession of Alakoa."

Karen recovered herself, and her shoulders stiffened. "I advise you to talk to John Colt."

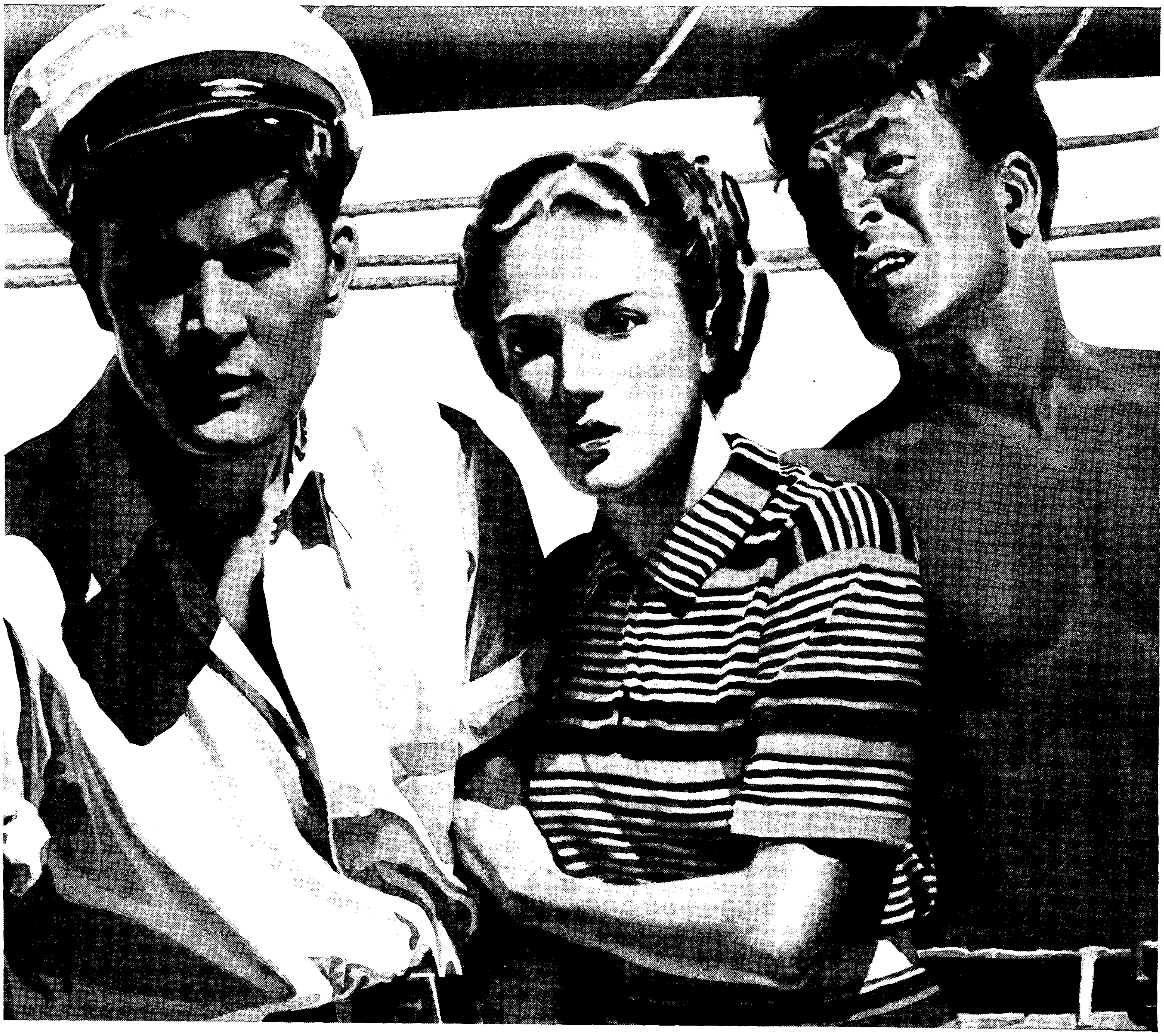
Dick's hands jerked away from her. "John Colt!" he shouted at her. "I've been up from southern waters only two days, and already I'm sick as hell of your everlasting John Colt!"

"If you don't mind," Karen said, once more in complete self-possession, "I think I shall go to bed now."

Tonga Dick let her go.

IN HIS own room, Dick Wayne found a little fire burning brightly, and he wished belatedly that he had asked Karen if a fire had been laid for her. He did not know that Lilua had put Karen in almost the only room in the house that had no fireplace at all.

A heavy *lei* of golden ginger blossoms hung on the foot of the bed; the blossoms filled the whole room with a spicy fragrance, heavy and pungent. Instantly Dick knew who had made that lei and put it there; and for a moment he was troubled. Then, on an impulse, he picked up the lei and went walking through the house. He recog-



"You're looking at Kai-Ale-Ale, Karen," said Dick. "I never believed in him before"

nized Karen's room when he came to it by the crack of light under the door.

He knocked and the door was opened.

"Here," he said, pressing the lei into her hands. He was unable to keep a shade of irony out of his voice. *"Aloha."* He turned and went back to his room. He half expected to hear her door slam behind him, but it did not.

Dick stripped to his shorts and put out the lights. As he flung himself between the cool sheets the many-voiced wind was drowned by the swift rush of rain—first a whisper, then a drumming roar as water beat against walls and casements.

For a little while he lay wondering what he was going to do; for he knew now that he was caught in the worst dilemma he had ever known. He knew now what his uncle must already have known—that Tonga Dick Wayne was the only man in the islands who could stop John Colt.

He could stop John Colt. That fact was definite and specific in his mind. The cost, if it came to that, was going to be severe—just how severe he could not yet tell. As yet he only knew that it would begin with the breaking of his word; that when it ended he would be finished in the Islands.

The rain was still coming down in torrent upon torrent as he went to sleep.

HE WAS awakened by the touch of a hand upon his shoulder, and though it was a gentle hand it was so dripping wet with cold rain that the shock brought him bolt upright. The fire still burned, its slim flames twisting and hissing from the spatter of rain in the chimney, and by its light he saw that Lilua was there.

"What the devil is this?"

"Dick," Lilua said, "you have to get up."

"What's happened? Is there anything wrong?"

"Something is terribly wrong," Lilua said. "Something *has* happened. It's happened just now—within the last ten minutes."

"Well, damnation! Will you tell me what it is?"

The girl's voice had a low, strange note in it, something like the voice of the wind in the rain. "I don't know what it is. Dick, you have to find out!"

"Oh, good heavens, Lilu'! Did you hear something, or see something, or what?"

"As I came toward the house I think I saw a *kino-wailua* going away. It was moving off through the trees."

Dick had to grin a little as he visualized the ghost Lilua reported, making its way through the branches—probably swimming overhand, to judge by the density of the rain. "Lilu', this is the most elaborate bunk."

"No, no! I'm pretty sure—something terrible has happened." The girl was shivering so violently that she could hardly control the chattering of her teeth. "Dick, get up and put your clothes on. Quickly!"

"Oh, Lord!" He got up then, and turned on the lights.

"I'm sorry to wake you up, Dick—but I tell you, I *know.*"

Dick, pulling on his flannels, looked at her curiously. She had dropped to the floor the huge *ti* leaf with which she had sheltered her head as she came running through the rain, and her hair bushed wildly about her shoulders. Her eyes were no longer quiet, but alive with a terror she was helpless to control.

"Lilu'," he said, "you are undoubtedly the wettest thing I have ever seen in my life."

THIS was true. Lilua was wearing a *holoku,* that sleeveless and shapeless garment introduced by the missionaries once, and still clung to by some of the Hawaiians in their own homes. It reached from throat to instep, conceived by its inventors as the height of modesty; but Lilua was wearing nothing else, and in its saturated state the holoku amounted to no more than nothing at all. Dick noted uneasily that he had been wrong in assuming that she was still a child. Her body was slim and supple still, but her breasts were full and mature, with that exaggerated development for which the tropics seem accountable in all races. Lilua was as much a woman as she would ever be.

(Continued on page 58)

Mothers' Little Darlings

By W. B. Courtney

If you should find that your precious little darling looks just like Shirley Temple, or that Junior could double for Freddie Bartholomew, don't rush off to Hollywood to join the army of mothers and fathers who are making directors' and children's lives miserable. There ought to be a law against it

NORMAN TAUROG is a very patient fellow. Other directors who would rather strangle the little darlings than coddle them pause beside Taurog in the studio lunchroom and shake their heads and mutter, "I don't know how you do it, Norman!" For Taurog, despite a chin on which you might scratch a match and a swarthy complexion that makes you think of gypsies and mountain drums, is Hollywood's ace man with children.

Evidently it is only his jolly fatness that the children see; and the kindly black lights in his dark eyes. Give Norman a neglected four-year-old girl with a patch on her little drawers and a broken toy, and he can wring sobs from a bank president. Yet, even Norman Taurog's patience has limitations.

He was doing a picture recently with a kid sequence, and had ordered up a box-load of would-be starlets. Among those who awaited him on set in the morning was a curly-girly of six who looked as though she had just been laundered in milk and strawberries. Started, exactly like a wound-up doll, by a push from her mother, she fixed a smile and ran out from the other children, made a pretty little curtsy in front of Taurog and took hold of his hand and said, "Good morning, Mr. De Mille!"

Whenever poor Norman turned around from that moment on, presto! the fluffy dumpling was there to smile and bob and lisp, "I always love to work for you, Mr. De Mille!" If he sat down for a moment's respite from the exacting vapidities of a studio work-day, a perfectly manicured baby hand caressed his arm; a chubby face, sugared with coached solicitude, looked into his; a lollipop voice inquired, "How do you feel, Mr. De Mille? I hope you aren't tired, Mr. De Mille!"

By nine-thirty the set hands were furtively laying bets as to the hour at which Taurog would explode. No one would risk a minute after eleven. But they did not know their Norman Taurog! It was not until the word for the lunch recess had been passed, and he saw her flouncing up again, that he bent down and sternly took hold of her arms. The second cameraman, part of whose duties requires him to be the studio funny man, murmured: "Spread the net, boys!"

[illegible]

Spanky McFarland of "Our Gang." At right is Norman Taurog whose patience and understanding have made him the outstanding director of talented kids. Below is David Holt

Norman did not fling her over the scenery, however; nor bang her golden head upon the floor. Instead, he told her, slowly and distinctly, and it was so quiet you might have heard Oliver Hardy drop: "Listen, darling. Something is wrong. Either your mother has told you to call me Mr. De Mille, with the idea of flattering me, or she really does not know my name. If it's the former, well, De Mille's all right, but I think I'm pretty good, too, and I'm proud of my own name. If it's the latter, your mother is a lousy business woman and a worse psychologist, because she doesn't know enough to make sure of her names before she begins a bootlicking campaign. Now, I am sure you haven't the faintest notion in your empty little head of what I'm talking about, honey. But will you just do me a favor, please? Will you run over to your dear mother—there she is, standing behind that spotlight, all a-dither with avarice and scheming—just go over to your mother for me, sweetheart, and tell her I think she is a fathead!"

He might have caused the mother and her precious to be ruled off the lot, as common nuisances. He did not. Indeed, the morning's ordeal which they had imposed upon this gracious and busy man would have justified his boiling them in used automobile oil; your reporter has shot people for less. Later, as we lunched together, Norman Taurog explained his leniency and thereby gave away the whole secret behind his reputation for child direction.

A System for Ambitious Mothers

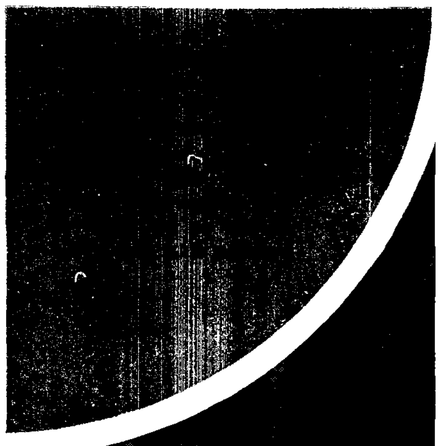
He said: "Most people would call that little girl precocious. She isn't. It's her mother who is precocious. They are the curse of Hollywood—precocious mothers. I don't have any particular system with the children. Most kids are lovable, if you don't spoil them; have decent instincts, too.

"My system is reserved for the mothers. I make them keep their noses out of the sets, and if they have grievances against me I haul them right to the front office for a showdown. When you're working their kids, the mothers clutter around like harpies, and dart in to peck at you if you give them the slightest chance. Directors have been beaten up on Hollywood lots by mothers who figured their youngsters were being slighted.

"There are some worthy screen mothers: poor women, lifted out of poverty by talented kids; intelligent women, taking advantage of opportunity to save for their children's future education. You can pick out those mothers. They sit in corners and knit and mind their own business. They leave it to me to say whether Bernadette's stockings will be down over her shoe tops, or her face dirty. Like Mrs. Johnson or Mrs. Watson. They are the mothers of the two best-known screen kid families in Hollywood—the busiest, too.

"I haven't any idea how many John-

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



son and Watson kids there are. But if you want a boy forty-seven inches high, weighing seventy-four pounds, you call up Mrs. Johnson and describe your requirements and pretty soon there she is, saying, 'Mr. Taurog, this is my Valentine.' Or if you want a girl thirty-nine inches high, weighing sixty-five pounds, with two green freckles on the port side of her nose, and a wart on her left ear, you call Mrs. Watson, and pretty soon here she is, saying 'Mr. Taurog, this is my Anemone!' And that's the last you'll see of Mrs. Johnson or Mrs. Watson until you've finished shooting, and then they will collect their youngsters and say 'Good night, Mr. Taurog,' and you'll never hear another peep out of them until you call them for another picture.

"It's a wonder to me the other mothers aren't smart enough to copy the Johnsons and Watsons. Instead, they haunt you like shrunken underwear. They want to run your show for you. They give neither you nor the children a moment's peace. They dodge around the set after you, and poke at little Johnny, and pull Myrtle's ribbons, and keep dabbing and primping at the kids, telling them to push up front in the crowd scenes, yelling at them to smile and look pretty. We had one mother who always egged her appleblossom to worm her way up to the left-hand side of every still picture; the idea being that her name would thus be mentioned first in the caption! Honest!"

And Norman, looking very benign, gulped his cherry pie and hurried back to his set. "When you write about precocious mothers of our angel children," he said, over his shoulder, "don't forget the precocious fathers. They're the worst pests of all."

There is the one who actually sends his youngster up to married directors to say, in loud tones: "My father says to tell you that was a swell number he saw you in the Trocadero with last night!" That kid hasn't got an engagement yet.

Each new starlet in the movie firmament brings a veritable host whose scheming mothers are ready to fight and claw and snarl to prove that their little ones are "just as cute as" Shirley Temple, or whoever the new sensation may be. It never occurs to the poor women that resemblance is of less value in the art market than original charm; and in their mistake they are merely copying the tendencies of the movie producers themselves, whose gluey habit of producing a score of G-men pictures because one was successful makes the average movie a pill for the discriminating.

Freddie Bartholomew is the current model for the imitators. From the various states, from Canada, from England, even from Australia and far-off islands of the Empire, mothers are converging upon Hollywood, and in tow they have slender little boys with the wistful clarity of speech of David Copperfield, the immature Oxonian accents and the gentle manners of the English middle-class. Some of these have been hired as playmates for Freddie. That is his employer's way of preserving Freddie's delightful manner and speech from all American harm.

Tough Kids in Curls

Hour after hour the assault on the studios by mothers continues. Yet so inconstant, so unpredictable, is their precocity that many of them have bungled opportunity when its gold was shining in their fingers. There are, for example, the mothers who, upon receiving a call from the studios, have a downright genius for dressing their kids in the wrong clothes for the right impression. A director, for instance, will notify the casting office he wants "tough" kids. Try to get a movie mother—except Mrs. Johnson or Mrs. Watson—to dress her Charley "tough." She is more apt to fetch him in curls and velvet; but directors notoriously cannot use imagination, and the opportunity dies.

With this and that of movie-mother antics, Norman Taurog could not find too much blame in his heart for the one child actress he could not move to tears. She was nine. Usually, little girls cry with facility; the trick is to stem the flood, rather than to start it. But little Miss Stone Face was too much for Norman's customary methods. He fell back on his sleeve trump—the one that never failed him before. He took the child into a quiet corner of the set, and began to talk to her about her mother. "You know, honey, if you let me down in this scene, you'll have to go home to your mother and tell her you failed. You couldn't make good. You disappointed her in all the hopes, all the dreams, all the loving care she has lavished on you—"

Norman was on the point of tears himself; exhaustion, certainly—when suddenly the child, whose eyelids had never trembled, faced him and said with vicious calm: "I hate my mother!" Norman leaped from his chair. No one remembers another instance of his bawling out a child; but he certainly did steam into that one. It was water off her duck's back. She bent over to pick up and caress a studio cat. Norman saw the first hint of compassion in her eyes. He snatched the cat from her, threw it to a prop man, and yelled: "Take that pest out and drown it!"

A Tale of Exploitation

The child was on her feet in an instant, fighting, crying: "Don't dare harm that cat!" It was all very dramatic. Norman got his tears. He thought it was quite awful, getting them because of a stray cat, from a child who disowned her mother. But he figured the child would not grow up that way, unnaturally, except under great provocation; behind her he saw another tale of child exploitation by an avaricious mother.

"The kids who succeed in pictures are smarter, keener, than other children," says Norman. "Therefore, a movie mother takes more of a chance than another mother when she is insincere or just petty mean with her child; for a bright little mind is figuring things out and storing things up!"

The casting directors at the various major studios, Hal Roach, the "Our Gang" impresario, and Mrs. Saunders up at Central Casting, all bear out Norman Taurog with respect to the superior attainments of the starlets.

Most producers, in adults as well as in children, deal through the Central Casting Office. The books there are tightly closed, except to the occasional "character" type. Central gets about thirty calls a day for children; and has one thousand five hundred experienced kids listed. Its figures prove that Hollywood, while it might be the far end of the rainbow, has no pot of gold. The average kid makes perhaps twenty-five dollars a year; and the highest boy last year made $474.50, while the girl top made $241.85.

Salaried youngsters, of course, make out better. The Roach studios have the largest contract group of youngsters; but each major studio has a handful under regular pay. The stars—well, is your kiddie star material? Of course. Then whom do you know, to help get her past the doors and under the attention of someone who "counts"?

But influence does not always pave the way with rosebuds. There was a mother who knew a Selznick, and every time a child part was being cast she had him send a telegram in her little one's behalf. She never got the jobs; whether Selznick had a code negative in his wires, or whether the youngster just didn't click, is not apparent. Moreover, even in the rare possibility that your child should develop "box office," it would not do you much good—today. The

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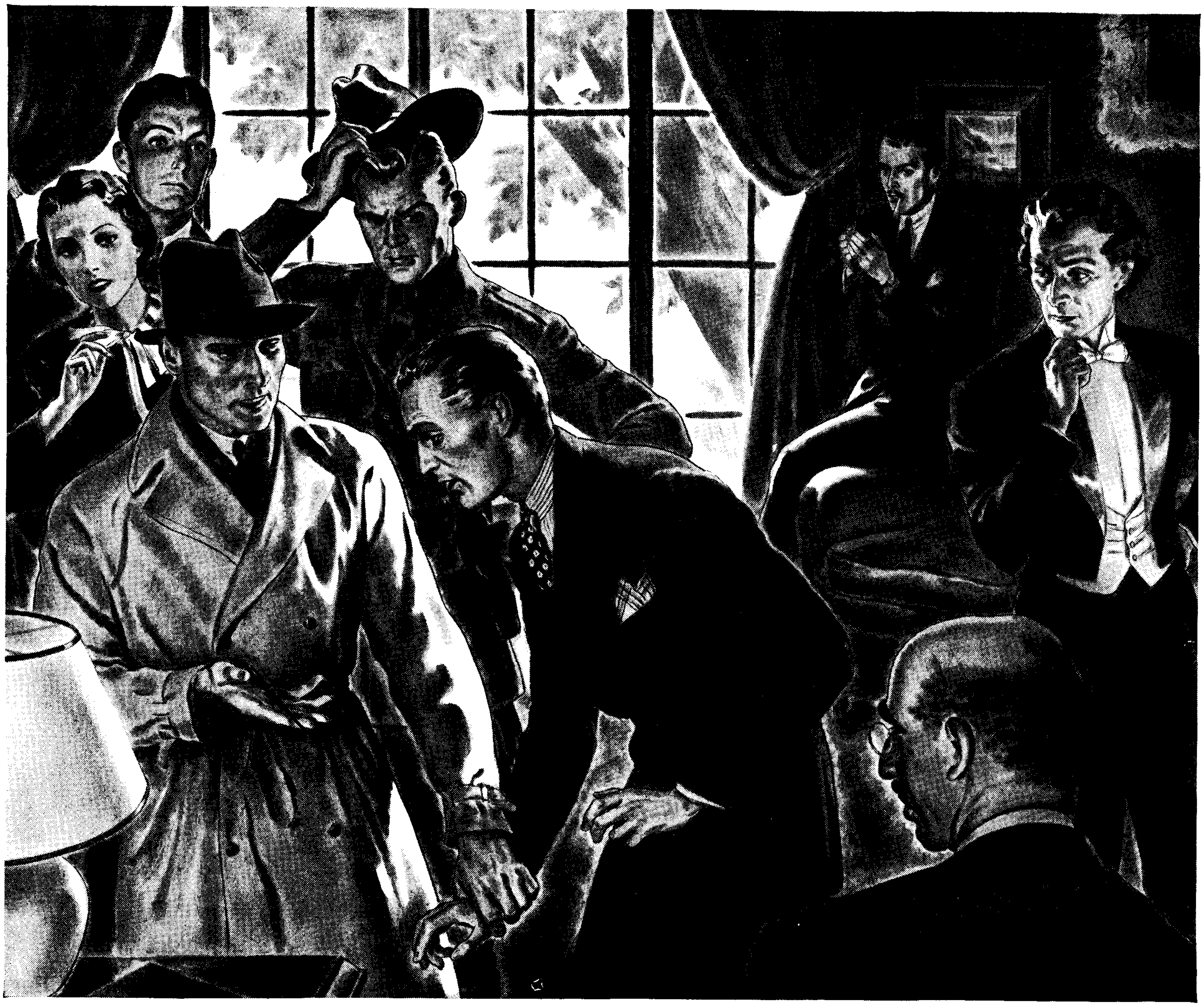

In a voice that was icy Murchi asked, "What about it, Mr. Clark?"

The Magic Touch

By Walter Ripperger

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

A mystery story in which Professor Galbow, the conjurer, proves that magic may be employed to destroy illusions as well as to create them

ON THE afternoon that John Bennett told his wife that he was driving down to see her father, Shirley insisted on accompanying him. When he announced that he was going purely on business about the bank and that the other partners would be there and she only in the way, she remained firm in her determination.

Of course, there was trouble at the bank. Things, she knew, had not been going well there for more than a year. If they were going down to see her father, old Silas Marmon, who hadn't actively participated in the affairs of the bank for years, the situation must be very grave. She had a presentiment that a crisis had arisen, and wanted to be with him.

Because of the incessant rain the going was slow. They got there just in time for dinner. The others were already there. Nothing was said during dinner about the purpose of the meeting. It struck her that they were deliberately avoiding in her presence any reference to the bank. Afterward they adjourned upstairs to her father's study.

She was left alone in the great living-room that she had never liked even as a child. It was too big, the ceiling was too high and the heavy furniture cast eerie shadows. The gallery at the far end, on a level with the second-floor bedrooms as well as her father's study, contrived to give the room a theatrical atmosphere, made it seem like a stage setting suited to dramatic entrances and unexpected happenings.

She looked at her wrist watch. It was after nine. The conference had been in session for over an hour. She walked to one of the long French windows and looked out into the night. Then, conscious of a faint sound, she turned. Her husband was standing on the gallery looking down at her. For a moment he stood motionless, then slowly he came down the narrow stairs. She met him in the center of the room.

"What is it, John?"

Nothing in her voice betrayed the chill feeling of apprehension deep inside her. His face was white, drawn. For seconds he said nothing, then he smiled with his lips only. He took a deep breath and said: "I suppose I might as well tell you now. Things look bad at the bank."

"How . . . bad?"

"We'll have to shut down. On Monday Marmon, Clark, Levison & Bennett, Private Bankers, will close its doors—perhaps never to open them again. Your father won't help." The corners of his mouth drooped, his eyes grew hard. "Your father's rather . . . rather grim about it. There may be some unpleasantness." He turned away from her and stared for a time into the shadows. "You've married a failure, darling. We'll have to start all over again." His voice was toneless.

A sound that was half protesting, half comforting, escaped her. She took him by the lapels of his coat and faced him around so that she could look into his eyes.

"You haven't done anything . . . anything wrong?"

He hesitated, and an icy hand seemed to grip at her heart.

"Nothing wrong . . . actually," he declared. "I haven't misappropriated any of the bank's funds, if that's what you mean. In fact, I've dumped in everything I had. I had no business to do that without consulting you. We haven't anything left, not a dime, and the worst of it is that it proved to be only a drop in the bucket."

The tenseness went out of her, momentarily replaced by a feeling of immense relief.

"I'm glad you did it," she said. "*There's nothing to worry about.* I'll talk to Father. He may appear rather grim to you, austere and unbendable. I suppose he feels that you and the others ought to get out of your troubles without coming to him—"

She saw he wasn't listening and instinctively knew that there was something else that he hadn't told her.

"You're not worrying just because you're out of a job and have me on your hands? You've too much courage for that, John—"

SHE broke off. He stood there motionless, looking at her without seeing her. Finally in a hard, desperate monotone, he said:

"We had to make some entries in the books, to jack up our assets here and there; otherwise the bank examiner might have closed us down months ago. Nothing was taken from the bank. No assets were misappropriated by any of us. The interests of our depositors weren't actually affected; we just made our statement look better. Besides, we were certain that in a pinch your father would help us out."

"You mean," Shirley said slowly, "that when the bank is closed these things, these entries, will be discovered? That—"

"Yes," John Bennett interrupted her. "We had no right to do it. Technically it's illegal. The banking department might try to have us indicted—all of us, except your father, of course. He had nothing to do with it."

Her heart pounding, Shirley was astonished at the coolness of her own tone.

"Does Father know—about the entries in the books, I mean?"

He nodded. "I told him. He insists that we've disgraced his name . . . his grandfather's name . . . he's going to call in the superintendent of banks first thing Monday and tell him the whole thing. After that—" He made a hopeless gesture and took a few steps away from her.

SHE started toward him but was stopped by the sound of footsteps above — the other partners coming through the short hallway that led from her father's study onto the gallery. They appeared a moment later and, without pausing on the gallery, came directly down the stairs, led by her father, Silas Marmon, with Tony and Russell Clark next and Isaac Levison a few steps to the rear.

For minutes no one spoke, no one even looked at her except Isaac Levison, who gave her one quick, appraising glance before he allowed his short, rotund little body to sink into an armchair. Tony Clark and his brother Russell went over and stood before the fireplace. Her father, tall and erect, his handsome features stern and uncompromising, was busy reloading a huge meerschaum that he smoked incessantly. Shirley wondered how long she could stand it before someone spoke.

At last Isaac Levison pulled out an enormous watch, looked at it and, addressing no one in particular, said: "When's the next train?"

No one answered him. Russell Clark walked over and faced her father. The two were curiously alike in build, equally tall, equally broad-shouldered and, at the moment, equally grimly determined.

"I advise you to reconsider this matter," Russell Clark, his voice harsh, said. "There is no need of our going back to town tonight. Tomorrow is Sunday. And perhaps after you have slept on the matter you will see it in a different light."

Shirley, watching her father, saw his lips tighten, his jaw set and his eyes flash beneath the bushy eyebrows.

"I have given you my decision," Silas Marmon said. He spoke, as he always did, in a tone scarcely above a whisper.

TONY CLARK came and joined his brother. He was shorter, black-haired with dark, passionate eyes. John had always told her that Tony Clark had one of the most brilliant minds with which he had ever come in contact. To Silas Marmon, Tony said: "Will you give us a week's time, and refrain from getting in touch with the banking department? We may be able to raise the money among ourselves."

Her father said, "No."

Tony stiffened, but made a visible effort to keep his speech restrained.

"Consider what this means—our careers shattered, disgrace for all of us . . . possibly worse. Do you want to see us . . . your own son-in-law . . . in prison?"

Shirley looked at her husband. She saw him turn slowly from the window and stare steadily at her father. Then the doorbell rang. She saw Arnold, her father's man, making his way through the hall. She heard a murmured colloquy. Arnold came in, his face, as always, wooden, expressionless.

"The conjurer is here, sir," Arnold announced.

A moment's silence followed. There

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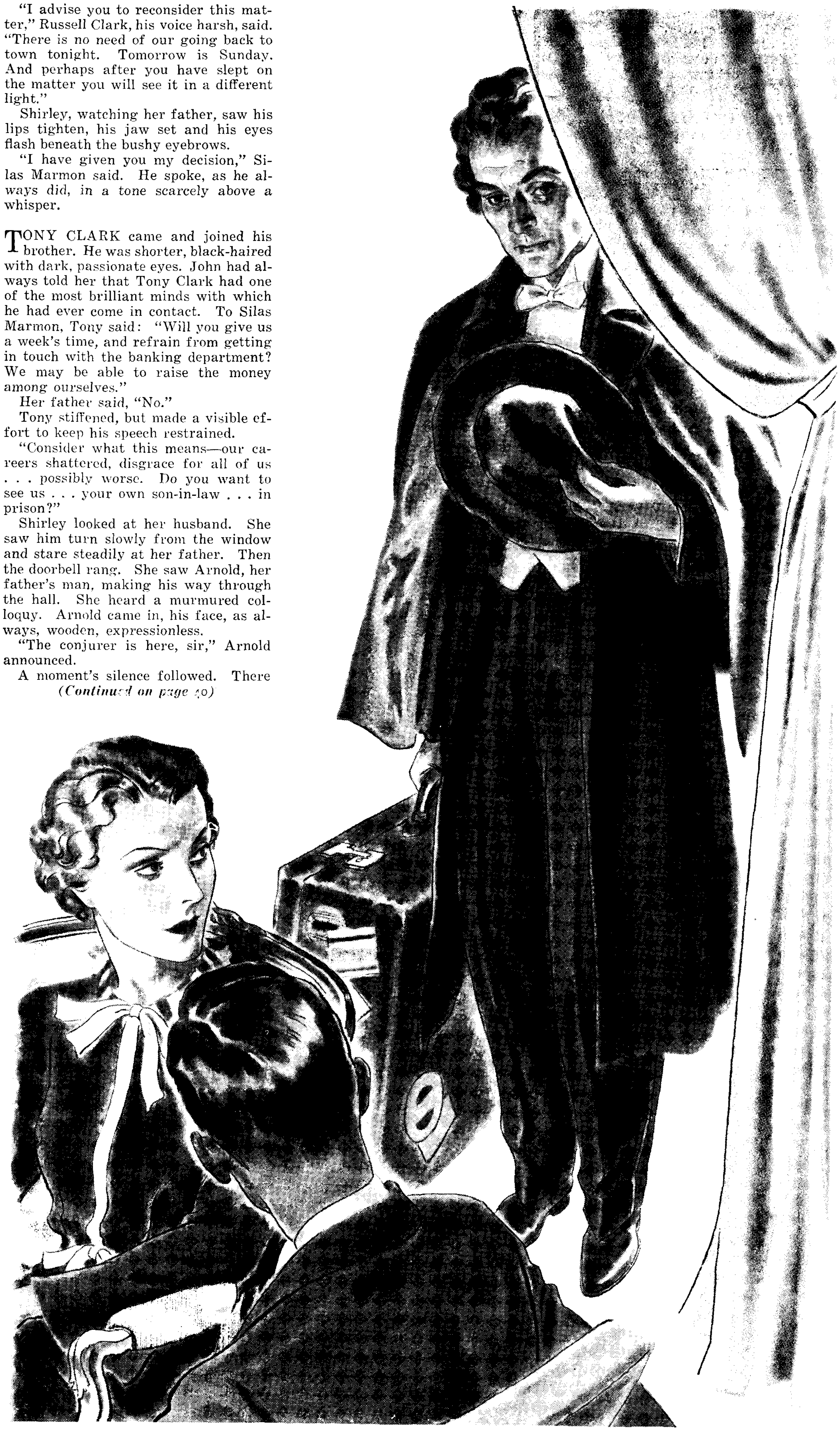


"Not really a professor," he explained apologetically. "People only call me that"

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after Lily Tennant, a motion-picture actress from Hollywood, reaches Reno, Tom Sebastian, owner of the Barrier Ranch, is attacked by a group of his enemies, led by the notorious Buffalo Galt. In self-defense, he is forced to kill two men: Humboldt, a cowboy, and Ben DePard, one of Galt's right-hand men.

Meeting Lily and seeing much of her, he falls in love with her. But, due to a peculiar situation existent at his ranch, he does not feel free to ask her to marry him. A young woman, Charm Michelet, is living at the ranch. Unmarried, she has a child. Because she is desperately in love with Sebastian, the gossips assume that she is his common-law wife.

Lily is aware of the situation. But she has faith in Sebastian—she does not believe what the scandalmongers say. And presently she realizes that she loves him. Certain that he will never ask her to become his wife, she tells him quite frankly that she cares for him, that she will marry him. By this time, however, Sebastian has reached a decision. He will not marry Lily; to do so will, he believes, drag her into a morass of ugly rumor. He accepts Lily's proposal coolly; and he is noncommittal about the future.

Unaware of Sebastian's decision, Jay Stuart, a Hollywood director, tells him that he should not marry Lily, who, he says, would never be happy on a ranch, and who is certain to become world-famous as a movie star if she will return to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Galt and his men have not been idle. They have made their plans carefully; and, while old Sheriff McGinnis keeps an eye upon them, they move into the nearby mountains. Known to only a few, they are being secretly directed by Ed Brean, the bitterest enemy Sebastian's father had.

While riding in the Moonstones, Sebastian is captured by some of Galt's men. He is led before Galt, who tries to taunt Duke DePard, whose brother Sebastian had killed, into shooting him. But Duke, it appears, no longer hates Sebastian—he hates Galt, who, he believes, is responsible for his brother's death; and he will not murder Sebastian. . . . Matt Strang, a foreman whom Sebastian has discharged but who is still loyal, learns that Sebastian has gone into the Moonstones. Instantly, he mounts a horse—and rides toward the hills.

IX

BARRIER headquarters lay ten miles westward; up in the north stood the low outline of the Moonstones, a good twenty-five miles lying between Tumpah and that trail which entered the middle part of the hills. Matt let the horse canter for a little distance, pulled it to a walk, and presently resumed the canter. Thus nursing the strength of Benzen's mare, he traversed the desert. Wind ran gently out of the north, out of Oregon. The moon was very pale and the stars thick and brilliant in the sky, though they shed little light upon the earth. Stray junipers hovered obscurely in the cloaking shadows. Ten miles from Tumpah he reached a Barrier water tank and let the horse wet its nose.

He went on. When he reached the footslopes of the Moonstones he swung and paralleled its darkling mass. He had, he discovered, undershot the trail; it lay a mile or more to the north. He went that way at a quieter gait, knowing he still had a long trip through the hills to Huggins Point. He had talked about the round-up with Sebastian several days ago and therefore knew that the Point would be the base of operations.

He was more and more tired; and unexpectedly his eyes began to trick him. A foreign object floated across the film of his pupil, passing from left to right. Bending in the saddle, he watched the object vanish. He closed his eyes and opened them—and saw a rider break out of the blackness, coming straight on. It wasn't an illusion.

HE STOPPED and in the stillness received the curt echo of a hoof striking rock. The man was maneuvering off there, not more than a hundred feet away. Matt swung his horse broadside and dropped his hand to the gun beneath his coat. He gripped its butt. He said quietly:

"Who's that?"

The man came on steadily, lifting a voice that bothered Matt Strang. It was familiar but he couldn't place it: "That's all right. No trouble here."

"Stop there," Matt said. "And sound off."

"DePard," murmured the man.

"Well, I'm Strang," said Matt wickedly, and waited no longer. DePard was bending in the saddle. Strang aimed his gun deliberately. DePard said, "Strang—" and the rest of it was knocked away by the crash of Strang's gun. He fired in cool and deliberate fury and wondered at the lack of reply. DePard continued to bend until Strang no longer saw him. DePard's horse galloped on into the prairie and stopped and whistled out its fear. DePard was down on the obscure earth, the breath audibly sweeping in and out of his lungs. It was, Matt reminded himself vigilantly, a trap. There was no mercy in DePard or in any of Galt's roving crew. These men were enemies of Barrier and he hated them all with an impartial, unconditioned hatred. Duke was lying there, playing possum. Matt raised his gun again and sighted it carefully at the blurred figure. But he held his fire; some kindness he didn't know was in him prevented the shot. He said: "Duke, get up and come this way."

DePard's voice was very thin: "I never drew on you, Matt. Don't stand over there. You put two holes in me—and I got to tell you something. Come here, quick."

"Yes?" said Matt, unbelieving.

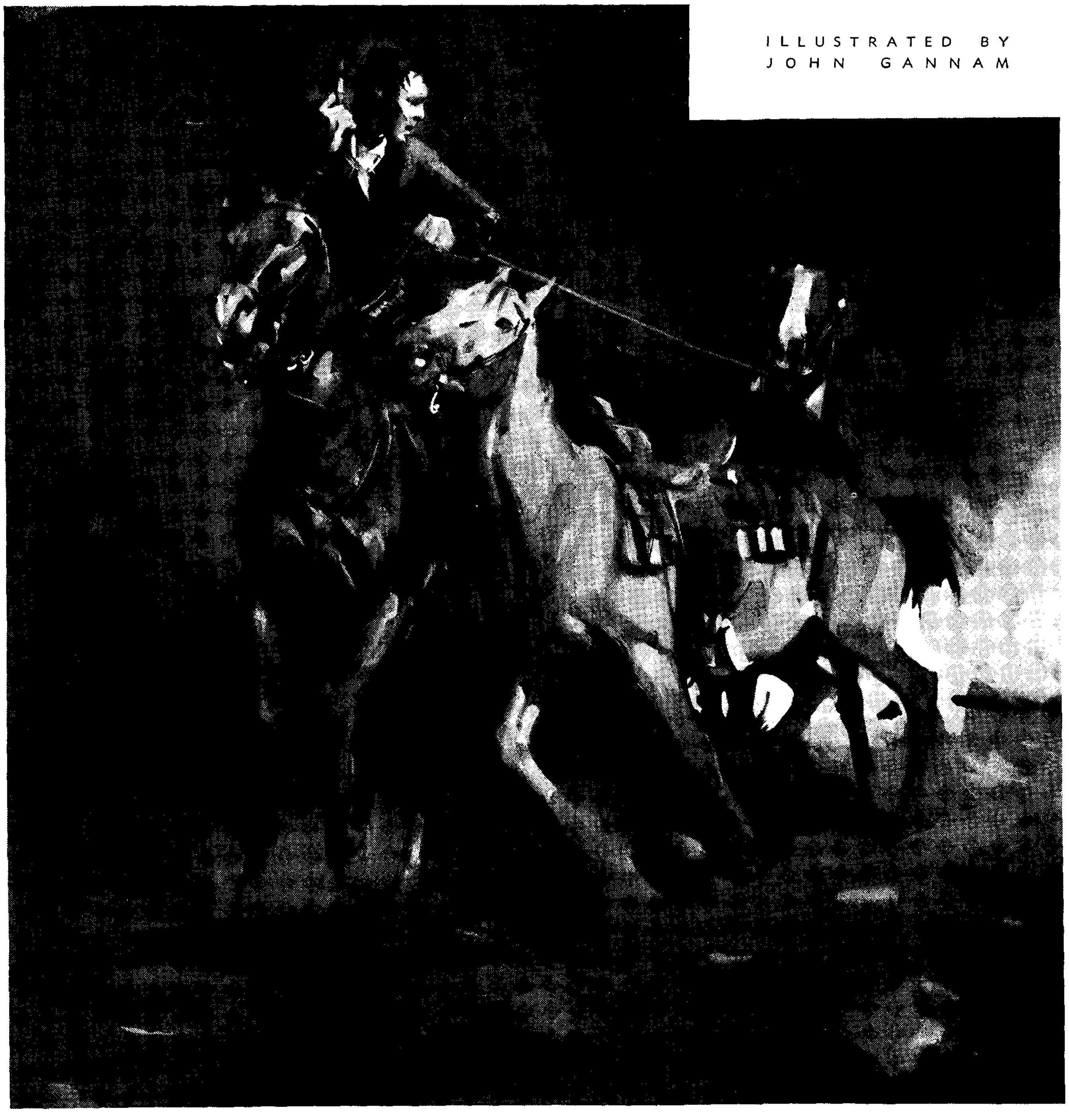
"Come here," repeated DePard, and sounded desperate. "This is something you got to know."

"All I want to know is that you're dyin'," growled Matt Strang.

"Come here—please," muttered Duke DePard weakly.

Strang turned his horse and walked a circle around DePard, coming up behind the man. DePard didn't move. Strang got out of the saddle, his gun clinging to DePard, and stepped forward with a catlike caution. He saw DePard lying on the ground as a man might lie when about to sleep, rolled forward on one shoulder, head down. Something told Matt then that DePard was actually dying, for DePard's breathing was fainter and more irregular—and the sense of death was here. Matt stopped a yard away. "Where'd I hit you?"

"Never mind. You know where the trail goes into the hills? Ride three miles on it, till you pass the summit and start downgrade. You reach the Twin Rocks and pass between 'em. Bear sharp to the right. It brings you against a stand of pines and you don't



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

see no more trail. But push through the trees and you hit a clear space. Get off your horse there and walk soft. Cross the clear space and climb the rocks you find—straight up to the top. You're looking over the rim of a ravine. That's the hide-out."

"Why tell me?"

"I got to tell you."

"I've circled the spot a dozen times," said Matt curiously, "and never saw it."

DePard's breath broke and grew labored. His knees writhed slowly on the ground. Matt bent and let his hands fall on DePard's holster. The gun was there. It hadn't been fired. It hadn't been lifted.

"Kid," he said, "I'm sorry for you."

"What for?" grunted DePard. "This is a good way out before livin' gets any worse. Be careful when you climb the rocks, for Buffalo will have his men scattered around the hole. You'll be looking straight down on top of the outfit. They're all waitin' for two o'clock to come. Then they go for Huggins Point to knock the Barrier crew loose from the beef it's rounded up. I'm squealin' on the boys. I can't help it. I've got to tell you something which I want you to tell Sebastian."

"The hide-out can wait," said Matt Strang. "I'll hit for Huggins Point."

"I'm tellin' you about the hole," breathed DePard, "because Sebastian's there. Buffalo caught him this afternoon."

"What—" sighed Strang. He bent down. He thought the man was dead, then, for he could hear no breathing and he could feel no life. He said: "Duke—"

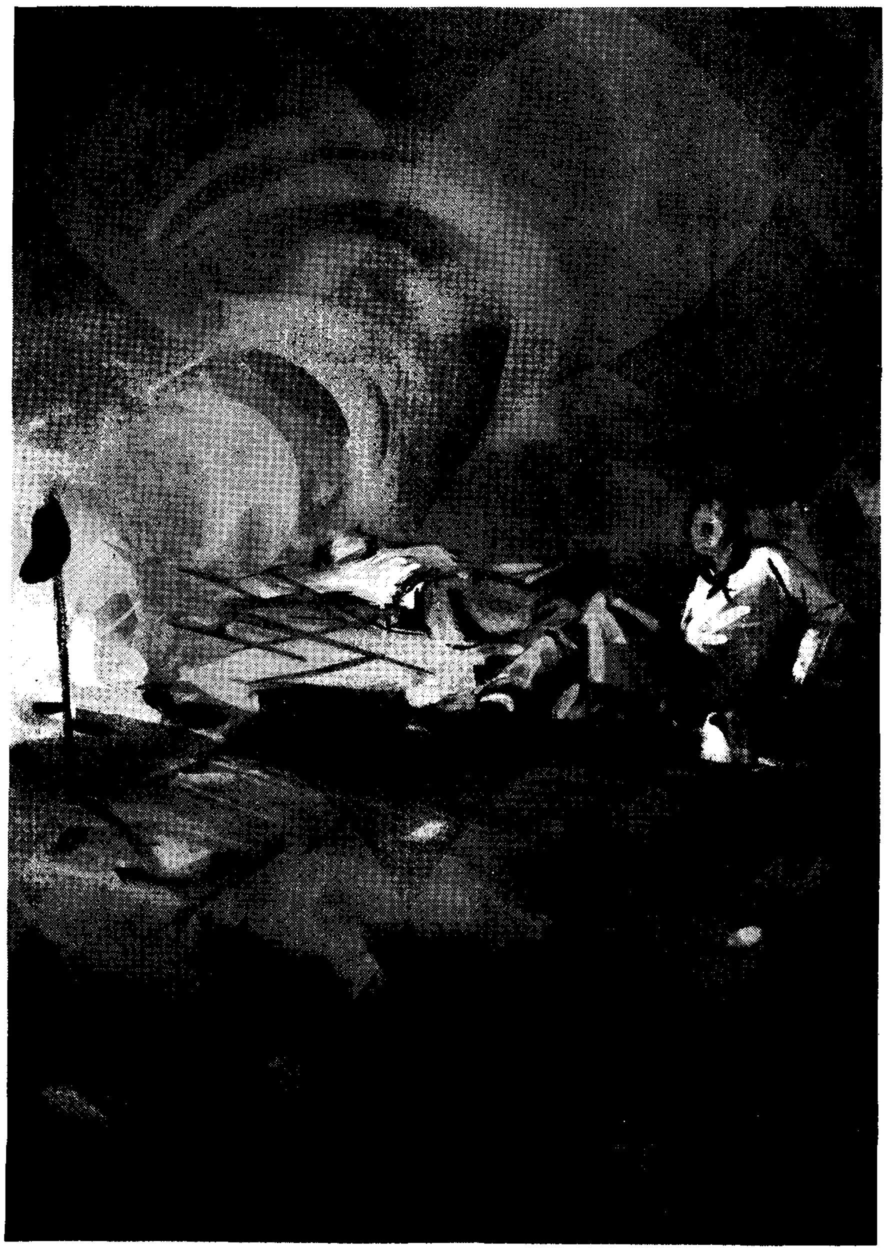
DePard murmured: "This is the best I can do. Tell Tom it's been the big regret of my life—" His voice dropped and almost ceased. Matt was on his hands and knees and his ear was against Duke's face to catch the continuing words which kept sliding farther back into the man's throat. There was a little more talk, a very little, followed by final silence. Matt felt DePard's body relax.

MATT got up and cleared his throat. He fumbled around his pockets for a cigarette, forgetting the dangerous quality of this night; and the subsequent match light showed his raw, red cheeks to be heavily lined. He whipped the light out, dragged deeply on the cigarette smoke. He said, "That's too bad, kid," and dropped the cigarette. He climbed into the saddle and for a moment remained still, disturbed by feelings he could not understand.

Why should he feel sympathy for this man whom he despised? He didn't know. Black was black and white was white and there should be a clean answer to everything. Yet something was wrong here and it knocked the ground from beneath his feet. There was something here about life and about death he didn't know, that he would never know.

He drew a lung-sweeping breath, badly shaken. He said aloud, "Maybe I've been a sucker," and pulled himself together. The passing time warned him; he wheeled and raced toward the mouth of that trail which led back into the Moonstones.

Sebastian got into his saddle, grasped the reins of the ponies, and started down the tunnel



He reached the foot of the hills and passed up the turning trail without much caution. Not until he felt the shadows of the Twin Rocks envelop him did he slacken the pace. At that point he swung to the right as Duke DePard had directed and drifted along a lesser trail. Brush caught at his stirrups, slashing clean alarms through the night. The sound of his traveling horse made an undue racket. He thought grimly, "I'll never get there," and reached the pines. He saw no trail, but he drove directly into pure, dripping blackness of the timber and found the way easier than it appeared. There was little brush here. The big-bodied pines, one and another, swelled out of the general night and fell by.

When he saw lighter color break across the foreground he knew he had reached the designated clearing. At its edge he dismounted, left the horse on dropped reins and moved carefully out of the trees. Left and right he saw nothing. Ahead of him was the rock mass vaguely announcing the rim of the hole. Beyond the rock mass a somber crimson glow alternately brightened and deepened the darkness; that would be Galt's fire at the bottom of the ravine.

He went down on his belly and crawled across the open strip. Sensitive as he was to the minutest reaction of sound or motion, he received no particular impact of trouble from his surroundings. It allowed him to move faster. At the rocks he lifted himself from one ragged elevation to another and suddenly found himself hanging on the edge of the ravine wall. Eighty feet below a fire burned freely and freshly, its strong light illuminating all the ravine's floor.

But the place was empty. Galt and Galt's riders were gone; and Sebastian was gone as well.

SITTING on his heels in front of the fire, Sebastian looked at his watch and found it close to one in the morning. He had been here three hours. Buffalo Galt's outfit lay beyond the circle of light, intermittently resting. Galt, who roved the ravine with a caged restlessness, came suddenly back from the shadows and stood over Sebastian. There was a tremendous impatience in him; his nerves jerked at his muscles and put a brighter flash in his big eyes.

Sebastian said dryly: "This business is harder on you than on me."

"You were born cold," grumbled Buffalo. "It's the thing I have held against you since I was old enough to hang on a horse. I have filed my teeth against the stubborn Sebastian manner and I've busted my knuckles against the luck you've always held."

Sebastian spoke distinctly: "Like all crooks, Buffalo, you've got a greasy streak in you. Now you're trying to pin the reason for it on somebody else. I'd like you better if you quit whimpering for sympathy."

Buffalo removed his coat and threw it on the ground. He unbuckled his gun-belt casually, dropping it on the coat. He said, "I'm going to wash up," and walked into the shadows beyond the fire.

Squatted by the flame, feeling the surcharged hostility swirling within this pit, Sebastian's mind revolved around his narrow chances and found them no good. The gun encased in the holster was at one corner of his vision; he had only to stretch out his arm to seize it. But he sat still and his lips flattened to a long, tough line and nothing broke the engraved taciturnity of his face. The gun was a snare. If he reached for it he was dead. They couldn't quite kill him cold—they wanted him to furnish the excuse. He bowed his head; and let the long minutes drag by, never stirring.

Buffalo came back and stood with his boot points touching the gun. Then he reached abruptly down, pulled it from the holster and tossed it at Sebastian's feet. He said, extraordinarily quiet:

"An even break. Take it and get up. I'll walk to one side of this hole. You walk to the other. I'll take the gamble."

Sebastian's answer was balanced and dry: "It's a Greek gift and I want none of it. You're risking no gamble."

THERE was a creeping stillness—a long, shaking interval of doubt and suspense. At last Buffalo said indifferently: "Have it your own way. Hand me the gun back."

"You do the reaching," advised Sebastian. "I know better than to touch it."

Buffalo took a step forward and bent and swept the gun into his thick paw. "You're smart," he said, but his voice shook a little.

"I'll wait my time," answered Sebastian. The strain was drying him out, sucking away his vitality.

Buffalo snapped: "I've heard that one time too many!"

His continuing stare widened and a kind of scheming, hungry thoughtfulness froze the ruddy lines of his face. Afterward—a long moment afterward—he abruptly laughed. "You're smart," he repeated. Then he lifted his head and shouted into the shadow: "All right, boys. We're ready to go. Breck and Lonzo—you're stayin' here with Sebastian."

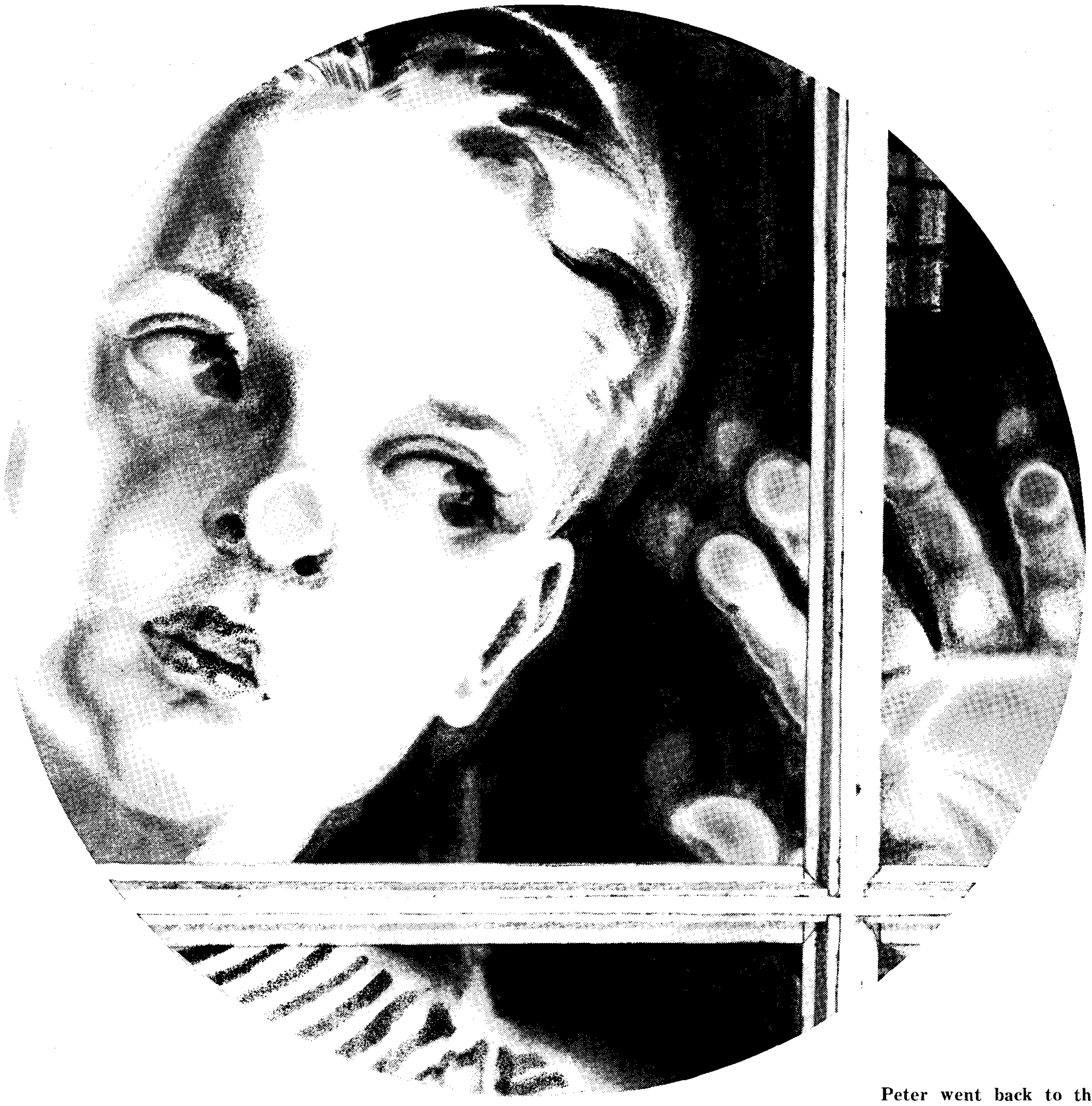
"Thanks for the rest," murmured Sebastian.

Buffalo said coolly: "This is going to be easy, friend Tom. Your gang at Huggins Point will be bedded down for the night. They might make a scrap of it, if you were there. But you ain't there. We surround 'em and there won't be any fight. By tomorrow night your beef will be over in Oregon somewhere." He was full of amusement then; he was hugely grinning. "I'll keep the Barrier boys a few days and send 'em back to you afoot." He went off at a rolling stride, calling impatiently to his outfit: "Shake it up—shake it up!" Crouched in his spurious attitude of meditation, Sebastian heard Galt's men mount and ride away. The narrow entrance threw back the hollow strike of departing pony hoofs and presently this sound and the faint rattling of brush beyond died out entirely in the night. Breck and Lonzo moved up to the fire; squatting across the flame, they watched Sebastian with a strict, reserved attention.

AS THEY went, Sebastian's hopes and fears went with them. He was helpless, he was trapped. His mind raced to Huggins Point and visualized that scene of sleeping men just beyond the trees. A few of the boys would be riding circle, but they could not stop the disaster that would creep so unexpectedly down the dark hillside. He kept his head lowered so that the two men across the fire might not see his face. His hat brim protected his eyes, but he watched them greedily as they sat so woodenly side by side and never allowed their attention to leave him. It brought him a savage satisfaction to discover they were uneasy and a little afraid.

The fire was dying away and the circle of light crept inward, leaving the rest of the ravine in blacker mystery. Wind freshened through the entrance passageway; high above an owl hooted. Sebastian heard it and paid no attention to it. But after the sound had quite died he thought of something, and listened alertly. When it came again he

(Continued on page 36)



Peter went back to the window and reconnoitered before flinging it open

A Short Short Story
Complete on this Page

By Paul Jones

Thick as Thieves

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SCHWINN

JOE MORGAN came out from town on the 5:50, crossed the tracks at the station, and entered his garden by a wicket gate set in the privet hedge. Cynthia was nowhere to be seen, but he heard his small son yelling in the living-room.

He observed him from the door. Peter's nose was pressed against one of the long French windows. His straight back wiggled, his sturdy legs danced a war dance. "You dirty bum! You dirty bum!" he was shouting. "Yah! Get out of here!"

"Here, here," Joe said sternly. "What's all this? What are you doing? That's no way for a boy six years of age to act. Who's out there?"

Peter turned. "Bruce Davis. He won't let me be."

A shower of dirt rattled against the glass. "Yah!" howled the unseen enemy. "Come out and fight!"

"Make him go away," said Peter.

"Go on out and fight," Joe told him.

"I don't want to."

"Look," Joe argued, "he's just a bluffer. If you give him one hard punch the chances are he'll run away."

"He'll hurt me." Peter retreated behind the couch, as Joe advanced on him. "He can fight good."

Another squall of dirt rained against the window, and Joe lost patience. "You'll fight if I have to drag you out there."

Cynthia's voice ended the crisis: "He'll do nothing of the kind."

Joe turned. She was standing in the doorway, her lovely blue eyes cold and menacing. "I don't want Peter engaging in vulgar brawls," she went on. "And I don't want you encouraging him."

Peter went back to the window and reconnoitered before flinging it open. He leaped out on the porch, and yelled far down the street: "Yah! Go on home, you dirty bum! Don't come back here, either."

"There you are," said Joe. "Look at that. That's a fine way to bring a boy up. He was afraid to go out as long as Bruce was there. You're turning him into a sissy." He went to the door and called Peter.

"LOOK, kid," Joe told his son, "you don't want to act that way. Have one good fight and get it over. It doesn't matter whether you lose or win. The point is, you've got to go in there and do your best. Understand?" He put his hand in his pocket and found two bright half-dollars. "Here's a whole dollar."

Peter put out his hand. "Gee! Thanks, Pop."

Joe withdrew the money. "It's yours when you fight Bruce, win, lose or draw. Your mother will keep it here until you earn it. Now run along to bed."

When he had gone, Joe gave the silver to Cynthia and she hid it on the mantelpiece behind a Staffordshire dog. "I think it's absolutely silly," she said scornfully. "If you knew anything about children, you'd know this is just a passing phase."

Joe could be frosty, too. He paced up and down the living-room, jingling the change in his pocket. "I know more about boys than you do," he reminded her. "Fighting doesn't hurt them. They have to get used to it. A fist fight is just like a cold shower. You're only afraid of the first punch. After that, you don't feel anything, you just keep on swinging. That's what Peter has to learn some time and the sooner he learns it the better. Let them have their fight and forget it. They'll probably be buddies for the rest of their lives."

"I don't see why they can't be friends without fighting."

"Friendship," said Joe, "can only be founded on mutual respect or mutual advantage."

Cynthia sniffed. "Old Doctor Morgan himself. Why don't you write a book about it?"

"Never mind the wisecracks," Joe said astringently. "Let's eat."

On the following afternoon, he telephoned about 4 o'clock. "How are things going?" he asked Cynthia.

"How do you mean, how are things going?"

"I mean about Bruce and Peter."

"Oh, I gave him the dollar. They had their fight, and it's all over. They're as thick as thieves now."

"I told you, didn't I?" Joe gloated.

"I hate to admit it," said Cynthia, "but I suppose you were right."

"Don't feel bad about it," Joe told her magnanimously. "You couldn't be expected to know about such things."

HE CAUGHT the 4:45 and an hour later walked up the path to his front door.

Peter and Bruce were sitting together on the swing at the far end of the porch. They did not see him, and he made no effort to attract their attention. Their combat had left them unscarred, he noted, and noted also that each was playing with a bright half-dollar, flipping it in the air and catching it in cupped hands.

He opened the door softly and went inside, a puzzled line dividing his forehead.

"Old Doctor Morgan, the child psychologist," said Cynthia, kissing him.

"Did you see this fight?" he asked casually.

"No, but they gave me a very circumstantial account of it. Bruce said Peter gave him an awful licking. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. When do we eat?" Thick as thieves, he thought; thick as thieves.

Quick, Harlow, the Needle!

By Kyle Crichton

When the smoke had cleared away after the athletic revolution in Cambridge last year, Harvard students and old grads were astounded to find Dick Harlow, a nongraduate coach—the first in Harvard history—in command of football. Now they are getting used to the idea—and liking it

Dick Harlow, head football coach at Harvard University

The first nongraduate coach meets the 1935 Harvard squad

© INTERNATIONAL

WITHOUT question Dick Harlow is going to be on a spot this year. If he doesn't happen to have a good team, the only thing that will save him will be the birds' eggs. The birds' eggs are no faint gag. When Bill Bingham, the Harvard athletic director, announced the appointment of Dick Harlow of Western Maryland as Harvard football coach, there were lifted eyebrows in some circles and shrill outcries in others. The initial question was as to the identity of this man Harlow; the next was, who had ever heard of Western Maryland; and the third was that it was bad enough hiring the first nongraduate coach in Harvard history, but was it necessary for him to come from a place called Westminster, Maryland? It was then that Mr. Bingham began talking about birds' eggs in a loud voice.

"Is it possible," cried Mr. Bingham in an aghast manner to the assembled press, "that you have never heard about the famous Harlow collection in the Agassiz Museum?"

This caused some embarrassment among the reporters, but there were young men from the Harvard Crimson present to ask what birds' eggs had to do with football coaching and particularly what it had to do with the athletic scholarship angle of Harlow's previous employment at Penn State, Colgate and Western Maryland. But they were overwhelmed in the enthusiasm which greeted the news that Mr. Harlow, in addition to teaching halfbacks how to slice through tackle as if shot from a catapult, was an ornithologist of the first rank.

Never a Bad Team

Since the selection of a new coach has taken on the sacred importance which once accompanied the induction of a new pastor into the First M. E.-Presbyterian-Lutheran Church, the fact was overlooked for a time that Mr. Harlow was also an excellent football man. In the course of committees interviewing Mr. Harlow and Mr. Harlow interviewing committees and inquiring about house rentals in Cambridge, the truth finally leaked through that, while Mr. Harlow might be unexcelled in leading Boy Scouts through the woods in quest of the elusive woodchuck, he had managed as well to avoid that most horrendous of apparitions: a rotten football team. In short, Harlow could most certainly coach. In all the years at the places previously mentioned, he had never had a bad team. There had been exceptional years with undefeated teams and years with a few sad losses, but none in which the Harlow teams had been routed or disgraced. The worst defeat had been a 34-2 walloping which a West Virginia team had given his Colgate outfit, but as a general thing the shellacking had been done by the Harlow boys.

If Harvard was discarding the graduate system of coaching, it was doing only what Princeton had done with the hiring of Fritz Crisler and Yale had done with the acquisition of Greasy Neale, said the football fans of Boston. And about time, too, they added. The authorities might object when Ted Husing referred to the Harvard teams as putrid, but they were speaking with the voice of pain rather than with justification. Putting it mildly, the graduates had not done well. There had been a successful period under Arnold Horween, but he wouldn't be tempted back again. In contrast there had been the unsuccessful regime of Eddie Casey, which had ended with Casey's resignation. When it had reached a point where pride was being taken in the annual victory over New Hampshire, it was felt that the time had come for a change.

It was then that Mr. Bingham began to beat the bushes. He interviewed coaches in all parts of the country, and it is rather well established that the job was first offered to Clark Shaughnessy of the University of Chicago. It is equally well known, however, that Bingham had Harlow in mind from the start. President Conant of Harvard kept insisting on a graduate coach, but it was discovered that Harvard had gone light on football geniuses. Horween wouldn't come back, and men like Tack Hardwick and Charley Buell hadn't been active in coaching since 1925. This was felt to be a bit far back in the Dark Ages.

Bingham had Harlow in mind and had been sounding him out on the subject, but the fact was so well covered up that his own family didn't know about it. It was rather a dirty trick on the college daily, the Harvard Crimson, which in the meantime went far out on the limb in support of Adam Walsh, the line coach from Notre Dame. In an editorial which practically crowded out all the advertising, the editors urged the appointment of Walsh. Walsh declined to be considered for the head coach job because his poor hearing made it difficult for him to handle a large squad.

When Harlow was nominated, the Crimson, a trifle piqued by the turn of events and sensitive of the honor of old John Harvard, asked in a pointed tone just how Mr. Harlow got the material which went into the creation of his excellent teams. Mr. Bingham replied with his oration on the birds' eggs. The Crimson remained unconvinced. Mr. Bingham then countered with the statement that Mr. Harlow at his summer place in the Pocono Mountains, in Pennsylvania, had a world-famous collection of Alpine plants. That completely floored the Crimson and the attacks ceased.

High Time for a Change

However, by the time Harlow arrived for spring practice, it had been agreed that everybody concerned would concentrate on the business of getting Harvard football back on its feet. Before he got down to hard work, Harlow was subjected to the usual series of alumni club meetings, which filled him so full of old grads, green peas and fried chicken that his staff was fearful for his safety. Harlow is a mastodonic creature who has no hesitancy in sliding down a 500-foot precipice on his ear to photograph the nest of a hoot owl, but there was danger that the Boston food belt would get him. He avoided that by getting out on the field and putting the Harvard hopefuls through their paces. The spirit was different immediately, and Harvard had the largest spring turnout in years. It was conceded that he might go a bit strong on our feathered friends, but he knew how to get the attention of a football candidate, whether he came from the Sixth Ward in Allentown, Pennsylvania, or from the Back Bay section of Boston.

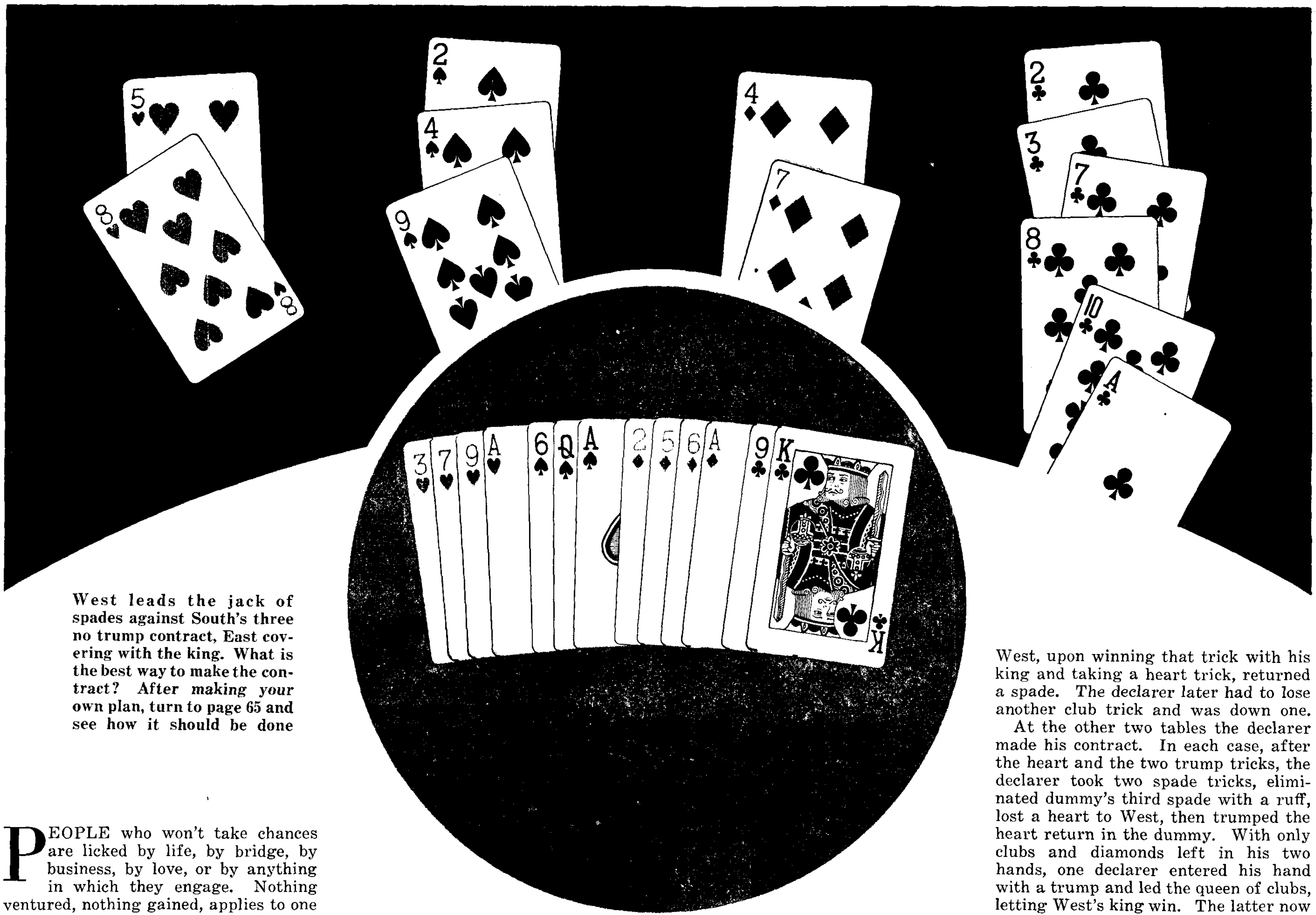
"Do you know what we had today?" cried a candidate to his friends, as he hobbled home after the second session. "We had blocking . . . live blocking. We dumped each other all over the field."

"Great heavens!" cried his friends. "And what will you be doing tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," said the candidate proudly, "tomorrow we start in with the hand grenades."

As far as Harvard was concerned, it was about time. Things had been going from bad to worse, both in victories and finances. Since football carried all other sports and every undergraduate pottering around on the Charles River in a single-sculled mud scow was being kept by the football receipts, there was more concern with the gate than was proper in a cultured atmosphere. The all-time top had been in 1929, when football netted $706,000. It had gone down to a net of $266,000 in 1933.

(Continued on page 53)



West leads the jack of spades against South's three no trump contract, East covering with the king. What is the best way to make the contract? *After making your* own plan, turn to page 65 and see how it should be done

You'll never play it if you rely on instinct, card sense or your lucky stars. A little clear and careful thought is what's needed. Mr. Barclay here shows you how to make chance work for you

PEOPLE who won't take chances are licked by life, by bridge, by business, by love, or by anything in which they engage. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, applies to one the same as to another. And the principles governing what constitutes a chance worth taking are about the same everywhere. They involve a sort of compound formula. How big are the stakes to be won, compared with the size of the possible loss, and how probable is success compared with the risk of failure? If the balance is favorable the venture is a winning chance, if unfavorable it is a losing chance.

The soundness of a player's decisions in bridge, regarding bids or plays, will always depend on a number of factors—his knowledge of the game, his natural aptitude in ability to apply that knowledge and, more important than all the rest, his willingness to give to the problem at hand the most thorough concentrated thought he can. Seldom does the average bridge enthusiast try as hard as he really could to figure out everything within his mental grasp concerning the situation at hand. In consequence, most people do not play anywhere near the game of which they really are capable. Our human tendency to be just a little bit lazy most of the time and take something for granted which could be calculated if we tried is revealed as emphatically at the bridge table as any other place in the world.

Many people who now put up just an ordinary game could leapfrog into the ranks of fine players by applying even part of a very simple process which was the chief factor in the rise of one of the nation's greatest masters.

"If I had only stopped to think, I would have realized that I should have done so-and-so," is a kind of remark made frequently by players who have just been set, or who have just failed to beat a contract.

After one such occasion, the star referred to took a little vow. He promised himself that he would never again make a bid or play a card until he had figured out everything affecting the situation of which his mind was capable. He became, and remains, one of the slowest players in the championship ranks. But it has changed him from just a pretty good player into one of the best in the world. Now if he makes a mistake, it is not because he didn't try.

Better than Regrets

Perhaps he carries things a bit too far for the average person, but surely some of his mental processes could well be employed by a number of those who race through their hands at the other tables and then are filled with regrets at the finish, when maybe they find themselves just a few points away from a victory which could have been earned if they had deserved it.

One of the problems on which a thorough bridge workman is always exerting himself is figuring out the likely location of hidden cards held by his opponents. On the basis of the information so inferred he estimates the chances of one alternative course of action as against another. He logically chooses the one which promises the best rewards. But at the same time, he strives always to find methods to increase his chances above those which seem obviously in sight. If he can devise ways and means to turn a probability into a certainty, or an improbability into a likelihood, so much the better. He will not take an even chance if he can transform it into a 3 to 1 proposition, and he will not assume the slightest particle of risk if he can locate a sure thing, unless there is a prospect of extra gain.

A clear-cut example of the turning of an uncertainty into a sure thing was given by one declarer who got into an over-bold five diamond contract on this deal:

North
♠ A Q 8
♡ A 3
◇ 8 7 3 2
♣ A 8 5 3

West *East*
♠ K 7 4 ♠ J 10 6 5 2
♡ K Q 9 ♡ J 8 7 6 2
◇ 9 5 ◇ K 4
♣ K J 9 7 6 ♣ 2

South
♠ 9 3
♡ 10 5 4
◇ A Q J 10 6
♣ Q 10 4

That same contract was reached at three tables in a social duplicate tournament, in spite of a third hand opening club bid by West, and the king of hearts was led in each case. One declarer was beaten because after taking the first trick and dropping two rounds of trumps, he led toward the club queen. West, upon winning that trick with his king and taking a heart trick, returned a spade. The declarer later had to lose another club trick and was down one.

At the other two tables the declarer made his contract. In each case, after the heart and the two trump tricks, the declarer took two spade tricks, eliminated dummy's third spade with a ruff, lost a heart to West, then trumped the heart return in the dummy. With only clubs and diamonds left in his two hands, one declarer entered his hand with a trump and led the queen of clubs, letting West's king win. The latter now *had to lead from his jack into the combination tenace of the club ace in dummy* and the ten in the closed hand.

That declarer patted himself on the back for a nice end play, but he really had not played it perfectly, as did the remaining declarer, Edward M. Lagron of Chicago. Mr. Lagron did exactly the same down to the point where he trumped the heart return in dummy. He thereupon led a small club at once from dummy, played the queen and let West's king win, giving him the same result as the other obtained. He, however, had eliminated one risk taken by the other, whose method would have failed if East had held the singleton king, which was entirely possible if West had made a third hand semi-psychic or badly shaded bid.

Lead-throwing plays can change forlorn hopes into odds-on chances sometimes, as was done by Ogden M. Phipps, of the Racquet and Tennis Club, in an Inter-Club Contract League game in New York recently on this deal:

North
♠ A K 6
♡ Q 10 4
◇ 7 4 3
♣ K J 5 2

West *East*
♠ Q 8 5 ♠ 10 4 3
♡ 9 8 7 ♡ 5
◇ Q J 10 8 5 ◇ A 9 6 2
♣ 6 3 ♣ A Q 10 9 4

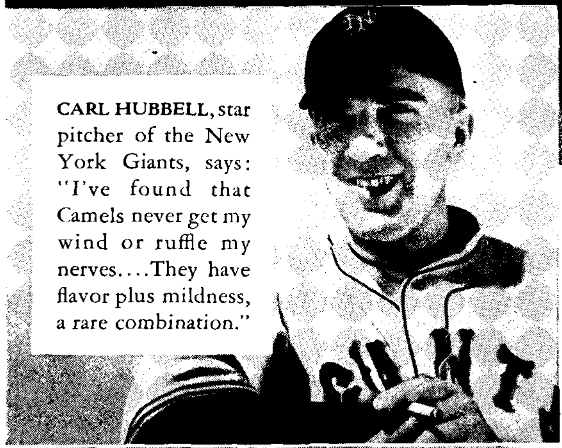
South
♠ J 9 7 2
♡ A K J 6 3 2
◇ K
♣ 8 7

Playing with Douglas Paige, chairman of the Vanderbilt Cup Committee,

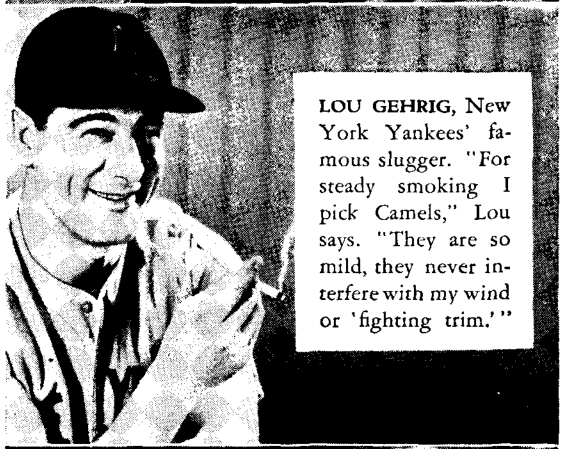
*(**Continued on page** 64)*

"Camels don't get your Wind"

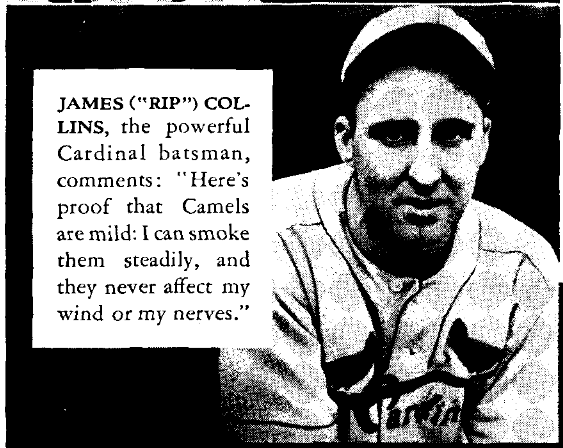
FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYERS SAY



CARL HUBBELL, star pitcher of the New York Giants, says: "I've found that Camels never get my wind or ruffle my nerves.... They have flavor plus mildness, a rare combination."



LOU GEHRIG, New York Yankees' famous slugger. "For steady smoking I pick Camels," Lou says. "They are so mild, they never interfere with my wind or 'fighting trim.'"



JAMES ("RIP") COLLINS, the powerful Cardinal batsman, comments: "Here's proof that Camels are mild: I can smoke them steadily, and they never affect my wind or my nerves."

Some of the famous athletes who approve of Camel's mildness

BASEBALL

Dizzy Dean, St. Louis Cardinals
Lou Gehrig, New York Yankees
Melvin Ott, New York Giants
Harold Schumacher, N.Y. Giants
Jimmy Collins, St. Louis Cardinals
Carl Hubbell, New York Giants

TENNIS

Ellsworth Vines, Jr.; George M. Lott, Jr.; William T. Tilden, 2nd; Bruce Barnes

GOLF

Gene Sarazen
Craig Wood
Tommy Armour
Helen Hicks
Willie Macfarlane
Denny Shute

TRACK AND FIELD

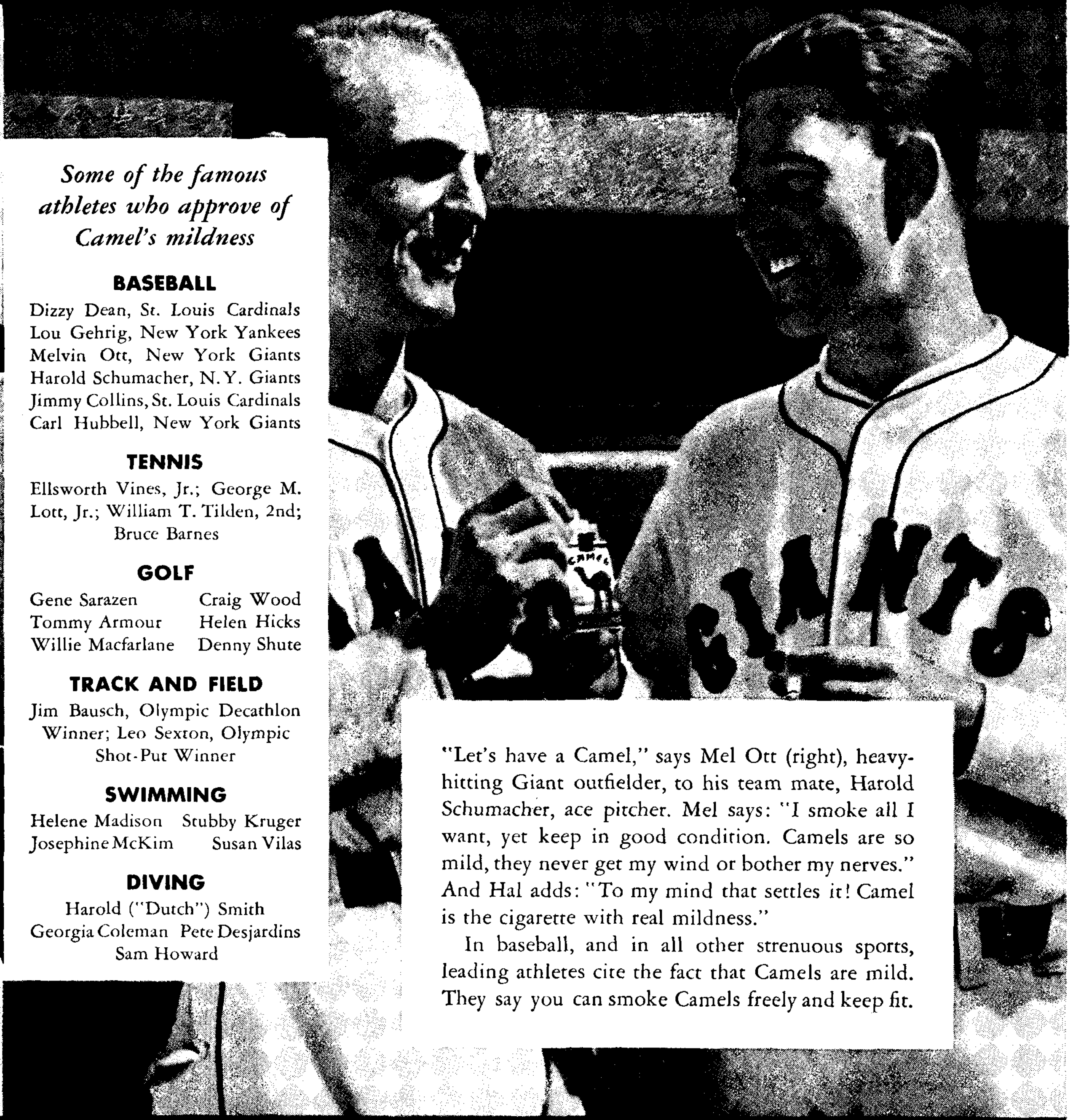
Jim Bausch, Olympic Decathlon Winner; Leo Sexton, Olympic Shot-Put Winner

SWIMMING

Helene Madison
Stubby Kruger
Josephine McKim
Susan Vilas

DIVING

Harold ("Dutch") Smith
Georgia Coleman
Pete Desjardins
Sam Howard



"Let's have a Camel," says Mel Ott (right), heavy-hitting Giant outfielder, to his team mate, Harold Schumacher, ace pitcher. Mel says: "I smoke all I want, yet keep in good condition. Camels are so mild, they never get my wind or bother my nerves." And Hal adds: "To my mind that settles it! Camel is the cigarette with real mildness."

In baseball, and in all other strenuous sports, leading athletes cite the fact that Camels are mild. They say you can smoke Camels freely and keep fit.

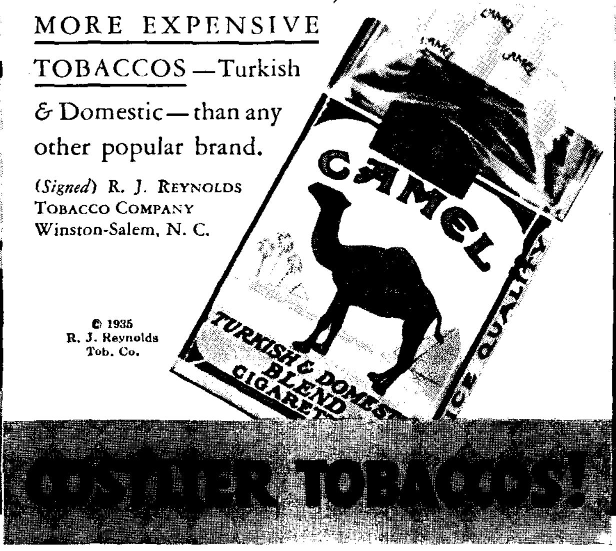
So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT

I PICKED CAMELS LONG AGO. THEY ARE MILDER, WITH A FLAVOR THAT SETS THEM APART. NO MATTER HOW MANY I SMOKE, THEY NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT

HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles F. Ryder

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish & Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

© 1935 R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

IT'S NICE WHEN TIRED TO LIGHT A CAMEL AND FEEL HOW QUICKLY EXHAUSTION SLIPS AWAY. I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL

BUSINESS GIRL—Florence Young

KEEPING FIT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS TO STAR ATHLETES. CAMELS ARE MILD — NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES!

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE—F. W. Watson

Collier's for October 12, 1935

Orchids in His Heart

By Jacland Marmur

A tense and vivid story of adventure and of romance in the teeming depths of a Malayan jungle

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL A. HESSE

"Look, Miss Mosby," he said gently. She looked down, her eyes slowly widening in awe and wonder

THE angular roof and the walls of the place in which Roger Craig was at work were fashioned of heavily whitened glass. Yet they looked black in the twilight, against the laboratory lamp. Huge night moths beat against the outer panes with dull, distinct thumps. A curious lizard flicked his glittering head along a ledge, peering with motionless green-bead eyes. But the lone young man was completely lost in his task.

The earth and the air seemed quiet—still, with a heavy and profound stillness. You had to listen very carefully in that seeming silence to catch the teeming rhythm of the sea and the jungle. It was faint, but it was strong and vital. The very trembling of the night blossoms and their cloying scent might be heard by an attentive ear. And under all that quivering fecundity, deep like a chant and faint like a murmur of distant winds, was the hollow voice of the Java Sea beneath the massing clouds, and the nearer rumble of the Peludari River rolling dark and muddy toward its obliterating destiny.

As much as a man could have of such knowledge, Roger Craig knew the meaning of all this: he had lived with it for months. So it did not disturb his delicate work or the steady dexterity of his lean fingers. He was bent intently over his bench, facing a row of large Erlenmeyer flasks. Across the mouth of one of these played a pale blue—almost colorless—flame from his alcohol burner. In his hand he held a glass rod ended with a long platinum pin, which he thrust at times into fire, heating it red-hot each time before going on with his absorbing operation. He seemed very patiently to be sowing into his flasks some fine, sawdust-looking mixture. His eyes glowed; his cheeks were flushed. It appeared he was on the verge of a discovery of the utmost importance.

THE door opened suddenly and a girl stood there. She was framed abruptly against the outer half-light where the vines and creepers grew in such riotous chaos. Her lips parted, but Craig's head snapped up with startling quickness; and it silenced her. He did not see her clearly. She was simply something that had opened a door which must not at that moment be open. His face and his burning eyes still held the rapt expression of complete absorption. He was really conscious of nothing but his flasks, the faintly hissing flame, the delicate platinum pin in his hand.

"Close it!" he barked swiftly. "Quickly! Close it at once!"

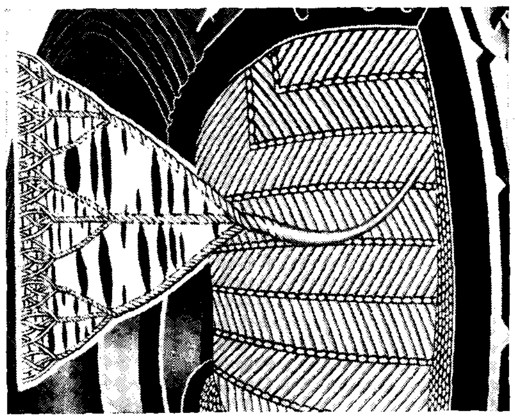
His head went down immediately. The girl gasped. What an astonishing welcome, a hundred miles from nowhere! She didn't know him; he didn't know her—and he snapped at her like a turtle.

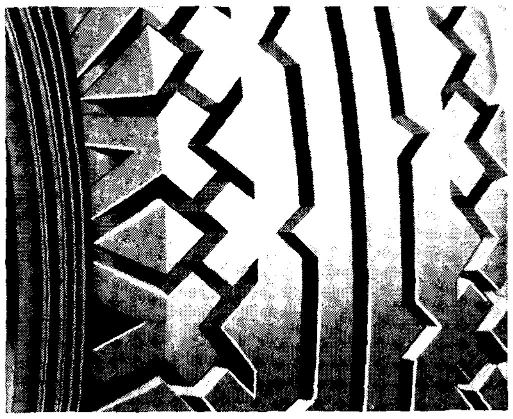
"Well, of all . . ."

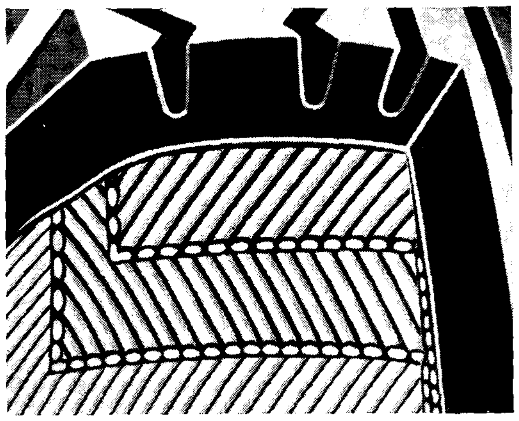
He paid no attention. She closed the door and remained standing there, silent, a little angry, watching him.

She did not belong in Java, that was certain, least of all on the Peludari. The

Firestone ANSWERS THE THREE QUESTIONS EVERY CAR OWNER ASKS ABOUT TIRES







1 *Are they blowout-proof?*

The Firestone Patented Gum-Dipping Process makes Firestone Tires blowout-proof. This is not just an advertising statement. Gum-Dipping prevents internal friction and heat, greatest enemy of tire life, by saturating every strand of every cord with pure liquid rubber.

There is overwhelming evidence that Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are blowout-proof. They have been on the winning car for 16 years in the gruelling Indianapolis 500-Mile Race. This year the winner, Kelly Petillo, and every one of the 33 entrants chose Firestone Tires. Not one had tire trouble of any kind. Firestone Tires carried Ab Jenkins 3,000 miles over the hot salt beds of Utah at 127 miles per hour, breaking 77 world records without tire trouble.

2 *Will they prevent skidding?*

The Firestone scientifically designed non-skid tread stops a car 15% to 25% quicker than other leading makes of tires. This fact was conclusively proven through exhaustive tests recently made by a large university.

For eight consecutive years Firestone Tires have been on the winning car in the dangerous Pike's Peak Race where a skid means death.

These performance records are amazing proof of the extra traction, non-skid safety and dependability built into Firestone Gum-Dipped High Speed Tires.

3 *Will they give long mileage?*

The patented Firestone construction feature of two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread securely holds the Firestone scientifically designed non-skid tread to the body of the tire. This exclusive feature makes practical the use of the wider, flatter, thicker, deeper non-skid Firestone tread with higher shoulders and more and tougher rubber.

With the Gum-Dipped cord body and this massive tread of wider and flatter contour, you get a safer tire and one that gives you more than 50% longer non-skid mileage. Letters from car owners everywhere tell of unequaled mileage records on Firestone Tires.

Firestone Tires represent the most in tire value. For example, the Gum-Dipping Process adds eight pounds of rubber to every one hundred pounds of cotton cords, without extra cost to the car owner. The thicker and deeper non-skid tread and the patented construction feature of two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread are incorporated without extra charge. These and other extra values built into Firestone Tires at no higher price are made possible by the fact that Firestone secure their raw materials, rubber and cotton, direct from the primary markets, make their cord fabric in their own mills, have the most efficient rubber tire factories in the world and maintain the most economical distributing system with more than 500 Firestone Auto Supply and Service Stores and 30,000 dealers. These are some of the reasons why Firestone can give extra values at no extra cost. Drive in today and equip your car with Firestone Tires, the safest and most economical tires in the world.

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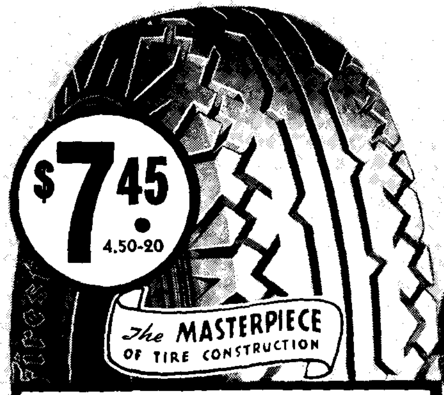
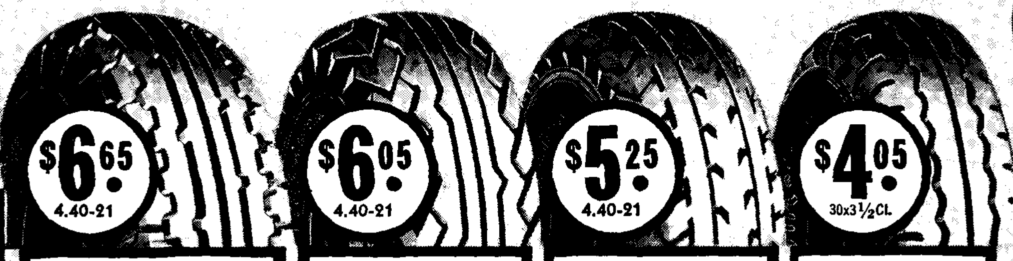
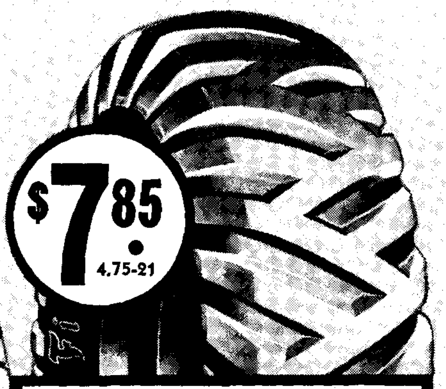
BUY FIRESTONE TIRES WITH THE FIRESTONE NAME AND GUARANTEE AT TODAY'S UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES


$7.45
4.50-20
The MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION





HIGH SPEED TYPE

Gum-Dipped

Made with the highest grade of rubber and cotton. Accurately balanced and rigidly inspected. It is as perfect as human ingenuity can make it.

4.75-19	**$8.20**
5.00-19	**8.80**
5.25-18	**9.75**
5.50-17	**10.70**
6.00-16	**11.95**
5.25-18 Heavy Duty	**12.20**

5.50-17 Heavy Duty	**$12.75**
6.00-17 Heavy Duty	**14.30**
6.50-19 Heavy Duty	**17.45**

FOR TRUCKS

6.00-20	**$16.95**
30x5	**21.30**

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

CENTURY PROGRESS

Gum-Dipped

Designed and built with high grade materials — the equal or superior of any so-called First Grade, Super or DeLuxe line of tires, regardless of name, brand or by whom manufactured, or at what price offered for sale.

4.50-21	**$7.30**
4.75-19	**7.75**
5.00-19	**8.30**
5.25-18	**9.20**
5.25-21	**10.15**
5.50-17	**10.10**
5.50-18	**10.40**
5.50-19	**10.60**

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

OLDFIELD TYPE

Gum-Dipped

Designed and built of high grade materials — equal or superior in quality and construction to any special brand tire made for mass distributors advertised without the manufacturer's name or guarantee.

4.50-21	**$6.65**
4.75-19	**7.05**
5.25-18	**8.40**
5.50-17	**9.20**
5.50-19	**9.65**

FOR TRUCKS

6.00-20	**$14.85**
30 x 5	**18.65**

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

SENTINEL TYPE

Good quality and workmanship; carries the Firestone name and guarantee; equal or superior to any tire made in this price class.

4.50-21	**$5.75**
4.75-19	**6.10**
5.00-20	**6.75**
5.25-21	**8.00**
5.50-18	**8.15**

FOR TRUCKS

6.00-20	**$13.40**
30 x 5	**16.80**

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

COURIER TYPE

This tire is built of good quality materials and workmanship. It carries the Firestone name and guarantee and is sold as low as many inferior tires that are manufactured to sell at a price.

30x3½ Clincher	**$4.05**
4.40-21	**4.75**
4.50-21	**5.25**
4.75-19	**5.55**

GROUND GRIP TYPE

Gum-Dipped

The new Firestone patented Ground Grip Tire for tractors and farm implements is built with 54% more tread rubber. The Ground Grip Tire on cars, trucks, tractors, and farm implements provides the greatest traction ever known for mud, snow, unimproved roads and field work.

FOR CARS

4.40/4.50/4.75-21	**$7.85**
4.75/5.00-19	**8.50**

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

FOR TRUCKS

32x6	**$36.25**
6.00-20	**16.95**

FOR TRACTORS

5.50-16	**$11.05**
6.00-16	**12.40**

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

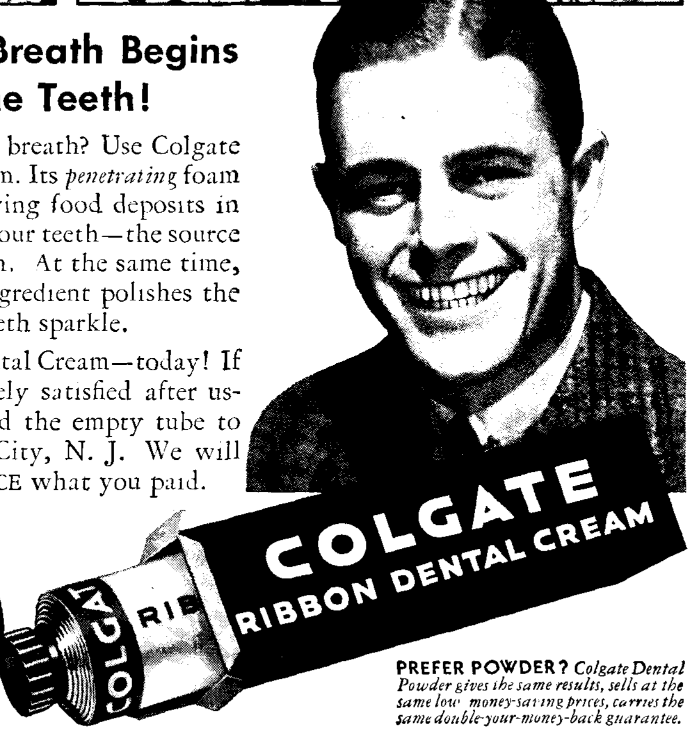
Listen to the Voice of Firestone — featuring Margaret Speaks, Soprano, with the Firestone Choral Symphony, and William Daly's Orchestra — every Monday night over N.B.C. Nationwide Network

MARGIE MAKES A MATCH!
OH, DOLLY – HERE COMES THAT NICE MR. JACK! HOW CAN WE TELL HIM WHY SISTER SUE WON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE DATES?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARGIE? DOLLY SICK?
I'M SO WORRIED! SHE HAS BAD BREATH. WHAT CAN I DO?
SUE SAYS – LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE BAD BREATH AND DON'T SUSPECT IT. HER DENTIST TOLD HER IT BEGINS WITH THEIR TEETH!
SUE SAID THAT? IS THAT CHILD HINTING?
AND THEN HE SAW HIS DENTIST
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH – FROM FOOD DEPOSITS LODGED IN HIDDEN CREVICES. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS EVERY TOOTH!
THE DOCTOR WAS RIGHT! COLGATE'S GETS MY MOUTH REALLY CLEAN!.. I CAN FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE COMING TO SEE SUE AGAIN – YOU HAVE SUCH NICE WHITE TEETH NOW
THANKS TO YOU, LITTLE SISTER-TO-BE
AND NO BAD BREATH TO SPOIL IT NOW!
COLGATE

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its *penetrating* foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.


COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE RIB

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

PREFER POWDER? *Colgate Dental Powder gives the same results, sells at the same low money-saving prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

Orchids in His Heart

Continued from page 24

bright down of the homeland was on her still; and she was very lovely, if Roger Craig had only taken the time to notice. But he hadn't.

Very carefully he stoppered his flask with sterile cotton, bound up the neck, and only then drew himself erect with a sigh. She was still looking at him intently when he finally turned his head.

"I say!" he gasped in his turn; for it was quite true that he saw her now for the very first time. "I say! I'm so sorry."

"I should think you would be!" she replied with stinging tartness.

He noticed then, all in a single flash, the angry sulk of her lips, the fine quiver of delicate nostrils, the disturbing whiteness of her throat, the slim, proud vitality of her youthful loveliness. Then he smiled. It was a shy smile, a bit wistful.

"I did snap at you, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did!"

"I'M SORRY. Really, I am," he apologized abjectly. "I . . . I was absorbed. Didn't really see you at all." He waved his hand vaguely about his flasks. "Forgive me."

"Of course," she smiled. "I've no right to come bursting in on you like this in the middle of the jungle. . . . But where in the world are the mice and the guinea pigs? I always thought no medical research could go on without them."

"Guinea pigs?" He frowned, puzzled; then laughed softly. "I'm not that kind of doctor. I'm an orchidologist. These—"

"A what?"

"I wasn't planting bacteria. I was planting seed."

"Seed?"

"Yes; orchid seed."

"In flasks? In the jungle?"

"Why, yes; of course. In the jungle. That's where they come from, you know. Orchids, I mean. All of those you see in your cities are cultivations of original jungle plants. Although some species do grow in the north countries, even in Alaska. There are almost twenty thousand kinds, you know."

"No," she shook her head. "I didn't know. I thought you planted seeds in the earth."

"But orchids don't grow in the earth. Not these species. They grow in sphagnum moss and osmunda fiber. On tree trunks and branches in the jungle clearings. I got one good seed pod from the plant I am trying to breed," he went on with the quick speech of eagerness. "Almost two billion seeds in it. You wouldn't think so, would you? Maybe I'll get a couple of hundred plants. If I'm lucky, perhaps ten of them will mature and be true."

"Only *ten!*"

He grinned at her, recalled suddenly to his senses by her voice. "I *am* a sort of fool," he muttered. "Raving at you this way. I'm Roger Craig. Please tell me who you are."

"Nicholas Mosby's only daughter. My brother is doing some geological oil work for the Dutch in the interior. I'm to wait in Peludari until he comes downriver to get me and take me there. Someone has to keep house for him, even in the jungle, and he simply despises the way his Malays cook. I took pity on him. I came in on the coasting steamer this afternoon from Batavia."

"And you mean you walked here from the village along the jungle trail—alone?"

"Yes . . . Perhaps I shouldn't have come. But I felt, somehow, I had to." She looked frankly up at him. "You startled me. I expected to find an old man. That's who I came to see. The natives in the village directed me."

"To me?"

"To 'the old man who makes the jungle grow in his house.' I must see him. I must!"

Roger Craig sobered.

"He died three months ago, Miss Mosby. The natives honored him very much. And to their simple, savage religion the spirit of their honored dead is a living thing. They do not speak of him as dead. His grave is—well, a sort of shrine to them. It is very beautiful."

"I'm so sorry."

"They thought that was what you wished to see, you know."

"Oh."

"Do you?"

She looked up at him, he was so much taller than she. And she found something in his eyes difficult to describe, a longing, haunting thing. It found some faint and troubling answer in her. She nodded.

"Come, then," he said simply. "I will take you."

He led her into the outer dimness; there was no breath of wind, but the dark forest was already whispering stealthy warning of an approaching storm. He stopped at length on a shallow rise of land edging the clearing. The girl moved closer to him and their long shadows merged. She touched his arm lightly for comfort or communion, and uttered a little gasp at the breathtaking beauty she saw. He said nothing.

At the base of a giant banyan, sheltered by its weird aerial roots, she could just make out in that light the white gleam of a headstone, as yet unconquered by the crawling vines. And above it and all around, in garlands and festoons, fantastic blooms hung, as if the trunk and the limbs of the trees themselves had miraculously exploded in exquisite blossoms.

"WHAT is it?" she whispered, sensing somehow that it would not do to speak too loudly in that place at such a time.

"Orchids," he replied quietly and with firmness. "He loved them. He said very often, and he was right, that if you wished to grow beautiful orchids in your greenhouse you must have beautiful orchids in your heart. He did. He made that place what it is. It was his natural laboratory. That's why I set him at rest there. He would have wanted it. He was almost seventy."

"No wonder they call him the old man who made the jungle grow in his house."

"Yes; he gave his life to their culture. Most of these you see are spray orchids. The collectors have hunted all Java for new varieties. None of them ever dreamed there were any Cattleyas here. He found one years ago in the wilderness of the Pangrango tablelands of the interior. A small blossom, because it was wild and uncultivated. But it was red! He brought it here to propagate. You see those pennants of crimson there? That's it. What wouldn't a commercial grower back home pay for such a plant, bred to bloom true and full size? A small fortune! He gave better than twenty years to breeeding them. But—"

"Mr. Craig!"

She turned on him abruptly, and he looked at her, startled.

"Who was he? Tell me quickly!" she demanded. "Who was he?"

"John Craig? Why, he was my father, Miss Mosby. What—"

(Continued on page 28)

Here's How Mr. Davidson Bought His Low-Priced Truck.. *He says, "I'm saving from $8 to $10 a month on Gasoline alone by switching to...*

DODGE!"

HELLO!... THIS IS MR. DAVIDSON.. I HEAR DODGE TRUCKS GIVE MORE MILES PER GALLON OF GAS.. CAN YOU SHOW ME WHY?

HERE'S the way to be *sure* of getting the right truck for *your* job! Buy your next low-priced truck the same businesslike way that Mr. Davidson did! Do the buying yourself on value only. Just take the Dodge "Show-Down" Score Card and check all of America's low-priced trucks. Ask yourself, "What does this truck have? What features are built into it that will save me money?"

When you buy this way—strictly on what you get for your money, there is only one truck for you—Dodge. For example, only Dodge of America's 3 lowest-priced trucks gives you hydraulic brakes. Only the Dodge engine gives you the gas and oil saving combination of exhaust valve seat inserts, spray-cooled exhaust valve seats, 4 piston rings instead of 3, full-length water jackets, and a factory installed oil filter. Those are only the first few on Dodge's list of finer money-saving features.

$365* AND UP... LIST PRICES AT FACTORY, DETROIT

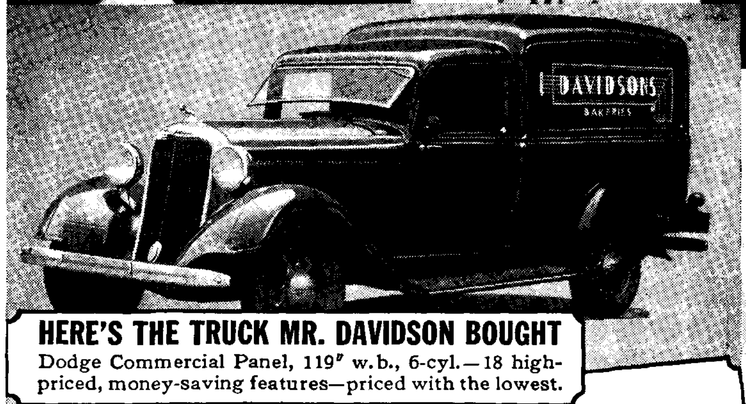
You don't have to be an engineer to understand these Dodge finer features! You don't need to be an accountant to figure how much less money your Dodge truck will cost for gas, oil, repairs, tires and upkeep. Your Dodge dealer will be glad to give you a "Show-Down" Score Card free and without obligation. See him today!

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

* *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

HERE'S WHAT HIS DODGE DEALER REPLIED...

"Sure... that's what we Dodge dealers are here for... I'll be right over with a 'show-down' score card so you can check all the low-priced trucks for yourself in your own office feature by feature."



HERE'S THE TRUCK MR. DAVIDSON BOUGHT
Dodge Commercial Panel, 119" w.b., 6-cyl.—18 high-priced, money-saving features—priced with the lowest.

Dodge 1½-ton chassis and cab, 6 cylinders, 137" wheelbase. *With 9-foot stake body as pictured, $680*.* **$595***

HERE'S WHAT MR. DAVIDSON SAYS...

"As soon as I learned that the Dodge engine has all those extra money-saving features, I figured a Dodge truck was bound to cost me less for gas and oil than either of the other two lowest-priced trucks. And I was right... I'm saving $8 to $10 a month on gasoline alone since switching to Dodge... not to mention the money that hydraulic brakes and all those other Dodge features save me on tires and upkeep."

S. Davidson
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dependable DODGE TRUCKS

WHAT! See through Steel?
IMPOSSIBLE, YOU'LL SAY—BUT...

IT CHALLENGES belief—but every day at the Gillette factory the amazing electro-magnetic tester "sees" deep beneath the surface of Gillette "Blue Blade" steel. A sample from every coil of steel—the finest the world market affords—is submitted to this scientific instrument.

Irregularities occur in all steel. Even microscopic inspection cannot detect them. But as clearly as the X-ray reveals broken bones, the electro-magnetic tester instantly discloses the slightest hidden imperfection, flashes the story to the operator, a trained metallurgist, and the steel is rejected. This is but one of the many precautions taken by Gillette to insure you shaving comfort that never varies. Millions of dollars have been spent in perfecting advanced manufacturing and inspection equipment. Apparatus usually found only in finely equipped scientific laboratories is in daily use at the Gillette factory on a regular production basis.

If you want a razor blade that never varies in quality . . . a blade that gives you one comfortable shave after another day in and out, try the Gillette "Blue Blade." See how easily it removes even stubborn bristles—how swiftly it skims over tender spots with feather-like touch. Ask for Gillette "Blue Blades."

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ · 10 for 49¢

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE
King C. Gillette
Gillette

Orchids in His Heart

Continued from page 26

"Peliton!" she cried excitedly. "Do you know a man in Batavia called Peliton?"

"Yes; of course. A filthy, thieving scoundrel. Exporter, he calls himself. He'd steal anything, from Wardian cases of orchids some poor devil of a collector went through hell and fever to get, to a half-ton shipment of esparto grass. Done it before. But why?"

"He knows! That's why I came!"

Craig's face hardened. His voice went cold. "Knows?" He chopped the words off like brittle things. "Knows what? What do you mean? If he—"

"He knows, I tell you! He could have meant nothing else." She brushed the hair from before her face, galvanized into wildness. "On the schooner from Batavia. There were two of them. One of them was Peliton. He kept shining up to me the whole voyage, so I know. I heard them talking. I had the cabin next to theirs. You know how flimsy those bamboo bulkheads are."

HER voice rushed on, anxious and excited. "I didn't know what they were talking about at first. But they kept me awake one night. They'd been drinking; they were boisterous and bragging. Talking about an old man who made the jungle grow in his house, and about a rare red plant he had. They were after it and meant to get it, if it meant killing the old man. It frightened me. I didn't know what to do. But I asked in the village when we landed, and I came to warn him. I had to."

"You did that," Roger Craig said in a hard whisper, "for someone you didn't even know?"

She swept aside his thanks and his wonder, urging him to action with forceful hands against his chest. "Quickly! They may be here now—don't just stand there! Never mind me. I'll follow."

He spun away from her into the night, sure and swift. She was close behind him when he reached the door.

He stopped suddenly, dropping to his knee beside the sprawled-out shape of a brown man in a gaudy sarong. The fellow shuddered a little, struggling to rise.

"Mind'hna!" Craig whispered tensely. "Mind'hna! Do you hear me? Where—"

"*Tuan!* Inside. Go quickly!"

Craig sprang to his feet and plucked open the door. The humid air and the yellow light leaped out. There were two men in there, giant shadows in the lamp glow. Roger Craig went in, striding.

"Well?" he boomed.

The heavier of the two turned quickly, his face distorted. But he regained his poise at once. Peliton was used to that sort of thing. The other, thin and hungry-looking, edged sideways in the narrow space between the potted things. His Malay features were marred, as though the alien mixture of Dutch blood had not taken well. He seemed eager to spring at something, like a leopard, for nothing but the sheer pleasure of it. Peliton's puffy eyes smiled, and his fat hands gestured vague restraint to his companion.

"Good evening," he said in a deep, unctuous voice.

Craig bit off shortly.

"What do you want?"

"You are as inhospitable as your servant." There was thinly veiled threat in the too careful enunciation. Peliton's companion split his mouth in a smile at the sound of it. He understood. "I must see John Craig."

"That is impossible."

"I warn you that . . .!"

"My father is dead, Peliton. You cannot see him."

Peliton seemed startled; but he smiled mournfully almost at once. He was pleased. That made things so much the easier. "So sorry," he said blandly. "News travels slowly from here to Batavia, you know."

"Chuck it, Peliton! Never mind the sad music!" Craig's voice grated harsh, in concert to the rising boom of the wind outside, pouring against the jungle wall from the distant Java Sea. "This isn't going to be as easy as the job you pulled on old Latabre's jungle porters."

"Latabre? My dear fellow, you . . ." He stopped abruptly, looking up from beneath his heavy lids. He stared past Craig and saw the girl for the first time, panting just inside the door. His jowls quivered; his eyes went bright as steel points. "You were on the schooner from Batavia!" he shot at her. "What are you doing here?"

Peliton's companion stiffened. Things would come his way in a moment. His shoulders hunched forward, and his eyes glowed. For the bare fraction of an instant, Craig looked back at the girl. The blood was in her cheeks. Her hair was in wild disarray. And as he heard her strong, rich voice, something sang in Roger Craig's ears, a thin, faint song. He was glad. Very suddenly he was glad, and he knew he had the strength to whip them.

"You were drunk one night on board," she was crying at them. "I overheard you making plans, and I came here to warn him. I'm glad I did! Do you hear? I'm glad!"

There was momentary silence after that. Outside, the great wind slashed. The lamp overhead spluttered high, then fell again. Peliton's poise was completely gone.

"It is just as well. Now we know where we are," he said hoarsely and with acid deliberation. "I have no time to waste. I know, Craig, that your father bred at least two red orchids. They are probably the only two such plants in existence. They will bring whatever I have a mind to ask for them in the markets of the civilized world." His lips twitched. "I came . . . for them!"

ROGER CRAIG smiled. He kept Peliton's eyes with his, so that he could not see the girl. But he remembered the look of her, and the throbbing quality of her voice. He had known nothing like that ever before. Everything was simple now and the way so plain.

Suddenly and without warning he leaped past Peliton. He took three racing steps, stopped short, and spun around. He was standing directly before two potted orchids, separate from the others, in a tray by themselves.

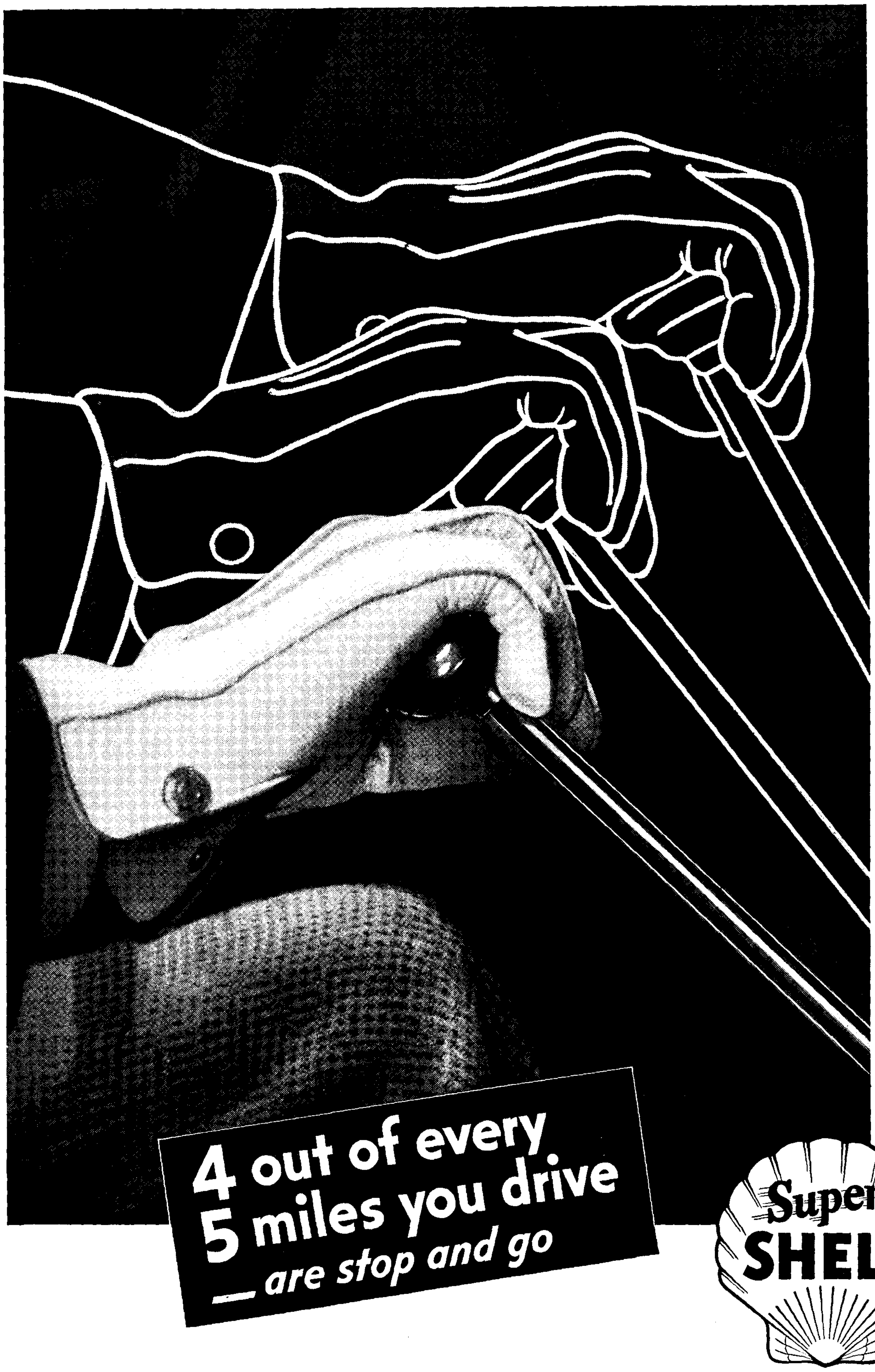
"Try and get them!" he cried.

For a moment Peliton's face clouded. Then he opened his mouth and laughed. It was a deep and boisterous laughter, full of mockery and contempt, and it stopped as abruptly as it had commenced.

"Bravo, my courageous fool!" he boomed. "Splendidly spoken! Sir Galahad himself couldn't have done better. Just what we needed. I am an exporter of merchandise, as you know, not an orchidologist. How in the world do you suppose I would know which of all this accursed collection of potted greens were the two plants I

(Continued on page 30)

3 SHIFTS (*a single start*) can use ⅓ of a mile of gasoline



Today's short trips waste your money unless your gasoline has these Three Kinds of Power . . .

YOU wouldn't like to drive 3 MILES in low gear . . . yet you often do just that in an average week's stop-and-go driving!

Figure out the number of times you shift gears in those daily "errand drives" —to the office . . . the bank . . . the school . . . the club! Then, remember that the rapid acceleration of your motor as you "shift" can use 33% more gasoline than steady running.

Also, you move over a TON starting from a dead stop . . . and you often do this 30 times a day! So your gasoline must have power for HARD PULLING.

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There are over 30,000 Shell stations to serve you from Coast to Coast. Stop at one of these stations and start saving TODAY!

Super-SHELL

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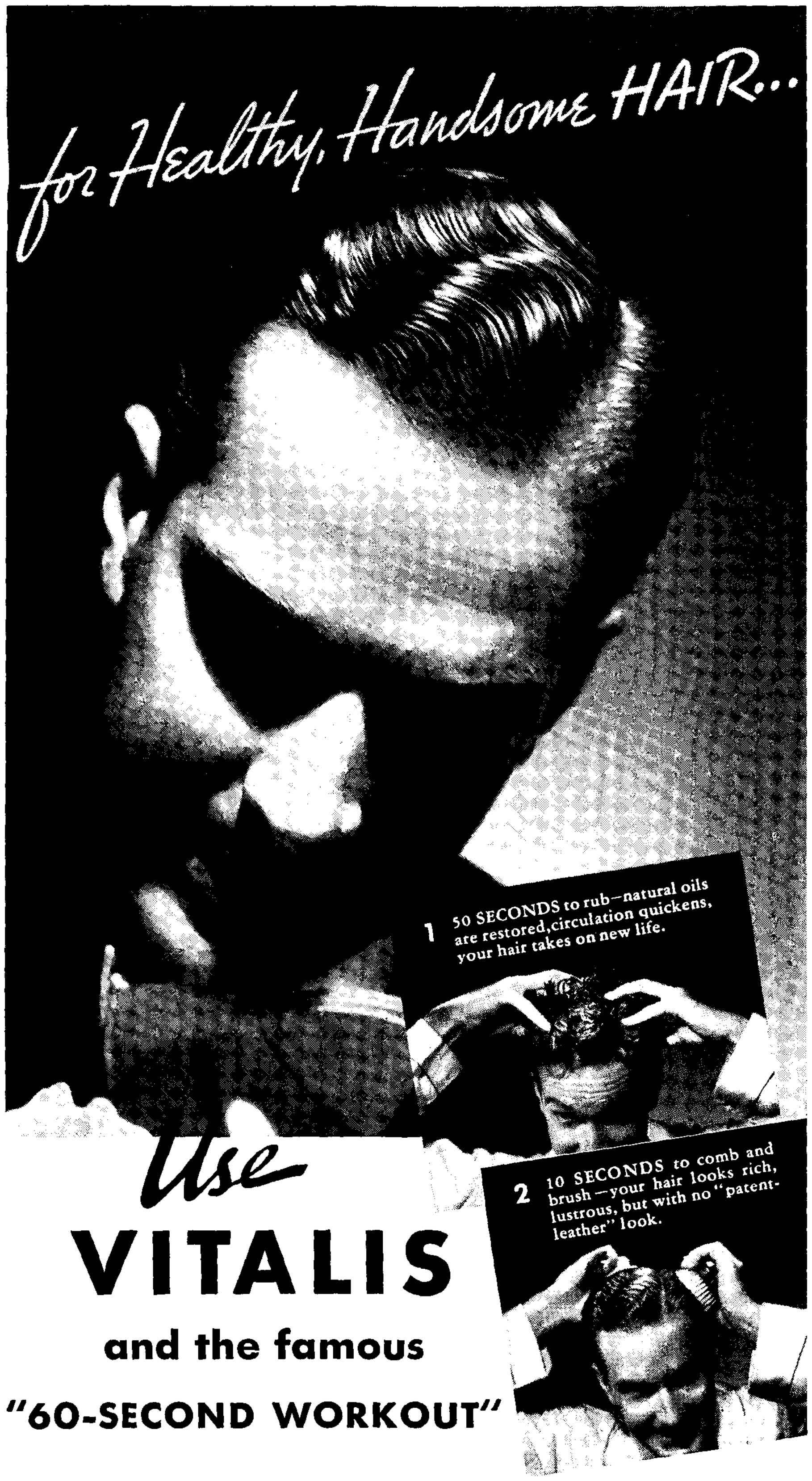
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2 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

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FOR healthy, handsome hair—go right down where health begins—right to the hair roots themselves. Don't let a too-tight scalp pinch them. Don't let a too-dry scalp starve them. Loosen and relax your scalp—schedule yourself for real hair-health with *Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."*

The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help replenish the natural oil that both your scalp and hair need so badly. And Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" stimulate the scalp—bring new circulation around the hair roots—restore the normal, natural lustre of healthy hair. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks more alive. Your scalp feels better. And you escape entirely that "patent-leather" look.

Use the "60-Second Workout" twice a week—or as often as you want. Another suggestion: Use Vitalis and a vigorous massage *before and after* your regular shampoo. It breaks up oily deposits in your scalp—loosens any dandruff present. Then the shampoo washes every particle away. Use Vitalis afterwards—and you'll have a clean, healthy scalp—a well-groomed head of hair.

ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

Orchids in His Heart

Continued from page 28

want, with none in bloom? It's so splendid of you, my addle-pated scientific friend, to help me out!"

The mockery died from his lips. His laughter had never lived in his eyes. There was nothing there but ruthless purpose. His pudgy hand dropped swiftly to the open pocket of his white drill coat. It came out closed on the glittering blue of an automatic. He advanced a pace.

"Ranga!" he snapped. "The two plants. Quickly! Out with you. I will take care of the fool!"

A gurgle sounded in Ranga's throat as he darted around the tray's edge. Craig sensed him lifting the pots, and saw him slipping away for the door. He was helpless. A stifled cry of anger escaped the girl. She hurled herself at him as he passed. Ranga swept her aside. She was no match for him. He heard Mind'hna's scream outside, the noise of pursuit, and the first loud splatter of huge raindrops. He glowered at Peliton's leering face; then snapped up his head.

"Let him have it, Miss Mosby! Now," he screamed.

THE blunt muzzle of Peliton's automatic wavered for perhaps half an instant. It was enough. Craig leaped. His fist smashed out. He had a sickening sensation as his knuckles sank against soft flesh and found resisting jawbone. He drove in again, but there was little need. Peliton sagged backward, crashed against the trays behind him, and thudded to the hard floor of the earth. . . . Craig stood over him, his chest heaving.

"Almost . . . missed," he panted. "Thanks, Miss Mosby. You're tops."

"Good of you," she said briefly. "Save it for later. Give me that gun. I'll take care of him. You better get after your plants."

He smiled. "He can—"

Mind'hna's entrance interrupted him. The Malay had a *kris* in his hand, and his face still wore its stolid expression of severe melancholy.

"No can catch, *Tuan*," he announced simply. "Too fast. Gone in rain."

Craig nodded. "It's all right. Never mind that. This man, Mind'hna," he murmured, gesturing downward. "Bind him up well. Ask your tribespeople to take him to the village for me. Keep him—safe. I will look after him tomorrow when the great wind is gone. He is a thief. . . . Miss Mosby. Please. Will you come with me? There is something I want you to see."

She followed him, a little puzzled. He helped her across the narrow clearing to the house itself, black with night and shuddering with the rain and wind of that unseasonal gale. The rattans were down, to keep out the streaming water. In the study he held them aside, unlocked a door, and lit a lamp.

It threw strengthening lancets of light about a small greenhouse built against the wall of what had been old John Craig's library room. The driving rain drummed on the slatted glasses overhead, and the air was heavy with moisture and an elusive scent that might have been of violets, or jasmine, or lotus. The place was empty, except for one raised tray upon which stood four plants. He took her to them.

"Look, Miss Mosby," he said gently.

She looked down, her eyes slowly widening in awe and wonder. And she said nothing, for there was nothing to say in the face of that beauty, as there is nothing to say at the sight of sunrise behind Java Head, or the sight of the sea, bright and glittering against the reefs of the Eastern Islands when the rain has passed. She looked in silence at the fulfillment of a dead naturalist's dream of beauty.

There were four plants. The pseudobulbs were thick and full of nourishment, flat, live-green leaf above. On two of the plants the flower sheaths were just beginning to spit. Only one held a single blossom, full-blown and resplendent. It rose on the spear of its stem in proud and perfect symmetry, motionless and strangely lovely. The wide petals and sepals were red, curving with a delicate grace; and deep in its crimson heart two spots of yellow burned like wide, flaming eyes. It lived on air—on air and moisture and warmth alone. An ethereal thing, like the angels, and as lovely.

"There are twenty years of his life in that orchid," Roger Craig breathed.

She knew of whom he spoke. Twenty years! But what were twenty years to a man who saw that beauty and wished to make it real forever? Better than twenty years spent in the insane acquisition of possessions. She sensed something of that in the silent moments before she could bring her eyes away from its fascination.

"But those others?" she asked at last, a little bewildered. "The ones you sprang to guard? The ones Peliton—"

"A trick. I was lucky. It worked. I knew he would have a gun. No use going straight for him. The plants he got are hybrids in there, experiments; and they are not true. You cannot seed hybrids. They produce monstrosities, mostly. If you are lucky with one, you must propagate it by splitting the plant itself." He turned from her, although that, too, was difficult to do. "This," he said, "is the genuine strain, bred from the small, original jungle plant. It will be true."

"What," she asked, "do you call it?"

He smiled again, his shy, wistful smile. She was torn by brambles, and her hair was in disarray, but the light burned in it in pools of tawny flame. He could not help but notice.

"Do you know," he murmured, "that I do not know your name?"

"Donalda," she said simply.

"Strange. Do you know what? This orchid, too, has that name. *Brassocattleya Donalda Craig.*"

"Oh!" she said. "But how do you know the name is just? How do you know that *I* am true?"

"I know," he said firmly, looking full at her.

SHE turned away quickly. "I had better go now. My brother—"

"I can't let you go back to the village in this. And the Peludari won't let your brother down anyhow, until it stops its howling. I have an extra room. Mind'hna will make you comfortable. . . . Please!"

She nodded, content. "Thanks. I'll chance it."

"We'll have dinner in a little while. I don't have guests for dinner very often, Donalda." He was very glad. That thin, strong song was in his ears again. "You won't believe it, but I've taught Mind'hna how to make vanilla cake. It's really quite good. I hope you like vanilla. Vanilla is made of the fruit pod of an orchid, you know. They grow lots of it in Ceylon."

"No," Donalda smiled, "I didn't know."

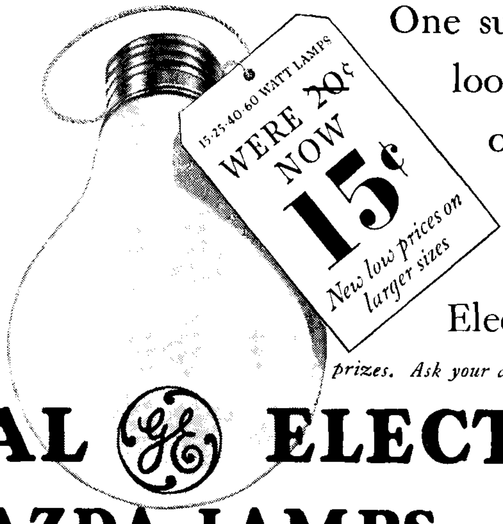
And he smiled back at her, for he wasn't lonely now. He had something besides orchids in his heart.

"What does GENERAL ELECTRIC mean by telling me to avoid SHRINKING LIGHT?"

Just this

Perhaps you never realized that light can shrink—like the collar of an inferior shirt. Shrinking light is the product of so-called "bargain" bulbs. And the longer such lamps last the dimmer they get until, in some cases, they are only giving you half as much light as they should for the current they consume.

This waste of light can be put in terms of money as well. A lighting expert, after many tests, says poor lamps are no bargains to *use*—even if each of them were wrapped in a dollar bill! That gives you some idea of what "Shrinking Light" may cost you.



One sure way to avoid this waste is to look for the famous GE monogram on the end of every lamp you buy. General Electric Mazda lamps *stay brighter longer.* General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

Enter General Electric's SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT *Contest—$2500 in cash prizes. Ask your druggist or photographic dealer for contest folder.*

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Here Come the Hounds!

By Harris Dickson

This is a man hunt. Life and death hang in the balance. It's all in deadly earnest—to everyone except the hounds. Those noble fellows are playing a game—the only game they've ever learned. Presently they will tag their man, and that, bloop, bloop, will be that

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANCIS B. GAUTHIER

WITHIN the past few hours Joe Pullen had killed three men and wounded eight. Joe was a Negro and all his victims were white, so it is easily understood why frenzied white posses swarmed around the village of Drew in North Mississippi. Accounts varied as to how the trouble started between Pullen and his landlord, a planter whom he shot to death. The beginning was now ancient history, but there could be no two opinions that the affair must end. After killing the planter, Pullen armed himself with a shotgun and automatic pistol as he fled to the swamp, which is a jungle of subtropical vegetation, of bayous and canebrakes that gave him perfect protection. One by one from ambush Pullen's murderous aim had laid his pursuers low before they saw him, until eleven white men were put out of the chase. The posse had every advantage in numbers and in arms, even to machine guns, while the fugitive had the best of them in cover and concealment. Pullen always saw them first.

After dropping his eleventh posseman he found a secure fortress in one of those meandering bayous that drain the level farm lands. There he lay. It was early in the night that Pullen took refuge in this last ditch. And several hundred citizens, armed and enraged, knew his approximate location. But they didn't know exactly where he was, and it meant an invitation to death if a white face showed itself. By this time the desperate fugitive was fighting not to save his own life but to make his pursuers pay, pay, pay. Already they had paid enough.

In this crisis, to save further human life, Bob Gant was sent for. The famous man-trailer of Crystal Springs, Mississippi, arrived immediately, bringing his two finest hounds, Red Eagle, the veteran, and gallant Lady Bess.

At the eerie hour of midnight, Gant set his dogs on the latest known track of Joe Pullen, beside the bayou's edge, and with surprising speed the intelligent animals smelled out almost the exact spot where he lay barricaded between two logs.

The same pair of dogs did a very different bit of work on Sicily Island, all of which began with a message that Mr. Gant received:

"We have a lost child and no money to pay for the search. If you will bring your dogs we will get our merchant to pay you. We have only one bale of cotton on hand but that is under mortgage."

The distracted mother's cry brought Bob Gant speeding to her side as fast as auto wheels could turn.

Sicily Island is unique, a freak of geology thrown up by some convulsion of the earth that rises in a plateau above the Louisiana flatlands. Around its base are swamps and morasses through which meanders the sluggish Black River—no safe spot for a four-year-old toddler to be lost.

When Gant and his dogs arrived at the island he found hundreds of people huddled around, waiting for them as a last blind hope. For more than three days and nights these farmers had been tramping and wading, beating every bush, so that Bob's baby hunt was complicated by thousands and thousands of other tracks. The helpless neighbors stood back and looked to a pair of dogs.

Gant got the facts: At eight o'clock in the morning three days ago the farmer had set down the little boy from their wagon, gave the child a pat and told him to run along home, one mile away.

At noon dinner he learned that the boy had not since been seen and went out to look for him. Neighbors joined, more neighbors, scattering in all directions, yet after eighty-two hours not a trace of the baby had been discovered.

Fast Work on a Cold Trail

"Eighty-two hours is a mighty cold trail," Bob said to the mother. "Bring me the last garment that your child has worn. Don't touch it yourself. Bring it on a stick."

Almost without hope the mother brought out a pathetic little nightie, which Bob passed on to his solemn dogs, who considered deeply as they sniffed at it, then tore the cloth to bits.

"Now, old pals," he said to them, "here's the baby's track where Papa set him down from the wagon. Smell it. Smell good."

There stood the big red dog sniffing at a tiny footprint, pawing it over and digging into the earth as if the scent had penetrated, smelling, smelling, smelling; a beast of ferocious appearance. But Red Eagle wasn't fierce.

"Old man," Bob asked him, "have you got it?" Then Red Eagle barked, only once, a monosyllabic yelp which told his master, "Think I have, but suppose we try the next track."

Together he and Lady Bess moved on to the baby's next footprint, where they sniffed a while and began their baying. "We've *got* it. We've *got* it! Come on, Master."

There the trail began, the zigzag unpremeditated way along which a little boy had wandered. The dogs were right, no mistake about it, for bits of tiny garments were discovered, either torn off by the briers or flung aside by the boy. On, on pressed the breathless crowd, watching every movement of the dogs. A new day dawned. The sun appeared and Lady Bess got well ahead, beyond their sight, when she set up a yelping of triumph.

"She's found him," Bob announced, for that dog always told the truth.

Everybody ran, hysterically plunging through swamps and brushwood to a point on the opposite side of Sicily Island where first they glimpsed the dog, then saw the child's almost naked body.

"There's my baby! There's my baby!" the mother screamed. "Frozen to death."

There lay the baby near the river's brink, not frozen but alive, and Lady Bess with two paws on his breast, licking the little face, and calling on the human mother to hurry. Sweet Lady Bess.

(Continued on page 34)

Veterans of a hundred man hunts. Bob Gant with his famed bloodhounds, Lady Bess and Red Eagle

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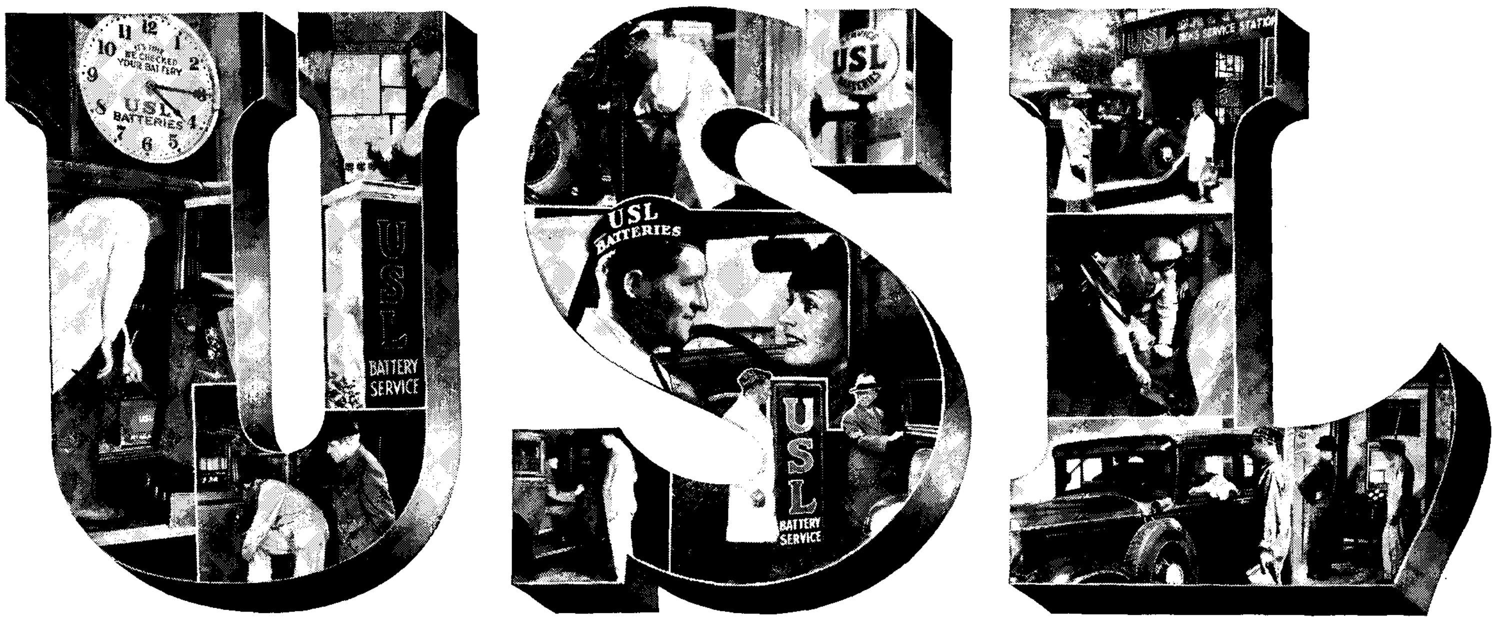
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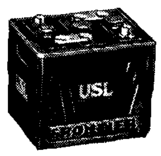
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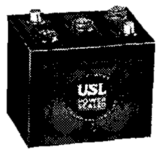

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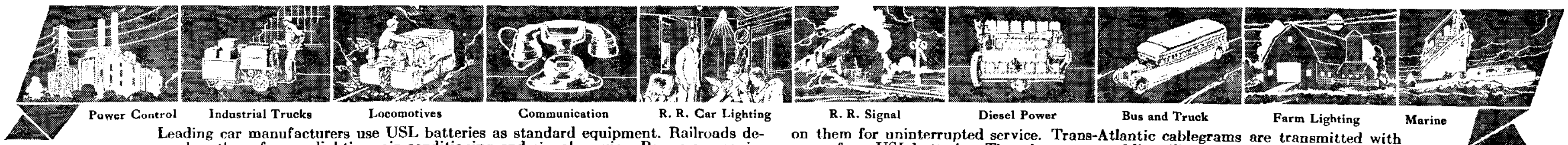
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Here Come the Hounds

Continued from page 32

After the boy had regained his senses he told of trying to catch a bunny rabbit, and losing his way home.

To follow such a cold trail requires not only the keenest of nostrils but intelligent training. A bloodhound has the most sensitive nose in nature, which becomes worthless unless he's taught how to use it. His schooling begins at two months when he's a mighty little fellow, wobbly on his huge, clumsy feet, long, flop ears and big, pathetic brown eyes. From babyhood he's a one-man dog, loving and obeying one man, the master. So it must be all right when master takes the entire litter in baskets and carries them to a sort of coop that's built in the woods. This coop or pen has a door that can be opened by a string eight hundred feet long, far out of the puppies' sight. The baby bloodhounds whine a little when master pens them up in the coop; then leaves the puppies alone in a deep, dark forest.

One-Man Dogs

This is the ABC of their training, for the master walks home by roundabout ways—never in a path. From home he returns, not to the coop but to the far end of the string, taking care to avoid his previous trail. Now he pulls the string and releases his pups, who for the first time are cast upon their own in a vast and unfamiliar world.

Half a dozen bewildered little bloodhounds tumble out from their coop. They are in an unknown forest, alone, without a chart, without a compass, nothing to guide them except their instinct and a sense of smell. The only smell is that of their master, and they set out to follow their first trail. Most of them get home, step by step behind the master, but here and there is a pup that falls by the wayside.

Opportunity knocks only once at the door of a bloodhound, for he that wanders is given no second chance. His nose is defective, he'll never make a trail dog. Pups that stand the test are meticulously cared for. Daily they are carried to the woods, each day to a different spot and by a different man, so they learn to follow not only the master's trail but whatever scent they find. Each day they are left for thirty minutes longer before being released, the trail being lengthened and becoming colder. After two years of intensive training, a hound is put to actual work.

Bob Gant—everybody calls him Bob and it's simpler—drifted into this business by accident. It happened long ago that an old gentleman was killed at Crystal Springs and hounds were brought from the State Penitentiary Farm to capture the murderer. Their methods and astonishing results so fascinated Bob that he bought a pair of puppies which developed into the celebrated Red Eagle and Lady Bess, who have probably caught more criminals than any other dogs. In fact—pardon his justifiable boast—Bob claims to have run down eighty-five per cent of the miscreants that he has started after.

Experience has taught him a lot. The bloodhound works efficiently for only one man. If handled by anybody else he gets confused. The master is his protector, his only real friend, and long association gives the hound a confidence which is essential to accuracy. Certain things a good dog will do: he will follow infallibly the trail that his master sets him, and never get "kissed" off. To his discerning nose this republic is made up of one hundred and twenty million distinct smells. Each smell is individual, differentiated, tabulated and filed away, unmistakable and unmixable as finger prints. Red Eagle doesn't know the track of a thief from the track of an honest man, doesn't care whether it's a bum or a bishop; he only follows the trail and, as Josh Billings said of the postage stamp, "sticks to one thing until he gets there." Let Bob give him the right start and Red Eagle will show up with the right finish.

The difficulty lies in getting a right start. So many volunteers buzz around the scene of a crime that tracks get muddled. If Red Eagle could only warn them to keep away from the window where the burglar climbed out; to avoid handling the slayer's axe; and not to trample that ground where the assassin stood behind a tree. Yet our lords of creation do exactly that, then cuss a fool dog because he gets tangled.

Most errors occur at the beginning of a trail, as was illustrated by the "Post-office Murder" in Alabama. The postmaster had been killed by blows from a blunt instrument, and Gant's dogs were taken there at once in an airplane. Presumably, not certainly, the escaping murderer came out at the front door, and from that point the hounds ran down four different men who were able to establish their innocence. Nevertheless, the hounds made no mistake, for each of these men had actually been to the post office since the killing, and their trails were fresher than that of the murderer.

Another mistake that wasn't a mistake occurred in one of our southern villages where a series of burglaries had aroused the popular wrath. People believed that a professional was operating among them and itched to nab him. So when the drugstore was broken into they promptly got Bob Gant, the druggist being careful that nobody went near the door from which the burglar had made an exit. There the dogs took a sniff or two and bayed.

"Have you got him, old boy?" Bob inquired and Red Eagle answered "Yes," with a yelp of confidence.

They started their chase, followed by a mob of townsfolk eager to observe these famous bloodhounds and keen to witness the capture of a hardened offender. To their amazement, however, Red Eagle and Lady Bess led that scoffing crowd to a certain gate where lived a lady who was high above suspicion, one of the most respected women in town. People began to jeer at Bob, and village wits turned loose, "Durn my scaly hide ef them fool dogs ain't goin' to Miss Emma's house."

Brave to the End

The dogs not only went to Miss Emma's house but insisted upon entering it, and against indignant public protest bayed Miss Emma herself. It would have been a ticklish moment for Bob Gant if the woman hadn't broken down, admitting herself to be a narcotic addict and that she had entered the drugstore to secure the dope she craved.

Every criminal detests a bloodhound and shoots on sight. Therefore, when trailing a desperado, Gant holds his dogs in leash to prevent their darting ahead and being slain. By the occasional baying a fugitive knows where Bob is, long before the man-hunter locates his quarry; and Bob need only whisper "Quiet, old boy," then the dog utters no other sound until his master speaks again. "Have you still got him?"

All of his precautions, however, failed to save the magnificent Brunhilde, whom her owner valued at $10,000. With a determined posse behind them they had tracked a brutal assassin in Alabama, routing him from cover to cover in the roughest of terrains, until Brunhilde drove the man to his final hiding place on the banks of Leaf River. Bob was near enough to hear the shot and found his brave dog lying dead.

Since the dawn of history fugitives have tried all manner of tricks to throw hounds off their scent, but Gant believes that nothing can baffle a well-trained dog while the criminal keeps on the ground.

Fugitives with dogs behind them always take to water when they can find it, wading in streams and swinging out by means of grapevines. Which does no good except to get their feet wet, for Bob's hounds will skirt that bayou or that lake and pick up the trail where the man comes out. Even if he climbs aboard a train for short distances he cannot fool dogs. Once a burglar entered a store at Canton, Mississippi, and the dogs trailed him to a southbound freight train, picked up his scent again at Jackson, twenty-five miles away, and caught him with the goods.

Hide and Seek

Bloodhounds, of course, cannot contend against modern means of travel, long-distance motorboats, high-powered cars and airplanes, so that they are now of little efficiency in capturing a Public Enemy who has both money and brains.

In connection with the celebrated case of Major Norman Bailey, the shell-shocked British officer who stabbed his wife to death, a statement is made that Bob Gant flatly contradicts. That morning, just after the killing, Major Bailey stepped out of his apartment at Hove, England, chatted with some friends and strolled away into the void. Disappeared, vanished utterly. Less than an hour afterward the best pair of bloodhounds in the Empire were set upon his trail, starting from a boot that the officer had worn.

The hounds followed this scent for little more than a couple of city blocks to the corner of High Street and London Road, where many automobiles were accustomed to pass, and both dogs lifted their mournful muzzles to set up a wail of defeat. They were beaten, baffled, done, and British police explained their failure by saying that the supersensitive nose of a bloodhound is dulled, if not destroyed, by gases emitted from motorcars. In backwoods districts, through forests and fields, the hound will follow a trail, across the rocks, over snow and ice, but not if he strikes a new-tarred roadway or whiffs the acrid oils that drop from automobiles.

On the other hand Bob Gant makes a different claim and proves it by the success of his hounds in city streets where thousands of motorcars are passing.

Before we leave him let us speak one word of justice to the bloodhound's character, a reputation which has suffered greatly because of fictitious wrongs to Little Eva. He's not a malignant beast, but the gentlest and most affectionate of *canine creatures.* He bears no malice, not even against the man he's running down. It's all a play, just sport, a game of hide and seek. At the end of a long, long trail when everybody's worn to a frazzle, the bloodhound gets his man, yelps a little, then will wag a friendly tail and say, "Tag! You're IT!"

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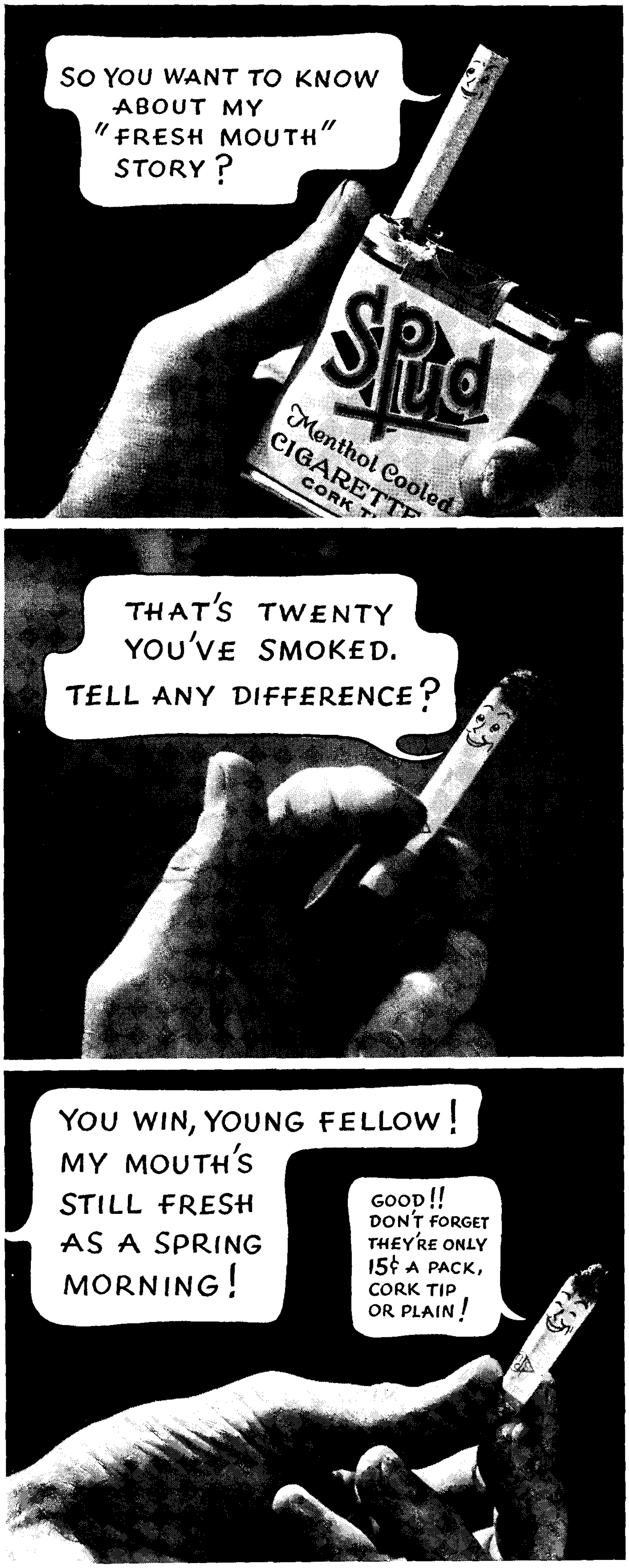
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THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 19

brought up his head and stared toward the rim of the ravine; and he turned his head deliberately and looked aside to the shadow-hidden entrance.

Both men pinned their suspecting glances on his slightest move. They read something into his changing interest. The soft, curt hoot of the owl echoed into the pit again. Lonzo drew his long legs beneath him. He stood up. He said:

"Get some wood for this fire, Breck. It's too damned dark around here."

"Let me stamp my feet," said Sebastian.

"Stand up—but don't ramble," agreed Lonzo, grudging the approval.

SEBASTIAN rose. Breck started off to the lower end of the ravine. Lonzo suddenly thought of something. "Wait a minute," he called, and stopped Breck dead in his tracks. "That don't sound like no owl to me."

Sebastian kicked his boot heels on the ground and crouched down again, feeling both men's eyes tear suspectingly into each of his gestures. Lonzo spoke more strongly: "If this is a trick, Sebastian, it'll do you no good. Who's up there?"

"No trick, Lonzo."

Lonzo said: "It ain't smart for both of us to be spotted in this light, Breck. Wait a minute."

He stepped backward. Sebastian counted the strike of each retreating step. He counted eighteen. Lonzo stopped beyond sight. "Go ahead for the wood, Breck," he ordered.

"That makes me the fall guy," grumbled Breck; but he went on.

Sebastian folded his big hands together, fingers laced between fingers. Strength hardened his arms. He had waited. He could always wait, and this might be the time he waited for. He didn't know yet. He bowed his head and locked his jaws. All he wanted was one slim chance. Maybe these two fellows, so cagey and suspecting, would accidentally give it to him. Not by design, but by the clumsiness of their caution. He lifted his head half an inch and stared beneath the shelter of his hat brim, sweeping the shadows with a sharp attention; he put pressure into his right knee and inched his foot surreptitiously behind him, steadying his body. Eighteen boot steps was fifty feet; so Lonzo was fifty feet away.

Breck came back into the circle of light, limping a little, his arms hooked around half a dozen sticks of pine wood. Sebastian watched him hesitate and veer and approach the fire on the far side. He stopped beside the fire and tipped his body backward, preparing to throw the wood into the dying flames.

He was like that, still off balance, when Sebastian struck him.

Sebastian threw himself forward from the cocked crouch, across the flame and against Breck. He smashed Breck's wide, alarmed face with his fist and his chest cracked into the wood and he went on over with Breck, falling on top of the man. Lonzo yelled from the bottom of his lungs and started out of the shadows. Sebastian heard him coming. The wood—which Breck had not been able to drop—fell on top of Breck's belly and Sebastian fell on top of the wood. The wind was out of Breck. He drew up his legs and tried to roll. Sebastian dropped a short, battering blow on the man's temple and reached down toward Breck's gun. The man was lying on it and Sebastian had to haul him around to get his fingers on the butt of the piece. It was like wrestling with a corpse. Breck was unconscious but his weight was loose and awkward and he trapped Sebastian's arm as he settled on his side.

Lonzo was racing up and he would, Sebastian knew, risk a shot in another three paces. The wood made it no better, for it pressed Breck down as Sebastian tried to pull the man up. He kicked at the sticks with his nearest foot, got the revolver free, slung his other arm under Breck's shoulders and hauled the man against him, holding him thus as a shield. The racing Lonzo was literally on top of Sebastian. He saw he couldn't fire, broke his stride, and tried to circle around. Sebastian laid his gun on top of Breck's head for a steady aim and his bullet caught Lonzo with both feet in the air. Lonzo came crashing down, his legs useless, and fell in a long, forward dive that carried him over and over, beyond the fire.

Sebastian dropped Breck and sprang backward to his feet. He rushed forward. Lonzo was breathing fast. The bullet had hit him casually and he was trying to lift his gun again. He was on his side, trying for another shot when Sebastian went over his body at a long jump and kicked the gun out of his fist. Still running, he came to the corner of the pit where his own horse and the horses belonging to Lonzo and Breck stood. He got into his saddle, grasped the reins of the other ponies and started down the tunnel.

The led horses kept dragging into the brush beside the trail, slowing up his pace. Deeper in the hills, Sebastian rode a little way from the trail, tied the extra ponies to a sapling and rode on—toward Huggins Point.

LONG and patiently waiting, Lot McGinnis at last rose from the log and stepped into the trail, listening to the soft rumor of a rider drawing rapidly up from the south. Behind Lot, a matter of a mile, was the end of the Moonstones, where lay Huggins Point. He put his arm out to touch the solid body of a tree beside the trail. There was a faint patch of sky above him, its blackness pointed by the crystal glitter of stars; but down here none of that faint radiance intruded upon the dense, layered shadows. He shook his head faintly and was disturbed. "One man only," he said to himself. "How would that be?"

He considered it, not quite certain, while the horse came on at a full gallop. One man, traveling fast and not caring much about the noise he made. It was that last consideration which decided Lot. He put himself partially behind the tree, calling out:

"Wait a minute."

The rider's rein jerk whipped a hard grunt out of the pony. It plunged into the brush at the side of the trail and stopped. Dust rolled up against the sheriff's face; he heard saddle leather squeal. He said calmly: "That's all right. I know you've pulled your gun. I haven't. What's your name, friend?"

A vigilant voice said: "I don't get this. Talk again."

"I make out your voice, Matt. This is Lot McGinnis."

"What are you doin' here, Sheriff? You know what's up?"

"I know," said McGinnis. But he quit speaking. His head turned and he got the impact of advancing riders. It was what he had waited for, and a sudden urgency came into his voice: "Either ride by or get your horse off the trail."

"Sure," grunted Matt Strang. "I

hear 'em. That's Galt's bunch. Who else would be rammin' through here? You know what's up, Sheriff?"

"Certainly—certainly. You better bust on to the Barrier camp."

"You're stayin'?" breathed Matt Strang. He shifted in the saddle, waiting for an answer that never came. He said softly, "Lot, you're a tough old snoozer," and put his pony farther into the brush.

Lot McGinnis spoke anxiously: "You better get on, Matt."

The reverberations rolled forward more strongly from the oncoming party. A bland, cool breeze drifted along the forest corridors and Lot McGinnis tipped his face to it and let the weight of his body rest against the tree. He lifted a hand and pinched the corners of his mustache. It was in 1914, he recalled, that Jack McKelton had turned to bay at almost this exact spot, a big-bodied outlaw who had laughed even in his last breath. He was trying to remember McKelton's features, but the image was indistinct and far away. Time did that; time went on and all things faded behind the mists and then a man was left alone with nothing but vague memories. Well, there was an end—there always was an end. Matt Strang stood beside him, speaking again: "I think I'll stick around, Lot."

The sound of the advancing column was quite distinct. "You're young, Matt," murmured Lot McGinnis, "and a fool, like all young men. Get over behind that tree. Stay there and keep your mouth shut. Never mind anything—keep your mouth shut." The head of the coming party was a blurred shadow just ahead. A faint jingle of metal riding gear ran forward; a horse sneezed. They were advancing at a slow walk. Lot McGinnis made a quarter turn, facing them directly. His hand made an involuntary swipe at his mustache again. He straightened and let his cool suggestion slide across the utter dark:

"Stop a minute, Buffalo."

The call lifted and floated and died; and afterward motion ceased in this narrow trail and silence pulsed like the heavy slugging of a man's burdened heart. That column had frozen. Lot McGinnis waited until further waiting was dangerous. He said then: "No harm meant, Buffalo. I want to talk to you."

Buffalo's inexpressibly aroused voice said: "Who's that?"

"Lot McGinnis."

THE pondering stillness came once more and remained for a longer interval. Buffalo, the sheriff knew, was smelling this obscure spot for trouble. His animal senses were reaching out in discovery. He said afterward, in a surer, easier voice: "You alone, Lot?"

"That's right. Turn back, Buffalo."

"What?"

Lot McGinnis said with an even, painstaking distinctness: "This is the end of your picket rope, Buffalo. You've got a bright idea, but it won't work. One more killing will bring the state of Nevada down on your neck. The minute you drop another Barrier man you and your boys are going to be hunted out of the country. I propose to see that done, unless you turn back."

"And you're alone," remarked Buffalo, in a sliding, sibilant calculation.

The old man read Galt's thought: "I'd be a bad man for you to shoot, Buffalo. There'd be more posses on your neck than you ever saw in this country. I have let you run too long. Turn back and pay off your crowd. A little humbler life is the prescription, my boy. As long as you were a private nuisance you didn't make anybody mad. But you're comin' to be a public nuisance—which is fatal. I have chased a lot of men through these hills who found that out too late."

"Lot," said Buffalo, all at once rash and impatient, "what the hell's this milk-and-honey advice for? I don't get it."

"Maybe I'm a sort of friend of yours, son."

Galt's horse moved. Galt was coming ahead. He said: "Step aside, Lot. There's no law against ridin' this trail."

But Galt's horse had to stop, for the sheriff still stood in his tracks, barring the way. Galt swore out his sudden anger: "You damned relic, get out of the road."

Lot McGinnis said: "I think you're entitled to know why I'm warnin' you. It is the regret of my life you weren't told many years ago. It happens, Buffalo, that I'm your dad."

BUFFALO GALT'S heels audibly thumped the flanks of the pony. It sprang against Lot McGinnis. The sheriff's body vaguely stumbled backward, but Galt had wheeled and he had drawn his gun. He said something, low and fast and half-strangled, and then the flat report of his shot beat and broke against the heavy night. He fired again, all the horses of the column beginning to pitch into the brush. A man cursed at him. Another rider raced forward and knocked Galt's horse aside. "You maniac, that's your finish!" And into this boiling confusion Matt Strang laid his quick firing.

Galt's horse fell instantly and Galt was out of the saddle, withering the brush around Strang with his replying shots. But a second horse rushed between Matt and Galt and that horse threshed wickedly across this narrow interval. Somebody yelled a warning; the whole party went crashing off the trail. Galt had disappeared. There was a distant hallooing behind Matt. He heard it but his attention was violently occupied with the churning blackness around him. Nothing definite showed up through this obscurity, yet he scraped the trail with four reckless bursts of fire and then held his peace. Flat against the tree, he heard Galt's party recoil. There was a long calling through the brush, a high and angry passage of talk, and one man's insistently repeated yell: "A trap—a trap!" It kept fading backward; and another sound kept coming forward. Crouched low, Matt Strang got the nearing reports of another party. He rose then and ran into the trail. The hollow scuff of that advancing outfit rolled around a bend; he jumped off the trail and sent his sailing cry at the gray shadows scudding toward him: "Wait—Tom! Wait—wait!"

Barrier boiled around, deploying into the brush. Sebastian's calm voice said: "Who's calling?"

"Wait," ordered Matt. "Don't jump into that. Galt's been here. That's them you hear goin'. McGinnis is down on the trail. Galt shot him—and I missed Galt!" He was back in the trail, bumping irregularly up and down the ruts. Sebastian's voice seemed to lay order and authority across the bitter confusion. "Stand fast—stand fast a minute." Burnt-powder smell tainted the air. A little echo of Galt's men straggled back from the depths of this abysmal night, a faint confusion came up, and a moment later the trail telegraphed a steady, dying drum. Matt stumbled over Galt's dead horse and fell forward, his skull sliding along the rough bark of a tree. He pulled himself to his knees and felt around and touched Lot McGinnis. "The man's dead," he said bitterly.

Somebody came on and stood above him. Sebastian spoke: "This it?"

"Try a match."

Sebastian crouched. He said, "What are you doing here, Matt?" He struck

(Continued on page 38)

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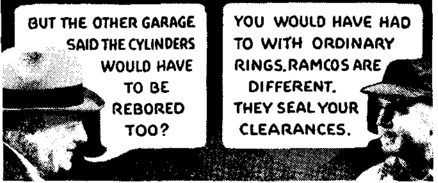
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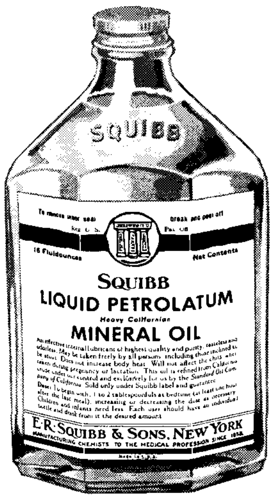

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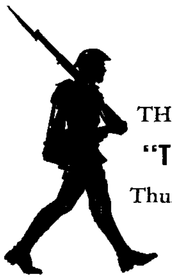

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(Continued from page 37)

a match and cupped it between his hands and lowered his hands until the flittering glow reached Lot McGinnis' face. He lay there dead, with his silver head rolled against the dust of the trail. One hand rested awkwardly across his chest, palm downward on a bullet hole. The light went out. Matt Strang swore from the middle of his throat and squirmed on his heels. Sebastian lighted another match, his glance going across to Matt Strang's sultry, outraged face.

Matt Strang reached over and slapped out the match. He got up. He said:

"I was comin' down the trail and ran into Lot. He was waitin' here for Galt. Well, he tried to stop Galt from goin' on. He said he was Galt's dad. Galt shot twice. I was slow."

Sebastian repeated quietly: "What are you doing here, Matt?"

Matt burst out: "The last two days have been hell! DePard's dead."

"You sure?"

Barrier was advancing through the brush, with Jim Kern speaking from somewhere near at hand:

"That bunch has busted out of here. Why follow?"

A colder breeze scoured the broken slopes; the big tree beside Matt Strang telegraphed down the straining squeal of its upper branches. Strang said, very quiet with his words: "Me and him out at the base of the Moonstones. It was pretty dark and we bumped together. I wasted no time and I was lucky. I saw him die. He had a minute to tell me he was sorry for a certain thing. He wanted me to tell you—"

Sebastian broke in peremptorily: "Be quiet. I know the rest of it. I always did. Hear me, Strang. You heard nothing and you know nothing. Understand?"

Strang groaned out his words: "It's been hell, Tom! It's been hell!"

Sebastian cleared his throat. He didn't say anything, but his arm lifted and dropped on the shoulder of this man who had been so deep a friend.

Jim Kern was standing by. He said: "McGinnis? Well, he was one of the old ones. Like me. So that's one less. What do we do, Tom?"

"Leave a couple of men here until daylight. Rest of you go back to the beef. Put Lot on a horse and take him to Camp Four. I'll have a wagon come up from the ranch for him."

"Galt?" said Jim Kern.

"Galt?" Sebastian rose and stood there in the dark. "Galt won't come back here. I'd hate to be in his shoes now. You come with me, Matt."

He went for his horse and presently rode back. He said: "It's all right, Jim. Galt's men are smart enough to know what will happen now. By noon tomorrow most of them will be out of Nevada."

He joined Strang and they went single file down the trail. Three miles ahead they fell into the broader Camp Four road, followed it over the summit and so came upon the shanties and the waiting car. Striking a match to his watch then, Sebastian found it to be three o'clock. In another hour day would crack through the solid black wall eastward.

THEY drove into Barrier plaza at breakfast time and found a rather lonely group clustered at the head of the long dining-room table. The campaign in the Moonstones had taken away all but four of the ranch crew, Charm and Charm's son, and the Hollywood people.

"You look very pious and somewhat bored," observed Sebastian.

"This place was meant for a crowd," said Jay Stuart agreeably. "It's so empty now that even the echoes follow us around for company. However, we haven't been bored. Timmy's been teaching us to read cattle brands."

Charm had instantly risen. Her dark, still eyes clung to Sebastian, slowly reading him. "Have you had luck?" she asked, a deep and personal anxiety coloring the quietness of her talk.

"It's all right," he said, and glanced across her shoulder to Lily Tennant. Lily hadn't spoken; but her smile was waiting there for him. He should have felt the lifting power of that smile. But he didn't. Utterly weary, he went around the table and sat down beside her. Matt Strang followed suit. Gath, who was an old man and privileged with his tongue, spoke sarcastically to Strang:

"What you doin' here? I thought you'd—"

"Gath," said Charm Michelet, her voice peremptorily ordering him to be still. But her attention divided itself intently between Strang and Sebastian a moment, seeking the story. Afterward she went out to the kitchen and returned with a plate of hot biscuits and freshly crisped bacon, and placed it in front of Sebastian.

"Any news?" said Kit, who thus far had remained silent.

"Nothing much," responded Sebastian. But then he looked around him, at the rest of the crew, at Charm. He spoke evenly, without emphasis: "I hate to tell you this. Lot McGinnis was killed early this morning."

THE silence came on, full and speculative. They were all watching Sebastian. Lily Tennant's head turned and she explored his enigmatic features with a thoughtful attention. A telltale smokiness again laid a cloud across his brow line. She had known him only a week, but she knew him thoroughly—and this expression was a warning.

Some aimless conversation ended the meal. Standing beside the door to let the others pass through, Sebastian dropped his arms around Tommy rushing by and pulled the youngster up to his chest. He said:

"Son, it's high time you were learning to ride. I'm going to buy you a pony. You want a pony?"

Tommy laughed from the bottom of his chest and yelled, "Yuh—pony!" And began to kick his way down Sebastian's long frame. He pushed his way around the others and ran across the living-room, awkward on his unsteady legs. He tripped on a rug and fell soundly; and laughed again. Sebastian watched him a moment and then turned up the stairs to his room.

Weariness slowed him down. He pulled off his shirt and filled the washbasin with hot water and doggedly lathered his face; and watched the gaunt and dried-out features of a stranger appear behind the strokes of the razor. He was, he thought somberly, growing old. Well, he never had been young. The responsibilities of Barrier had fallen upon him at eighteen and the wildness of early manhood had died then. It was something he would always regret—that little interval when nothing much mattered and the hours of the day were to be spent carelessly, without calculation. He had passed that by. He had seen it go. Now and then deep rebellion punished him and now and then some perception of the happiness life ought to hold stormed through him and made the routine of the ranch empty and dismal. There had been such a moment as this in Bill Fell's cabin. Holding Lily in his arms, the fragrance and richness and desirability of the girl had swept him up to the highest peak of living.

He scrubbed the soap from his face and walked stolidly back to his shirt. He tucked it in. There had been that one moment. But that was all. He was looking back at something that wouldn't come again; he was seeing the last of his hope die. In a few years he would be like his father—a man turning grayer with the seasons, not particularly afraid of the future but seeing no personal happiness in it, living only for Barrier. The events of the last twelve hours had laid upon him a duty and in the ride from the scene of the fight to the ranch house he had made up his mind to accept it—because he could honestly do nothing else.

He was standing in the middle of his room, scowling down at the floor, when Charm quietly entered. She closed the door and stood against it.

"What happened?"

"It might have been pretty bad. Galt was riding for Huggins Point with his boys. But Lot stopped him on the way. He killed Lot. That was Buffalo's fatal mistake. He won't hold his men. They'll skip out."

"So you're through with them?"

"Not yet, Charm. Galt is still here."

She put up her hands in a protesting way.

"Tom, I don't want you to go through any more of it."

"Steady."

She looked at him and he saw the blackness of her fear; then she dropped her head and said in a soft, submissive voice: "I will say no more. You must do what you wish."

"Not what I wish, but what is necessary."

She put her hands together. They trembled perceptibly from the pressure she squeezed into them. Sebastian drew a long breath. His tone was very slow, very deliberate:

"Charm, do you want me?"

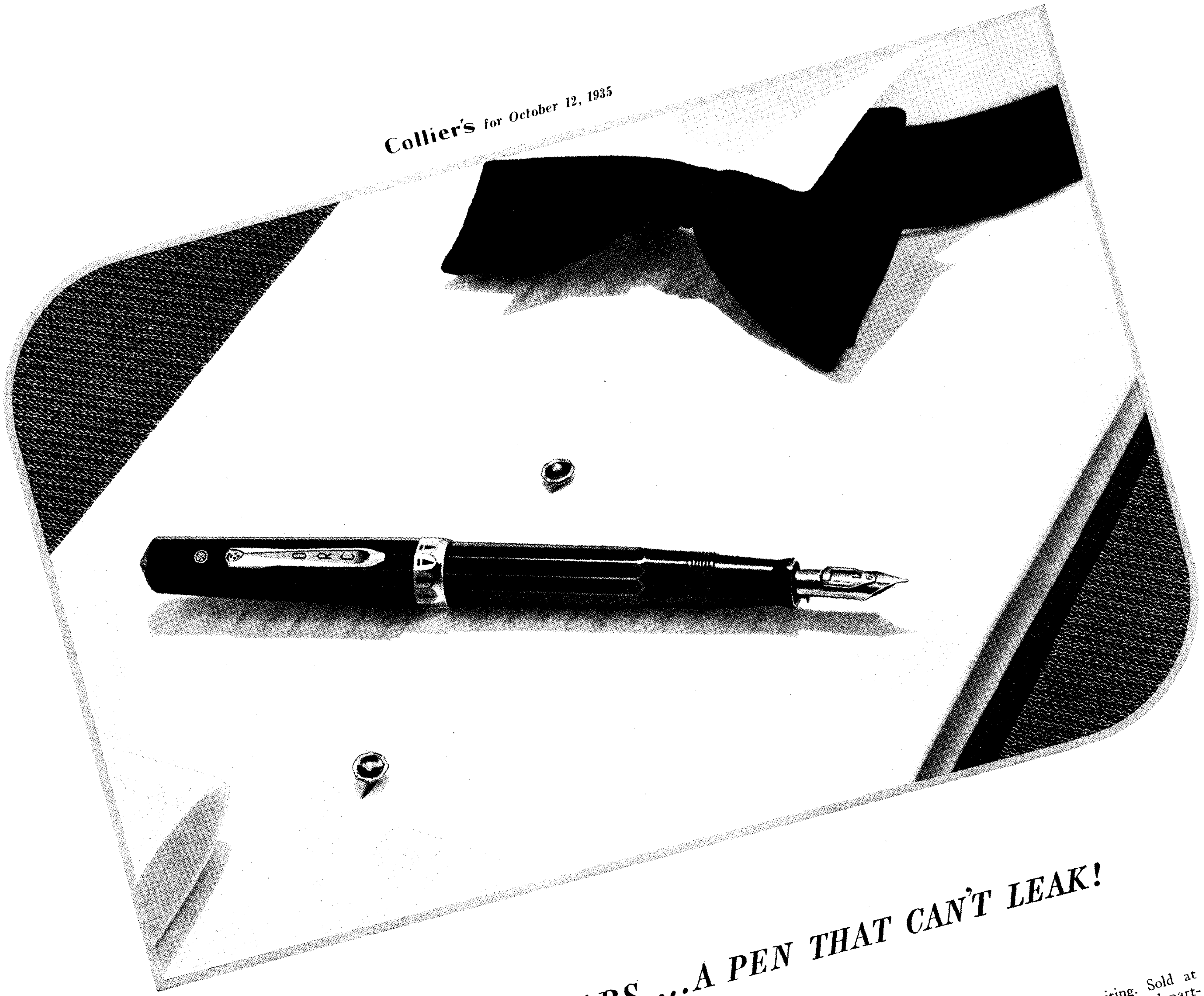
Her head lifted swiftly and shock raced across her face. Her lips parted, but she didn't speak. The rising glow of her eyes spoke for her. It turned all her features soft, it made her at the moment beautiful. He had always known the depths of this girl and the strong tide of feeling behind her reticence; only, this was something more powerful than he had imagined.

He said quietly: "You are a fine woman, Charm. Any man ought to be proud to have you. I would be. I think I've been cheating you these last years. You've never asked for anything. If my name means anything to you I'd like you and Tommy to have it."

SHE came forward, still without voice. She reached up and placed her arms on his shoulders and slid her hands behind his neck, lacing them tightly together. Her glance passed slowly across his face, from feature to feature, as though she were storing what she saw unforgettably into her mind. The pressure of her hands drew him down. He put his big palms behind her back, to steady her as she came upward on her toes; and when he kissed her he felt the primitive and fierce surrender of her body. She was giving herself to him as an outright gift, without a single thought of reserve. He knew that. He knew that whatever he did to this girl in the years to come, she would never change and never regret. It was a fidelity that knew no limits.

It shamed him to know he was receiving more than he could give; to know that part of his feelings would be locked away from her. But he was thinking, as he kissed her, that she would never know that lack in him and never have cause to grieve. It was his decision. He released her and stepped back, and he was humbled at the quality of beauty in her eyes then. He said: "I'm going to Tumpah. I should be back in two hours. Tomorrow, if it suits you, we'll run into Reno and have Judge Sillavan marry us."

(To be concluded next week)



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Carry it upside down . . . *it will not leak.* Lay it on its side . . . *it will not leak!*

No ink stains on your fingers—your purse—your desk—or your clothes. For, when you screw on the cap, a valve . . . the Safety Ink Shut-Off* . . . automatically shuts off the flow of ink from the pen barrel.

Yet the Eversharp writes the moment you touch point to paper!

John C Kennedy

Tailored to write your way . . . When you buy your Eversharp, remember you can adjust it to suit your natural writing line. You can actually *tailor* it to fit your exact stroke, pressure and style—giving the easiest writing that ever flowed from a pen.

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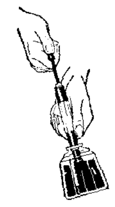
The "right" gift pen! . . . the Eversharp is the only pen that has the adjustable point, it naturally is the only gift pen that is "safe." The person who gets it can *tailor* this pen to his, or her, own writing style.



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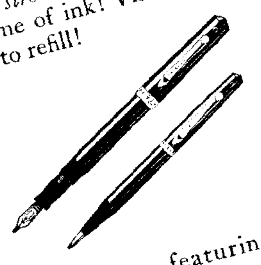

Your dealer is now featuring the new Eversharp pen. See him. Try it. See how snugly its graceful Doric shape fits in your hand.

Write! See if ever in your experience you got such sheer velvety writing. Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department and drug stores. At $7.50 and $10 (with guarantee for life). Other models at $5.

Genuine Eversharp Pencils to match $3.50 and $4. Price of matching sets $7.50, $10, and $12.50.

All prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Toronto.

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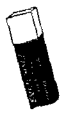


Eversharp is the only maker of Square Lead—the mechanical pencil lead that can't slip or twist—that writes smoother, blacker, sharper.

EVERSHARP
FOUNTAIN PENS
LEAK-PROOF—AND GIVE YOU TAILORED WRITING

The Magic Touch

Continued from page 17

was something unreal, something ludicrous about the announcement.

Her father, preoccupied, hadn't heard. He said, "What is it, Arnold?"

"The conjurer, sir."

Silas Marmon's brows came together. He was obviously trying to connect Arnold's announcement with something.

"He came up from the station in the O'Gormans' car—" Arnold ventured.

Silas Marmon's face cleared. He remembered now. Tom O'Gorman had spoken to him about it a few days ago. The O'Gormans were giving a large children's party tomorrow afternoon and had engaged a magician. It was O'Gorman's idea that the magician come down the night before so that he would have plenty of time in the morning to familiarize himself with the little stage in the O'Gorman barn before giving his performance; that is, if Marmon could put the magician up for the night. The O'Gorman place, large as it was, would be crowded with young guests. Silas Marmon had, of course, assented.

He explained it all to Shirley now, looking at her a little helplessly as though not quite knowing what one did with a magician until it was time to retire.

Shirley spoke up promptly. She had a vague feeling that the incident might at least for the moment ease the strain of the situation. She said, "Show him in here, Arnold."

ARNOLD bowed, disappeared and was back in a moment followed by a grotesque little figure. He couldn't have been much more than five feet high. He wore an Inverness cloak, once black, now slightly greenish, and a huge soft black hat that made him look like a comic artist's conception of a stranded Thespian or an old-time musician. He carried a suitcase the size of a small trunk.

"Good evening," he said in a small voice. "I am Professor Galbow. Not really a professor," he explained apologetically. "People only call me that. . . . I suppose it's because I always say, 'Watch the professor . . . the hand is quicker than the eye.' . . . The agency said to come here tonight and to go to Mr. O'Gorman's in the morning." His quick, dark little eyes darted from one to the other. "I hope I'm not giving you any trouble.'

Silas Marmon, punctiliously courteous, said, "Not at all. Glad to have you, Professor Galbow."

The men stared at him coldly.

Russell Clark impatiently turned to Silas Marmon. "Can't we go back to your room and resume—?"

The older man said nothing. The line of his mouth was hard.

There was sympathy in Shirley's eyes. There was something appealing about the little magician. She walked over to where he stood and gave him a friendly welcome.

"You are very kind," Professor Galbow said. There was both gratitude and relief in his round eyes as he looked at her.

"We really are glad to have you," she assured him again.

"My apparatus is in there," he said, indicating the enormous bag. "Nothing very wonderful; just things for children. The disappearing alarm clock, the rising card—"

"Oh, for God's sake!" Tony Clark snapped.

Professor Galbow looked startled and hurt. then puzzled.

"Is—is anything wrong? I didn't mean to—to—" He floundered helplessly.

Silas Marmon frowned. "Some of my guests," he said brusquely, "are under somewhat of a strain. But you are most welcome to spend the night here. And now"—he turned to the others—"I must bid you good night. There's whisky and soda. Arnold will get you whatever you wish."

He turned, made his way upstairs and, without pausing at the top, vanished into the passageway.

WHEN Shirley came down to breakfast, she found the little magician sitting on the couch.

He rose hastily at Shirley's entrance and said, "Good morning" brightly. He looked at her closely and she wondered if she showed any signs of the sleepless night she had spent, a night during which Tony Clark's words to her father constantly kept recurring: "Do you want to see your own son-in-law . . . in prison?" It couldn't be as bad as that. It couldn't.

BUFORD TUNE

"I had him on a ranch in Wyoming, and he's been acting this way ever since!"

BUFORD TUNE

Arnold came in.

"Will you have your breakfast now, Mrs. Bennett, or do you wish to wait for the others?"

"We'll wait a little while. Mr. Bennett will be down directly. I imagine the others will, too. You don't mind?" she asked Professor Galbow.

"Oh, no," he said. "You've been very kind to me. It's astonishing how kind people are . . . some people."

That last struck her as odd coming from him, but she made no comment. She saw John coming down just then, and a minute later Isaac Levison appeared.

John seemed less perturbed than the night before. He said "Good morning" quite cheerfully.

Isaac Levison grunted something and took a chair, staring moodily into space.

John Bennett said, "While we're waiting I'll go out to the garage and see how we're fixed for gas. We'll start back to town right after breakfast. It's stopped raining."

He went out into the hall and they heard the door slam.

Just then Tony Clark and Shirley's father appeared on the gallery above. They stood just at the entrance. The older man's back was turned to those below. Tony was gesticulating, as was his habit, pointing to one of the etchings on the wall.

"I've got a duplicate of that Rembrandt," Tony's low, penetrating voice came to them. "Paid twelve thousand for it, Mr. Marmon. If you want it I'll let you have it for ten."

If Silas Marmon made any answer it wasn't audible. One hand was in the pocket of his black-and-red dressing gown—a robe he had had for years—the other clutched the bowl of the meerschaum between his teeth. He stood there for a minute, then left Tony abruptly, disappearing without even turning around to him or to those below.

Tony shrugged and came down the stairs. He appeared a little flushed, ruffled by old Silas Marmon, no doubt.

"Where's Russell?" he said.

Before anyone could answer, Russell made his appearance above. He came down quickly.

"Your father will be down directly," he said; "just passed him in the hall."

Shirley nodded. There followed an awkward silence. They were conscious once more of the strained situation between them.

FINALLY Tony Clark asked, "Where's John?"

"He's gone out to the garage," Shirley said. "He'll be back in a minute."

Presently John came in wearing an overcoat but no hat.

"It has stopped raining," he said, "and there's plenty of gas. How about breakfast, darling?" He flung his coat onto the couch.

Shirley rang for Arnold. She instructed him to go up and see if her father was ready.

He was gone only a few minutes, then came back but not down. He stood at the top of the stairs. His face was white. He tried several times to say something, without success.

"Mr. Bennett," he managed at last, "will you come up, sir?"

John Bennett hesitated only an instant, then, taking the stairs two at a time, went up.

Shirley cried, "What is it, Arnold?" Something was wrong, she knew instinctively. She hurried after John.

Arnold tried to stop her at the head of the stairs. "No! No! Mrs. Bennett," he begged.

She brushed past him, stepped left off the gallery, into the passageway where she had seen John disappear into her father's room.

John was bending over the bed. At first she didn't note the full details or grasp their import. It seemed to her a long time before she noted her father lying there, fully dressed, bound hand and foot; the ugly red splotch on his chest; and the red that had trickled onto the bed. She wanted to scream and couldn't. She wanted to run out of the room, but couldn't. . . .

LIEUTENANT MURCHI of the state police, accompanied by a trooper, one Muggins, arrived on the scene promptly enough. The lieutenant was tall, spruce and efficient. He questioned them for nearly an hour without obtaining any worth-while results. Gradually he grew more tight-lipped, more exasperated. Somebody was lying, or, what was more likely, they were all lying.

"You still insist," he said, "all of you, that you saw Mr. Marmon standing on that balcony up there talking to this gentleman"—he indicated Tony Clark—"only about two minutes before he was discovered, murdered?"

No one answered him, but several nodded.

"I don't wish to appear rude," the lieutenant said crisply, "but it must be obvious to you that it sounds decidedly fishy. I can only assume that you must be mistaken as to the amount of time that elapsed between when you last saw Mr. Marmon alive and the time when his death was discovered."

Lieutenant Murchi glanced at the trooper and the trooper nodded in silent confirmation. The lieutenant paced the floor for a minute, then suddenly swung about and fixed Isaac Levison.

"How much time elapsed between when you last saw Mr. Marmon alive and the time Mr. Bennett came in from the garage?"

"A couple of minutes," Levison said after a moment's thought.

The lieutenant turned to Shirley: "What do you say?"

"I'm certain that it wasn't more than that."

"And you?"

Russell Clark answered, "I can't be sure. Certainly not a very long time."

"Well, what's your estimate?" the lieutenant demanded of Tony Clark, his voice growing more rasping by the minute.

Tony looked uncomfortable. "I should say the others were about right," he said after a time.

The lieutenant looked around, saw Professor Galbow sitting on a couch staring up at the gallery with an odd, faraway look in his little eyes.

"What do you say?" the lieutenant snapped.

Professor Galbow looked up, his face for a moment blank, then:

"Oh," he said, "you mean about the time? No, it wasn't more than a minute or two."

They sat in a sort of semicircle with the couch on which Professor Galbow sat forming the center of the arc. Shirley and John sat to the left, and Isaac Levison and the two Clark brothers to the right.

Lieutenant Murchi started at one end, walked from one to the other, looking

(Continued on page 42)

MAN...THAT'S ACTION

says Ted Husing

I just saw a 100-yard dash—of pulp, transformed into paper at the speed of an Olympic champion

A Broadcast in Print, by Ted Husing

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA... I've seen Kentucky Derby winners come from nowhere. Heavyweight champions tumbled into the resin. A 40-foot putt on the 18th take down first prize to win a grand slam. A ball team overcome an eight-run lead to win a world's series. A touchdown decide a national championship after the whistle blew.

Yes, in eleven years of radio I've known every kind of sporting thrill. So, can you imagine a sheet of paper *bowling me over?* But it did, believe you me!

After today I know that thrills aren't limited to the track or the gridiron. There are thrills in business too . . . excitement, speed, victory.

Here's what I mean:

Year after year I've read millions of words from pieces of paper. Like you, I took paper for granted. Thought paper was "just paper" —until today . . . when I went through this Hammermill Plant out here in Erie.

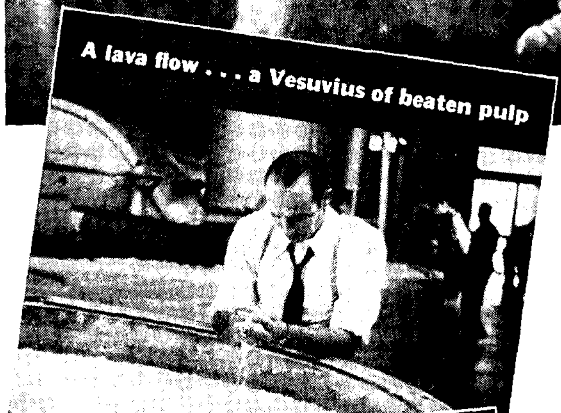
I saw logs . . . clean, white, acres of them . . . transformed into a helpless mass. Placed in a seething cauldron . . . a Vesuvius of beaten pulp. A lava flow on a man-made mountainside.

Why, I saw machines hand out beatings that even a heavyweight champion couldn't pass out to his adversary. A Gold Rush of crushed fibres . . . infinitesimal portions . . . mixed, uniform, perfectly controlled. Skimming along copper screens . . . dazzlingly like an ice-skating surface.

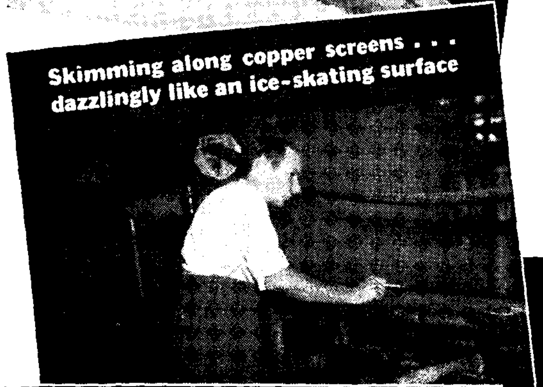
Then came the most amazing half-minute of my life. Magic! Liquids solidifying under turbulence . . . 99½ per cent of water, in a space of 30 feet, become a self-supporting sheet of paper. A miracle? Believe you me!

From this milky-looking mixture to a two-mile roll of paper . . . in 218 feet . . . around and around huge spinning rollers. No six-day bike rider ever whirled so dizzily. A 100-yard dash of pulp . . . transformed into paper at the speed of an Olympic champion.

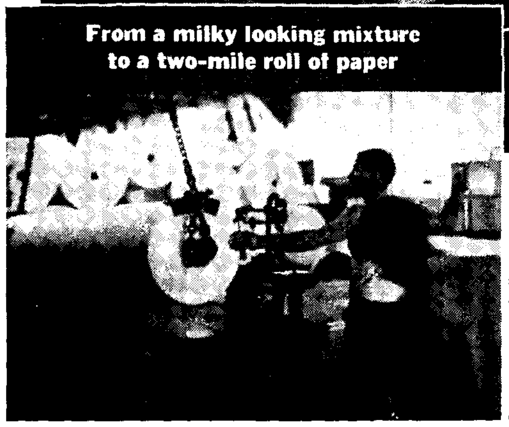
Man, that's action. That's thrilling! That's success . . . for out of it all comes the finest, most popular sheet of paper a business man ever used . . . Hammermill Bond!



A lava flow . . . a Vesuvius of beaten pulp



Skimming along copper screens . . . dazzlingly like an ice-skating surface



From a milky looking mixture to a two-mile roll of paper

Thanks, Ted Husing. And incidentally, the paper from which you read those millions of words was Hammermill, standard of the large broadcasting companies. There's little for us to add to your story except this: Hammermill Bond comes in white and 13 colors, envelopes to match; is available to printers everywhere through wholesale paper merchants in 101 cities. Other Hammermill products include Hammermill Mimeograph, Hammermill Offset and Hammermill Cover. Watch for another Hammermill "Broadcast in Print," appearing in an early issue of this magazine.

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SLIPPED ON A ROCK AND SPRAINED ANKLE

Absorbine Jr. soon relieved the pain

*ON a hunting trip, far up in the wilds of northern Canada, J. G. slipped on a rock and gave his ankle a bad wrench.

According to Mr. G., his whole vacation would have been spoiled if he hadn't packed a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in his duffle.

Frequent massage with this marvelous liniment took the swelling down and stopped the pain. In two days he was hitting the trail, almost as good as ever.

We hope you won't need to use Absorbine Jr. on your pleasure trip, but it's a mighty handy thing to have in case you do. Nothing like it for muscular aches and sprains and sore muscles. Great too for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Economical to use—little goes far. All druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Sample free, write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter from our files

Going hunting? Don't forget

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

The Magic Touch

Continued from page 40

at each in turn over his left shoulder. There was a look of mingled frustration and determination on his face. In front of Tony Clark he came to a halt.

"Mr. Marmon was killed," he said with a sort of suppressed fury, "after he left you on the gallery. He passed your brother in the hall a few seconds later. Both of you came directly down to this room. Obviously, neither of you could have killed him. Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Levison and Professor Galbow were down here, so they couldn't have done it. The only ones who weren't in the room were Mr. Bennett and the servant, and they came in, according to your story, a couple of minutes afterward. There wasn't time for either one of them to tie a man hand and foot, club him on the head and then stab him and hide the weapon. So, what's the answer?"

Tony Clark shrugged.

"Was he still wearing his dressing gown?" a small voice wanted to know.

The question was so unexpected and somehow so irrelevant that it took them some time to realize its source—Professor Galbow.

The lieutenant stared at him for a time without saying a word. Then, "No, he wasn't wearing a dressing gown. Why?"

Professor Galbow said, "Perhaps the quarrel last night had something to do with it—the murder, I mean."

The lieutenant smiled thinly. He straightened up and rubbed his hands together. "So there was a quarrel last night? What about?" his glance traveled from one to the other.

Nobody answered.

"Come on," he said, more crisply, "let's have it. I'll find out about it sooner or later, and you'll save me and yourselves a lot of trouble."

Shirley glanced at John. She fancied that he looked worried and she was a little frightened. But quite firmly she said: "Tell him, John."

"It has nothing to do with this, Lieutenant. Simply a difference of opinion as to the policy and conduct of our business—a bank. Mr. Marmon was formerly its head, but had not been active in its management for years. We came down here to consult him on a special matter."

"I see," said Lieutenant Murchi softly. Then he turned to Shirley. "I'm sorry to have to ask you this at this time, Mrs. Bennett," he said slowly. "Your father was a wealthy man. Who, beside yourself, would benefit financially—?"

SHIRLEY, for a moment confused, said, "I don't know." She glanced at John. Of course, he would benefit and so incidentally would the others. She would have money now and she could straighten out the matter of the bank. All those irregularities would never come to light. She wished that the thought hadn't come to her just then. Somehow it terrified her.

"What about the bank?" Lieutenant Murchi persisted.

"I don't know," Shirley answered steadily. "I don't know what the arrangement is. Perhaps the others—my husband would know."

To John Bennett the lieutenant said, "What about it?"

John looked him in the eye. "All of the partners are insured to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars each for the benefit of the bank."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Lieutenant Murchi declared with a note of triumph. "So the bank gets five hundred thousand dollars—"

"Which wouldn't begin," Isaac Levison interrupted heavily, "to make up for the loss of Mr. Marmon's financial backing—"

"Not unless you needed the cash," the lieutenant interjected shrewdly; "not unless Mr. Marmon intended withdrawing his support."

There was a moment's hush, broken finally by Professor Galbow. "If you could find the weapon now, the dagger—or knife," he suggested ingenuously.

THE lieutenant gave him a withering glance. The little magician rose from the couch and, picking up John Bennett's overcoat, started for the door.

"Where are you going?" the lieutenant demanded sharply.

"With that overcoat?" Russell Clark added.

Professor Galbow made no immediate reply. His round eyes darted from one to the other, coming to rest finally on Russell Clark.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "I had a notion that I'd go and hang it up. It's yours, isn't it?" He went over and thrust the coat at Russell Clark.

With the flat of his hand Russell pushed him away. "It's his," he snapped, pointing to John Bennett.

"Excuse me," Professor Galbow said.

Lieutenant Murchi said, "Suppose you sit down and don't interrupt. You don't seem to get the idea that this is serious—that I'm looking for a murderer."

The magician started back toward the divan. Over his shoulder he threw two words—two words that fell like a bombshell into their midst: "Two murderers."

The lieutenant, his mouth slightly agape, glared at him. "Say, what do you know about this?"

Murchi's manner was threatening; it looked for a moment as though Professor Galbow, overwhelmed, would shrink back into his former insignificant self. But he rallied and, with something like pride, said: "I suppose I shouldn't interfere, but this is really something I understand—it's magic."

The lieutenant snorted. "Mr. Marmon was killed by magic, I suppose?"

Professor Galbow nodded eagerly. "He wasn't exactly *killed* by magic: he was kept *alive* by magic. I wonder if you would mind asking the officer to go upstairs and bring down the ring that's on Mr. Marmon's right hand?"

Murchi hesitated; then with a movement of his head he dispatched Muggins upstairs. Impatiently he turned back to Professor Galbow.

"You said two murderers?" Murchi looked at John Bennett, then said, "Where's that servant, Arnold?" Bennett and Arnold had been the only two who had not been in the room when Marmon had been killed.

MUGGINS was coming ponderously down the stairs.

"I couldn't get it off," he said. "It's a ring with a big green stone."

Professor Galbow nodded. "I just wanted to make sure," he said, half to himself. "That explains that."

Professor Galbow looked a bit nervous. He reached over and tapped the lieutenant on the arm.

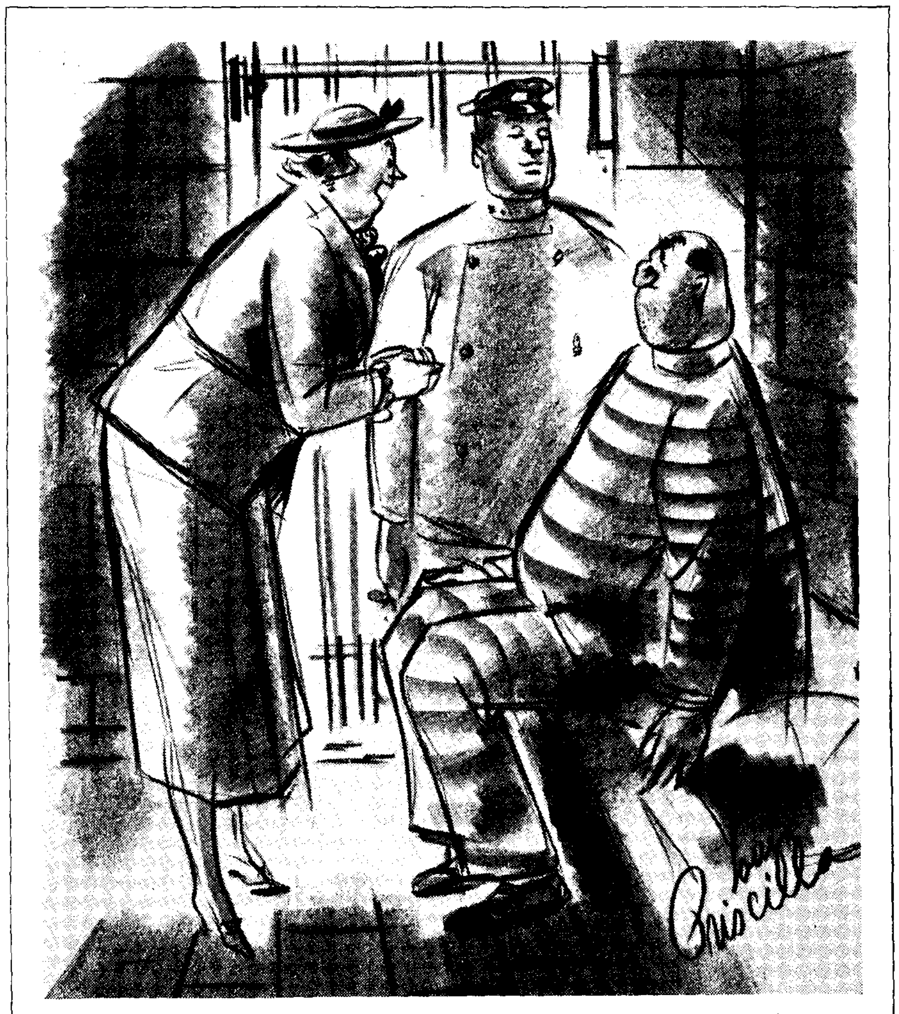
"I suppose you can draw and shoot quickly—if you have to?"

"Like lightning," the lieutenant affirmed grimly.

The professor looked relieved.

Isaac Levison stood up. "I have had about enough of this. It all sounds like a lot of nonsense. A publicity stunt by a traveling mountebank."

(Continued on page 44)



"We want you to be honorary president of our Robin Hood Club"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

WHEN THE KETCHUP BOTTLE CLOGS *look out*

Ditto!... WHEN *TAR* CLOGS OIL DUCTS

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Why not ask for—and know that you are getting—an oil that is Tarfree? There is such an oil now—the New Havoline, refined by the exclusive, patented Furfural Solvent Process—flushed clean of sludge-forming residues. It is Waxfree too—a 100% paraffin-base oil—smoother-operating; more economical to use.

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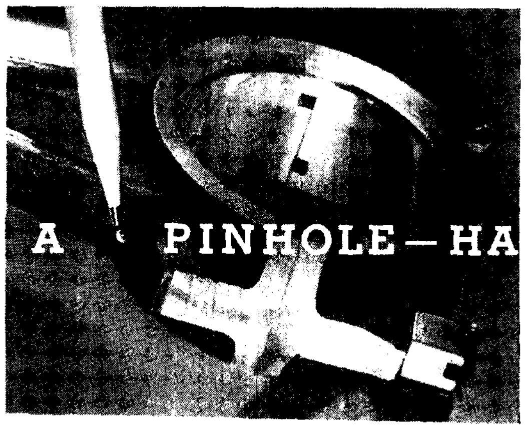

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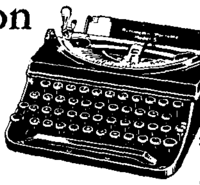

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The Magic Touch

Continued from page 42

"Exactly," Russell Clark agreed sharply. He glanced at his watch. "We have just time to make the next train. We've got to get back—all of us. Mr. Marmon's death is going to affect the affairs of the bank seriously."

John Bennett looked at Professor Galbow, then at the lieutenant. "I really think perhaps these gentlemen are right."

The lieutenant stood in front of Professor Galbow. His hands were on his hips, and he stared down at him.

"Well?"

"When you've seen something happen that couldn't possibly have happened," said Professor Galbow, "then you can be pretty sure that it didn't happen—that it's an illusion. You must have seen something like it on the stage. That's what I meant when I said Mr. Marmon was kept alive by magic. When the doctor arrives, ask him how long he thinks that Mr. Marmon has been dead."

"Very interesting," Isaac Levison said, "but it's not getting us to our train."

"This morning," Professor Galbow continued, "we thought we saw Mr. Marmon standing on the gallery talking to Mr. Clark. Mrs. Bennett thought it was her father because, although his back was toward her, she recognized his red-and-black dressing gown. Of course, I had never seen it before, but unconsciously I assumed that the man whose face none of us saw was Mr. Marmon because, naturally, only the host would appear in a dressing gown. I also got a glimpse of the meerschaum pipe. I recognized it because I had seen Mr. Marmon smoke it last night. Then we heard Mr. Clark address him as Mr. Marmon, and a few seconds later the other Mr. Clark came down and said Mr. Marmon had just passed him in the hall. What I'm trying to tell you is that the man we saw and thought was Mr. Marmon wasn't Mr. Marmon at all . . . it was only someone wearing Mr. Marmon's dressing gown."

Russell Clark with two swift strides was beside the magician.

"Are you trying to say," he demanded, his face twisted in anger, "that I wouldn't know Mr. Marmon when I saw him, or else that I lied when I said he had passed me in the hall? Do you mean to say that my brother wouldn't know Mr. Marmon, that he was talking to a perfect stranger on the gallery without knowing it? Why, you miserable little faker, I've got a good mind to—"

The lieutenant stepped between them. "Take it easy," he said to Russell. Then he looked at Tony Clark.

TONY had perched himself on the arm of a chair and was busy lighting a cigarette. There was a metallic grin on his face.

"You're getting all hot and bothered over nothing, Russ," he called indifferently.

"Now," said Lieutenant Murchi to Professor Galbow, "you've practically accused both of these gentlemen of having deliberately misled me and the rest of you. How do you know that the man on the balcony wasn't Mr. Marmon?"

"You yourself said," Professor Galbow answered, "that Mr. Marmon couldn't have been killed in that time. Look at it this way, Lieutenant: Why should Mr. Marmon step onto the gallery for a few seconds to show himself in a black-and-red dressing gown? Why should he smoke a pipe just before breakfast? And why wasn't there a ring on the hand that held the pipe?"

The lieutenant took a deep breath. He turned to Shirley and to Isaac Levison. "Did you notice whether or not the man on the gallery wore a ring?"

Levison shook his head. He was staring curiously at Professor Galbow.

Shirley, wide-eyed, said, "Now that you call my attention to it, I don't believe he did."

"I thought at first," Professor Galbow explained, "that a perfect piece of staging had been spoiled by a slight oversight. It was only when your assistant told us that the ring wouldn't come off that I understood that. You know we magicians have a way of noticing little things. We're constantly watching our audience to make sure we're not being caught. The eye is really quicker than the hand. I noticed that ring last night and I noticed that Mr. Marmon held his pipe with his forefinger across the stem, whereas the man on the gallery held the bowl between the thumb and forefinger. None of these things meant anything to me at the time—only when it seemed that an impossible crime had been committed did they assume any importance. And I noticed—" Again Professor Galbow paused. "And I noticed," he went on haltingly, "that Mr. Russell Clark was about the same size and build as Mr. Marmon, and, although younger, his hair was gray, too."

THE hush that fell was shattered by a roar from Russell Clark:

"I never heard such an outrageous thing in my life. Are you going to stand there, Officer, and let this—this nobody accuse me of having something to do with the murder of Mr. Marmon? That I stood on the gallery dressed in his dressing gown, impersonating him while he was being murdered? It's ridiculous! A pipe dream—magic, hell!"

Professor Galbow said, "I'm not accusing you of impersonating Mr. Marmon *while* he was being murdered but after he had been murdered."

From his seat on the arm of his chair Tony Clark laughed softly.

"You see, Russ, you're doing the professor an injustice."

"I'm accusing you," Professor Galbow again spoke up, "accusing you and your brother of having murdered him first and then putting on this act—a very clever act, too, all except for the ring—so you would have a perfect alibi.

"It was really wonderfully well done considering that you had no time to rehearse. The timing was perfect. You had to commit the murder just before you and your brother put on that little scene on the balcony. If you had killed Mr. Marmon in the middle of the night or in the early hours of the morning, *rigor mortis* would have set in. It would have been apparent to anyone like the lieutenant that Mr. Marmon couldn't have been alive at the time that we all thought he was." A speculative look came into the little magician's eyes. "I suppose if Mrs. Bennett hadn't of her own accord sent the servant up to tell Mr. Marmon that breakfast was ready, you would have suggested it."

Russell Clark, his face black, stared at the little man, speechless. Professor Galbow said:

"You didn't want me to take Mr. Bennett's overcoat out into the hall because you planned to plant the knife there to throw suspicion on him . . . if you had had an opportunity, you would have taken it out of your upper pocket and slipped it into his coat."

A gasp from Shirley went unnoticed. All eyes were on Russell Clark. He stepped toward Professor Galbow, his fist upraised, his body shaking, his face white.

"Why, you—"

But he got no further. Lieutenant Murchi seized him by the wrist with one hand and with the other reached into Russell's pocket. The knife was there. Muggins came over and stood beside the lieutenant. The lieutenant was balancing the dagger, a long, thin affair, on the palm of his hand, and in a voice that was icy, he said: "What about it, Mr. Clark?"

Russell stared incredulously at the weapon on the lieutenant's palm. He tried to speak, tried twice and failed.

Tony Clark came over. He stood for a moment looking up at his brother's face, his own mouth twisted. Then in a voice that was gentle but deadly, he said: "You fool! You poor, damn' fool!"

And now Russell Clark found his tongue.

"It's a frame-up," he shouted. "I tell you, it's a frame-up, Tony. This faker must have slipped the knife into my pocket. One of his sleight-of-hand tricks. The knife was—" He stopped.

For a moment he eyed the little circle of which he was the center, then suddenly he sprang through, rushed toward an open French window.

Lieutenant Murchi had not exaggerated when he had declared that he could draw a gun like lightning. There was a shot. Russell Clark clutched at the draperies to save himself, swayed, then came crashing to the floor, a bullet in his hip.

Tony Clark sat down and calmly lit a cigarette. He looked up at Murchi after a time.

"Well, that's that," he said with a sort of fatalistic flippancy. "Life is damn' funny. We would probably have gotten away with it if chance hadn't sent us a magician." He was looking at Professor Galbow, but there was no rancor in his eyes. "And even you might not have caught on if I had been able to get that ring off and Russell had worn it. Don't think I overlooked it." His eyes grew bitter. He turned to Shirley. "I never liked your husband. He only got into the bank because he was your husband. Besides, he was squeamish. Your father would never have known what we did if it hadn't been for your husband's scruples."

ARNOLD had come rushing in at the sound of the shot, and he and Muggins were now carrying Russell Clark between them to the couch. Tony watched them.

"Sorry, Russ," he said, "I got you into this. But you yourself thought it was fool-proof—the perfect alibi. We might have bluffed it out if you hadn't messed up the detail about the knife."

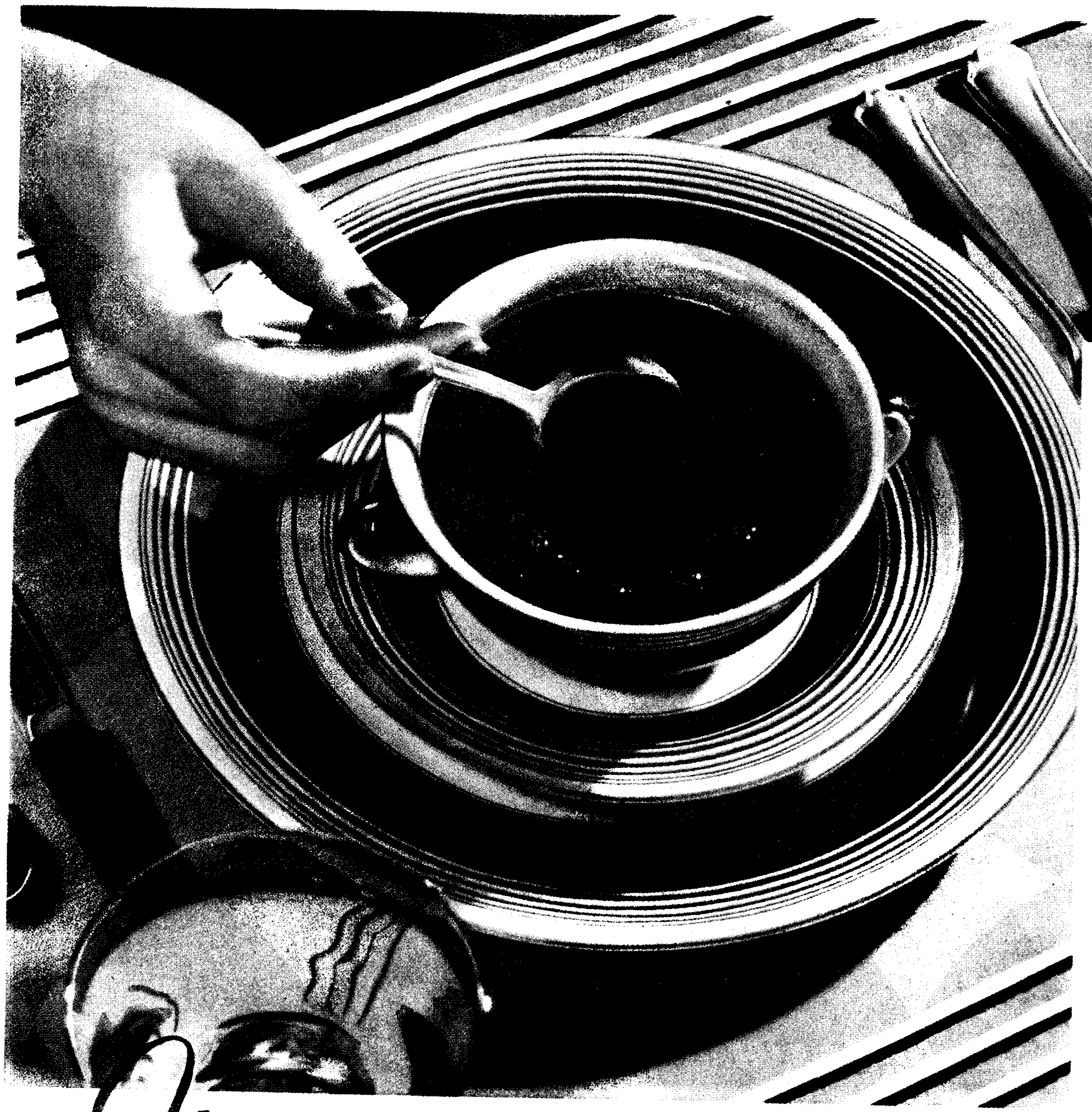
Russell mumbled something they couldn't understand.

Professor Galbow said, "He didn't. He slipped it into Mr. Bennett's overcoat. I saw him. I didn't know it was the knife, but I wondered what it was and found out."

"Oh!" said Tony. "Then how did it get back into his—?" And then, "I see. For a moment I forgot you were a magician."

Professor Galbow drew himself up to his full five feet. His eyes were shining. He was still under the spell of his art, still on the stage. He was Cagliostro, Hermann the Great, Houdini, and no one there thought him pompous. In a voice that had grown suddenly magnificent, he said:

"Magic not only can create illusions: it can destroy them."



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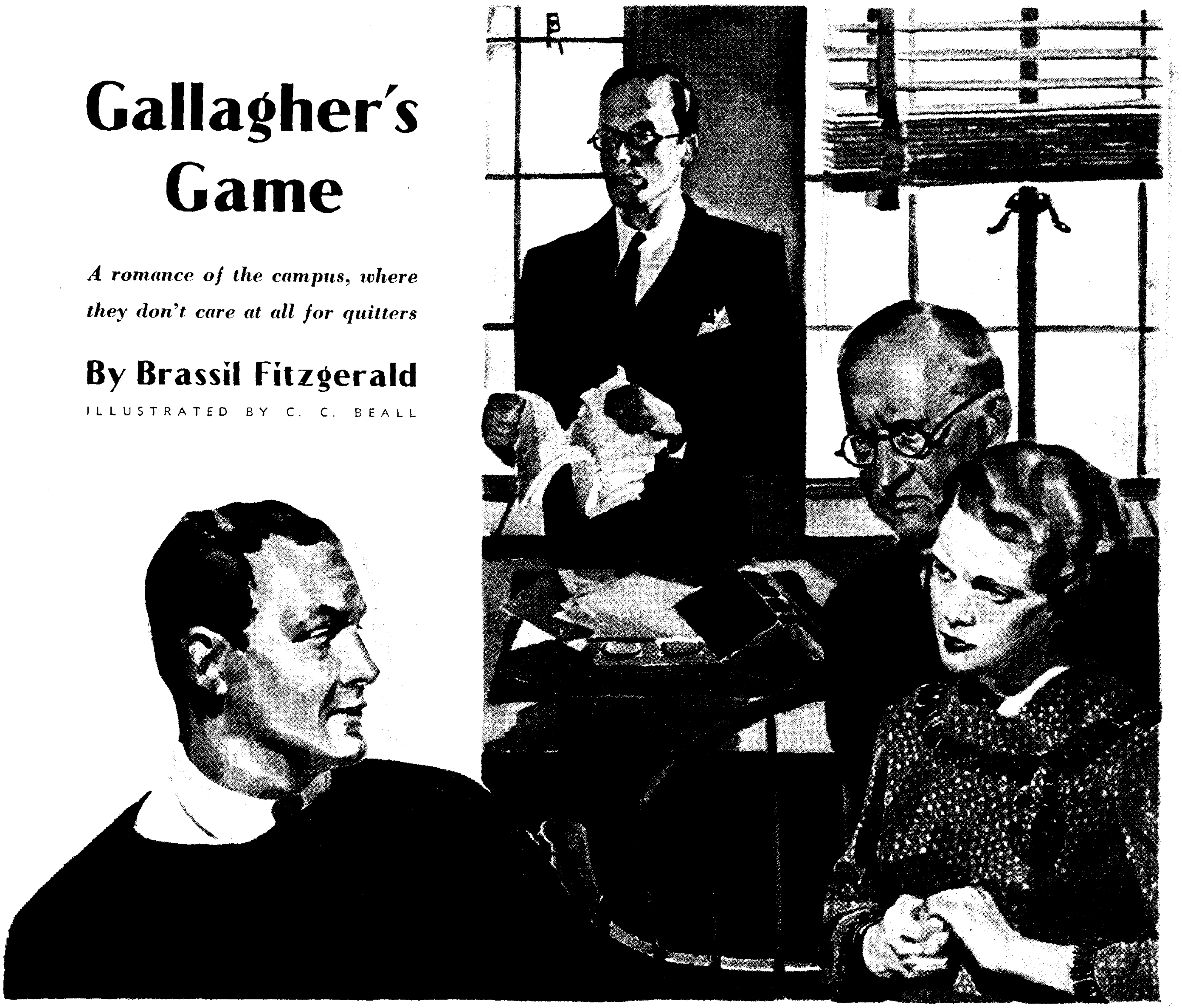
Gallagher's Game

A romance of the campus, where they don't care at all for quitters

By Brassil Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Turning, he saw Jean. "Thanks, Jean," he said bitterly, and strolled out

THIS is an indiscreet tale. However, with Bill Gallagher in Hollywood and President Titus in Washington, I may tell it now.

William John Gallagher from Butte. I trust Dr. Titus forgets him; I know our students do not. But the other day I stopped lecturing to ask a young lady to bring me the magazine which had won her attention from my comments on Hamlet. Through pleased and expectant silence, she tripped up the aisle and laid the thing on my desk. A movie magazine open to a picture of Bill Gallagher. There he was, a page large, the same hard, young face, the same derisive grin.

"William Gallagher," I read, "a cheerful villain in MJR's current football drama." A cheerful villain! Closing the foolish journal, I gave it back to the blushing co-ed.

"Take it away," I told her mildly. "We all make mistakes."

The child fluttered back to her place, convinced, no doubt, that old Prof. Thorne was "touched in the head." And indeed I may be, after years of teaching. Thirty years. Youngsters of whom I long ago despaired are sending me sons now, to prove I was right.

I had reason indeed to despair of Bill Gallagher, a lazy and evasive youth, important at Paxton because he ran fast with a football. By hook or crook he collected credits, confining his studies to the football field and the Little Theater. A young man with two ambitions: to be a great quarterback, and to get in the movies. That describes him.

Teaching literature, I saw little of him. He was indeed but a minor irritant, until, staying through a summer session to remove a condition in English, he discovered Jean Page. Jean was our English department student assistant, a nice girl. A slender, gray-eyed maid, smoking cigarettes and typing her way through college.

I wasn't surprised to find Gallagher smiling on Jean; but I was, I confess, to see Jean smiling back. She had her desk in the department waiting-room into which our offices opened, and one August afternoon I heard Gallagher out there, a loud and cheerful monologue.

I pushed the button for Jean, and dictated a letter to President Titus, accepting his appointment to the faculty committee for Homecoming Week and the dedication of our new Stadium.

She sat on the edge of her chair, pencil racing, bright hair and long, dark lashes on a young curve of cheek. As she closed her notebook and rose, I said dryly, "Mr. Gallagher has a loud voice. One hears it often of late."

"He's taking English 3," she explained, "under Mr. Endicott."

Endicott was our junior instructor on a temporary appointment, a Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard.

"He came in today, did he, to see Endicott?"

She blushed.

"Don't waste your time on him, Jean," I said. "Apart from football, he's a weak youth."

JEAN wasn't afraid of me; students aren't. She said, quietly, "You're not fair to him, Dr. Thorne. If it weren't for football, he'd still be in Butte in the mines." Her gray eyes were defying me. "He isn't weak, Dr. Thorne."

I said no more. What could I say across thirty disillusioning years to Jean, who was twenty?

And that evening I came upon the two of them on the library steps in the starlight. Looking down at them, I said, "No studying tonight?"

They just smiled. They were sitting, I thought, quite close. I frowned down at Gallagher. "So you're taking English 3 again? With Mr. Endicott, this time."

He was not embarrassed. "I'll get through this trip," he told me cheerfully. "Got to. Another F and I'd be off the Varsity."

"Mr. Endicott," I warned him, "might be able to face even that without flinching."

His grin was untroubled and faintly derisive. "I'll get by. Don't worry, Prof."

"I won't," I assured him, and passed on with my books. Something would happen to open Jean's eyes. Something did.

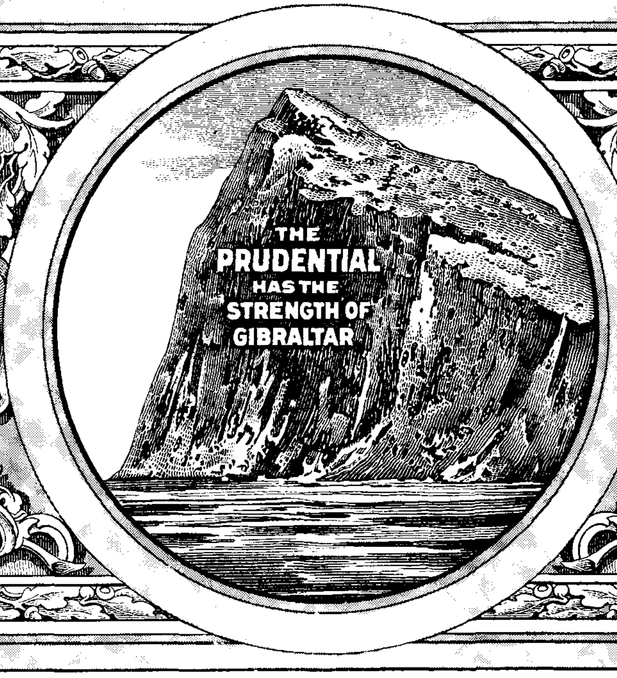
In late August the summer term ended with the usual exams. On that last afternoon, Endicott came into my office to show me an essay of his in a journal of large prestige and small circulation. "You'll enjoy it," he told me. "Good title, isn't it?"

The title of the thing was "Campus Rotarians."

"It's an old scandal," I said doubtfully, "this lunching together of business men." And eying my desk clock, "Aren't you giving an exam this hour?"

He nodded. "I sent Jean Page in to take charge of it."

I must have frowned unconsciously.



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Gallagher's Game

Continued from page 46

"It's quite all right," he assured me. "I put her on her honor to report any cheating."

"A bit hard on Jean," I thought, but said nothing.

When he had gone, I read his article. Among the pedagogues he had described, was one amusingly like our President Titus. "Dangerously like," I thought, taking the journal back to him.

I was in his office at the end of the hour, when Jean came in with the blue books in which the exams were written. She looked unhappy, I thought.

"Thank you, Miss Page," Endicott said, taking the books from her.

I noticed that "Miss Page." She had been Jean to him earlier in the summer. He had approved of her highly, and she of him, of course. Endicott looked what he was, a scholar and a gentleman, and he stood very straight, making the most of his inches. He had a high forehead, and that stern, tight mouth that persists in New England since it frowned on tyrants, and the Maypole at Merrymount.

He was frowning now at Jean. "You saw no cheating, Miss Page?"

She spoke slowly, reluctantly, as if each word hurt. "Bill Gallagher brought a theme to class and copied it in his bluebook."

Endicott nodded. "I'll send for him. Please be here when he comes."

We were discussing Endicott's essay when Gallagher came. He lounged in, smiling; a lean, dark scamp in a Varsity jersey and cords. He didn't look like Paxton's best athlete. There were a hundred taller and broader than he on the campus. And yet in his lounging walk there was something; a kind of intimate ease of movement, a kind of muscular confidence. Behind him, Jean came into the room.

Endicott's well-bred voice was indifferent. "This exam of yours, Mr. Gallagher? Was it all your own work, and written in class?"

Gallagher's eyes were untroubled, his grin unabashed. "Absolutely," he said.

ENDICOTT rose from his chair, and they looked at each other; Myles Endicott from Cambridge, Mass., and Bill Gallagher from Butte, Montana. The desk between them, and three thousand miles.

Endicott's voice was faintly contemptuous: "Then Miss Page is mistaken? She reported you cribbing in class."

Below the open window, students were passing on the walk. A girl's shrill laughter came into the room.

Gallagher had lost his smile. "You win," he said. "I copied the theme."

Endicott was very young, and aware of Jean there by the door. Taking Gallagher's bluebook from the desk, he tore it carefully across and across, and dropped the pieces in his basket.

"I have only contempt for you, Gallagher," he said. "You may go."

Gallagher's eyes were hot with anger, but he said nothing; then, turning to go, he saw Jean. "Thanks, Jean," he said bitterly, and strolled out.

Endicott left that evening for a week's hiking in Glacier Park. Taking Jean along, he dropped her off on the way, at her home in Flathead. Gallagher broke training that night, and half the furniture in his fraternity house.

The grades went in on Friday, and Monday morning President Titus sent for me.

President Bertram S. Titus, LL.D. and Ph.D., "The boy president," the papers called him. The head of a young senator, a gracious voice, and eyes like brown marbles. To Dr. Titus the president's chair at Paxton was to be but a footstool to fame.

He gave me a pink, firm hand, and we talked of the plans for the dedication of the new Beale Stadium. The ceremonies were to be on November 19th, the Saturday of Alumni Week and the day of the State University game.

"We could," Prexy suggested, "hold the exercises between the halves. Something brief but impressive. Mr. Beale, himself, will be present." Prexy gave me his "you and I" smile. "It would delight Mr. Beale, and all our alumni, of course, were we to dedicate this splendid gift of his with our first victory over the State U. And, of course, Mr. Beale's interest in Paxton, the support of his newspapers, means much to us." Prexy's voice was very gracious. "He speaks highly of you, Dr. Thorne."

"Very kind of him," I said. Thirty years ago, Jerry Beale had been a student of mine. He couldn't write English themes, and so had left school to become a millionaire publisher.

I ROSE to go, but Prexy held me with a gesture of hand. "By the way, this failure of Gallagher's in English 3—Mr. Endicott failed him for cheating in the finals?"

I nodded.

Prexy frowned. "Is it true that this cheating was reported by another student?"

"By Miss Page," I said, "our student assistant."

He shook his head. "I don't like that. Endicott should have done his own proctoring."

I said, "Gallagher admits cribbing."

Prexy's pink hand gently pushed my remark aside. "We must not set students spying on each other. In Endicott's absence, I'm going to ask you to give Gallagher another exam."

"Mr. Endicott will object to that," I warned him.

Prexy's smile was gentle and his eyes very cold marbles. "I hope not," he said. "Frankly, Thorne, I'm concerned about Endicott. He seems, shall I say, maladjusted? He might be happier giving all his time to his writing."

Dr. Titus' attention, I perceived, had been called to "Campus Rotarians."

"Endicott's young," I said. "He'll make a good teacher."

Dr. Titus' pink finger was pressing the button for his secretary. "Perhaps," he said.

His secretary appeared, and I retired thoughtfully. The thin ice on which Endicott stood would not bear his weight and Gallagher's.

I sent for Gallagher and gave him another exam. He waited while I graded it. I gave him a C and passed him.

"Thanks, Prof," he said.

I found his derisive grin acutely unpleasant. "You're too young to know it," I told him dryly, "but in all this, Gallagher, you're more victim than victor."

"I didn't squawk to Prexy," he told me awkwardly. "Riggsy saw him." Riggs was the football coach.

I said nothing.

Gallagher shifted his feet, ill at ease, for once. "Well, I'll be seeing you next month."

"I'm resigned to that," I said. "Good day, sir."

Peace for a month and then students again. A long Monday; registration from eight until three, faculty meeting at four. An eloquent address by Prexy, a few words from Coach Riggs about season tickets, a plea for coöperation and loyal support.

Beside me, Endicott was stirring. I should have warned him that in faculty meetings young instructors on temporary appointment, like well-bred children, should be seen, not heard. Too late now. He was on his feet, and his voice woke us all to attention.

"Mr. President, in recognition of the current practice here at Paxton, I move that hereafter the final exams of all athletes be proctored by Coach Riggs."

Someone laughed.

"And be graded in the President's office."

No one laughed.

He sat down in a shocked silence.

President Titus' voice was bland: "Is that motion seconded?"

It was not seconded. And within the week Endicott had a letter from Titus, advising him to look for a teaching fellowship. He would be happier, Prexy was sure, in some larger institution.

I went to see Titus, and succeeded in losing his esteem and my temper. Endicott was to leave at the end of the term.

Gallagher, meanwhile, was in my Shakespeare class, where even his silences seemed admired by the satellites who sat round him.

I saw him meet Jean on the steps of Main Hall. He said, "Hi, Jean." She went by without speaking, I noted.

Everywhere I was hearing talk of Gallagher and football; confident, exultant talk. This year, with eight of the Varsity back, including Gallagher, Paxton would tree the bear, the big Red Grizzly. In other words, after ten years of trying, we were going to beat the State University.

At our first home game, I saw Jean and Endicott sitting together, watching Gallagher perform. He ran his team with skill, kicked a field goal, and wove the length of the field for Paxton's final score. Then Trent ran in to replace him and, a blanket draped over his shoulders, he strode under the stands to thunderous applause.

JEAN and Endicott walked home with me and Endicott talked of moral weaklings with strong legs. Between us, Jean was silent.

October chilled and browned to November. On succeeding Saturdays we beat Idaho and Utah, and tied the strong Oregon team. Gallagher and Paxton were getting into the eastern papers. Gallagher was speeding to fame, riding high and fast in a battered roadster overflowing with co-eds.

One late afternoon, when I should have been at a faculty meeting, he came into the outer office. Through my transom I heard Jean tell him, "Dr. Thorne's at faculty meeting."

"Swell!" he said. "I came in to see you."

Her typewriter clicked and stopped.

"I've decided to forgive you, Jean."

"For what?" Her voice was cold.

"For selling me down the river."

"I told you I would if you cribbed."

His voice was cheerfully indignant. "What's the harm in cribbing? It doesn't hurt anyone."

"Yours did," she said. Her voice was filled with quiet scorn. "You'll be pleased to know that Mr. Endicott's leaving Paxton. You lost him his job."

I WAS distressed. Jean had no right to know that, and knowing it, no right to speak of it. Faculty affairs are not for student discussion.

More murmuring; then Gallagher's voice, loud and angry. "Endicott's a pill, but he's on the level. I'd go to bat for him."

"That would help," she said bitterly.

"It might at that," he said; and resentfully, "Have you got a crush on him, Jean?"

"Is that your business?"

I should have coughed, but I didn't.

"I admire him," Jean said. And the rest was indistinct.

Gallagher's voice again. "That lets me out, I guess." I heard his feet; he was going now. "Give my regards to Shakespeare." The impudence of that! He meant me.

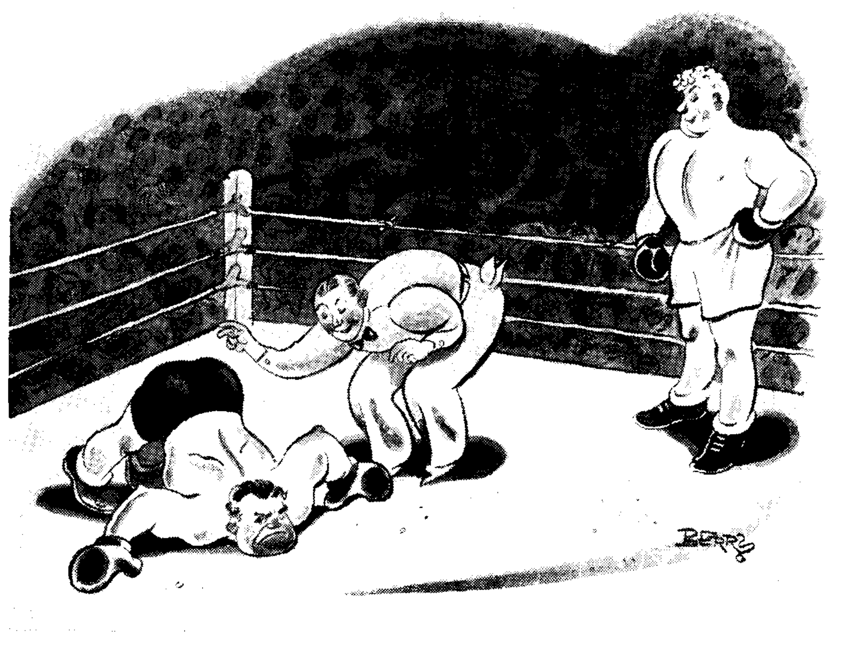
On Saturday, November 12th, with Trent playing for Gallagher, we beat Turrey College by one touchdown. A chilling victory; on the previous weekend the State U. had beaten Turrey 28-0.

Over the week end a rumor crept through the fraternities that Gallagher had been dropped from the team for demanding a cut of the gate receipts. The ugly rumor spread, and I heard it on Monday.

Gallagher was in for trouble. A committee from the student government visited him and were told to go roll a hoop. His fraternity jerked his pin. Chalked scrawls appeared on all the blackboards. "Gallagher is yellow." And, "Bill, the Chiseler." He sat alone in classes and walked alone on the campus.

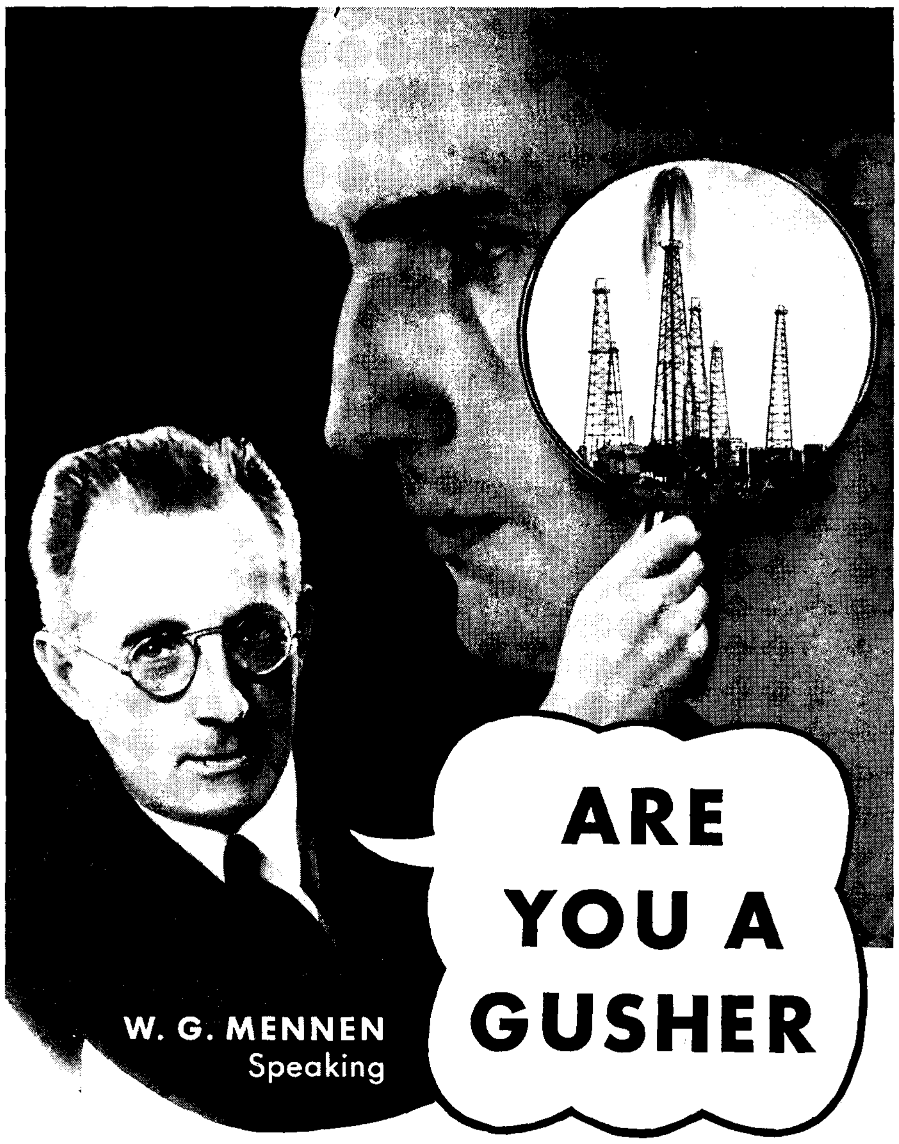
In mid-afternoon, on Friday, the president sent for me, to ask me to dinner

(Continued on page 50)



"—9—10—out! How would you like to buy a nice cigar store on Third Avenue?"

MIKE BERRY



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(Continued from page 49)

that night. Mr. Beale had expressed a desire to see me.

"And now," leaning back in his chair, Prexy smiled his "you and I" smile, "I want you to know about Gallagher. He came to me a week ago, wanting to talk about Endicott. Of course, I refused to listen. In fact, I told him to run away and play. He lost his temper; the boy has no control. 'I will,' he said, 'but not football. If Endicott's out, so am I.'

"That afternoon he turned in his suit, telling Riggs he couldn't spare the time from his studies. I understand he has told everyone that." Prexy's brown marble eyes were amused. "To leave me free, I suspect, to submit without public embarrassment to his preposterous demand that I retain Endicott."

Prexy's smile was bland. "I'm inclined to be sorry for the boy. I want you to see him for me, and tell him for me that if he'll apologize, in private, of course, to Coach Riggs, he may play tomorrow and we'll ignore his foolishness." Prexy smiled sadly. "If he doesn't play tomorrow, I'm really afraid, I'm very much afraid, that the students will make his staying at Paxton impossible."

"I'll give him your message, Dr. Titus," I said.

GALLAGHER sat in my office, his long legs crossed, his face a sullen young mask.

I tapped on the desk with my pencil. "I'm the bearer of a message to you from President Titus."

Hope gleamed in his eyes.

"If you will apologize to Coach Riggs," I said dryly, "you may play tomorrow. If you don't play, and Paxton loses, the president very much fears that the students will run you off the campus."

His eyes, in mine, were hard and defiant.

"Tell him," he said gently, "to go to hell."

"Silence!" I said. "We'll have no profanity, Gallagher. That's all then."

Standing, we looked at each other across my desk; strangely enough, we were smiling. "I have a curious impulse," I said, "to shake hands with you, Gallagher." We shook hands.

When he had gone I rang for Jean. She came in with proud, shining eyes.

"To Miss Jean Page," I dictated brusquely. "My dear Miss Page. Got that?"

"Yes, sir." Her bright head was bent over her pad.

"Some time ago I expressed a derogatory opinion of a student known to us both. Please consider that expression withdrawn and accept my apologies."

Her pencil had stopped its swift movement. I looked out of the window. The girl was crying.

At Prexy's dinner that night, Jerry Beale was exceedingly cordial, and when we were leaving, insisted on taking me home in his limousine.

"Tell me," he said, around his cigar, "what's all this trouble about Gallagher?"

Casting discretion to the winds, I told him the whole sorry tale. Gallagher's cheating merely amused him. His chuckling annoyed me. "That's nothing," he said. "I used to pay someone to write my themes."

When I had done, he removed his cigar to remark, "So they'll dedicate my stadium tomorrow by getting licked! Humph!"

We flowed down my quiet street. He dropped his cigar out the window. "I'll see this cub Gallagher. Get in touch with him, will you? And send him down to the hotel."

It was Titus to whom I had hoped he would talk. "You'll waste your time with Gallagher," I said stiffly. "The boy can't be bought off."

Beale's smile was tolerant. "Send him down to me," he said.

If I refused, there were others to do his bidding. "I will," I said. "And I'll warn him against you."

We were slowing to the curb. "That's all right," he said, and patting my shoulder, "you haven't changed, Thorne."

His chauffeur had opened the door. "Nor have you, I'm afraid," I said. "Good night, sir."

It was after ten when I found Bill, with Jean, on the library steps. "A cold place to loiter," I said. "Mr. Beale wants to see you, Gallagher."

"What's up?" he asked.

"He hopes to induce you to play tomorrow. He's a very rich man. You needn't see him, you know."

Gallagher's voice was thoughtful. "I'll see him."

He dropped Jean and me at my house. He was to come by for Jean afterward. As he stopped to let us out, he said sulkily, "Those punks from the State U. are saying I'm yellow; afraid of them."

"Only a child," I said, "would mind that."

"All right," he said moodily, "I'm a child."

Closing the door of his roadster, I said, "Don't weaken, Bill."

We waited in my study; I in my armchair, and Jean on the hearth stool, watching the fire.

She said at last, "I wonder what's keeping him."

"Mr. Beale, no doubt," I told her.

She turned to look up at me. Her hair was soft gold in the firelight, and her smile reproved me gently. "You mustn't worry," she said. "Bill's got faults, lots of them, but he isn't for sale."

"I hope he isn't," I said gently.

Her gray eyes were bright with pride. "I know he isn't," she said.

SOON after that we heard him, quick feet on the porch and the doorbell ringing. Jean behind me, I opened the door to him. "Come in," I said. "You've been gone a long while."

"I had to see Riggs." His grin was embarrassed. "I'm playing tomorrow. It's like this—"

Jean's voice was quick and scornful. "Don't explain, Bill. We know."

His face flushed with anger; defensive anger, I thought. "All right," he said. "Am I taking you home?"

A cold, proud, little voice. "No, thank you."

"Please yourself," he said. And outrageously, "Call Endicott. He'll take you home."

Her gray eyes scorned him. "Mr. Endicott would, if I called him. He's a gentleman."

"I get you," he said. "And I'm not." A hard, young voice. "You're right, Jean. I'm just a dumb cluck that expects his girl to stick; to be with him, right or wrong, and for keeps." His smile was bitter and hurt.

It was Jean who turned away, whose eyes fell before his, as if she were the failure, the one who was weak.

I thought, "This has gone far enough," and said, "Don't let us keep you, Gallagher."

He turned his glare on me. "And you, too, Brutus?" he said, opened the door and was gone.

I closed the door. Gallagher quoting Shakespeare! I couldn't believe it.

Jean answered my silent amazement. "He liked Julius Caesar." A brave little smile. "He would. No loving, and lots of fighting."

I escorted her home across the dark campus. Beside me, Jean said bitterly, "He'll be a hero if he wins tomorrow."

"He can't win tomorrow," I told her.

I awoke in the morning to sunshine

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Margaret Clarke

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and the honking of cars on the avenue. Rising, I closed the window against the wind and the voice of a newsboy shrilling, "Gallagher! Gallagher plays!"

The phone called me from luncheon. It was Endicott seeking tickets to take Jean to the game. I had three, I told him. We would go together.

Above us the blue restless bank of the cheering section, below us the notables settling; Beale in furs, Prexy beside him, a regent or two, and the right alumni. Across the field the visitors were massed. The wind carried their joyous singing, "The Big Montana Grizzly."

I was adjusting my blanket when the crowd rose roaring. The teams were running onto the field, the red jerseys of Montana, the blue jerseys of Paxton. As the cheering quieted, "There he is," a girl cried. "No. 7. That's Gallagher."

In midfield the captains shook hands and ran back to their places. Paxton was kicking. A whistle shrilled and Gallagher kicked. A beautiful kick, twisting high in the wind and far down the field. Under its high arc the blue jerseys raced and the red jerseys gathered to meet them. Dickon of Paxton slipped through the red V and tackled the runner on his thirty-yard line. Around us the crowd settled to watch; to watch the big red team come on down the field, five, ten yards at a time. First down and first down again. About me was talk of boxing tackles, Notre Dame shifts and interference. All I saw was interference, confused and violent melees, and diving into them, flashing around them, a white 7 on a blue jersey.

Near us the red attack came pouring around right end, three men ahead of the man with the ball. Dickon of Paxton went down; Brandt of Paxton went down. Gallagher side-stepped a lunging red, dove under a straight-arm and crashed down with the runner. The Grizzly got up, but Gallagher didn't. Blue jerseys gathered around him. Trent of Paxton had dropped his blanket and was sprinting in. A great sigh went up from our stands. Gallagher was coming out, cradling one arm with the other. Three perfunctory cheers for Gallagher, three loyal and loud ones for Trent.

"They'll score now," Jean said. And she was right.

A red end took a forward pass across the line; the Grizzly band thumped; the Grizzly stands roared. They kicked their goal. More noise. On the big black scoreboard, after Visiting Team, a white 7 appeared. When the half ended the 7 was there. And after Paxton was 0.

I hurried down through the crowd to do my small part in the dedication ceremonies. In front of the stands and a microphone, I introduced the president of the alumni, who introduced Prexy. When the clapping ceased, President Titus spoke of the ideals of Paxton and the greatness of the Beale papers.

Beside me, Beale said softly, "Good speaker."

"Very," I whispered, moving cold feet.

Prexy's eloquence flowed on.

"Your Gallagher's a gold brick," Beale muttered.

"I trust," I whispered, "you didn't pay too much for it."

"C. O. D.," he muttered. "He was to win."

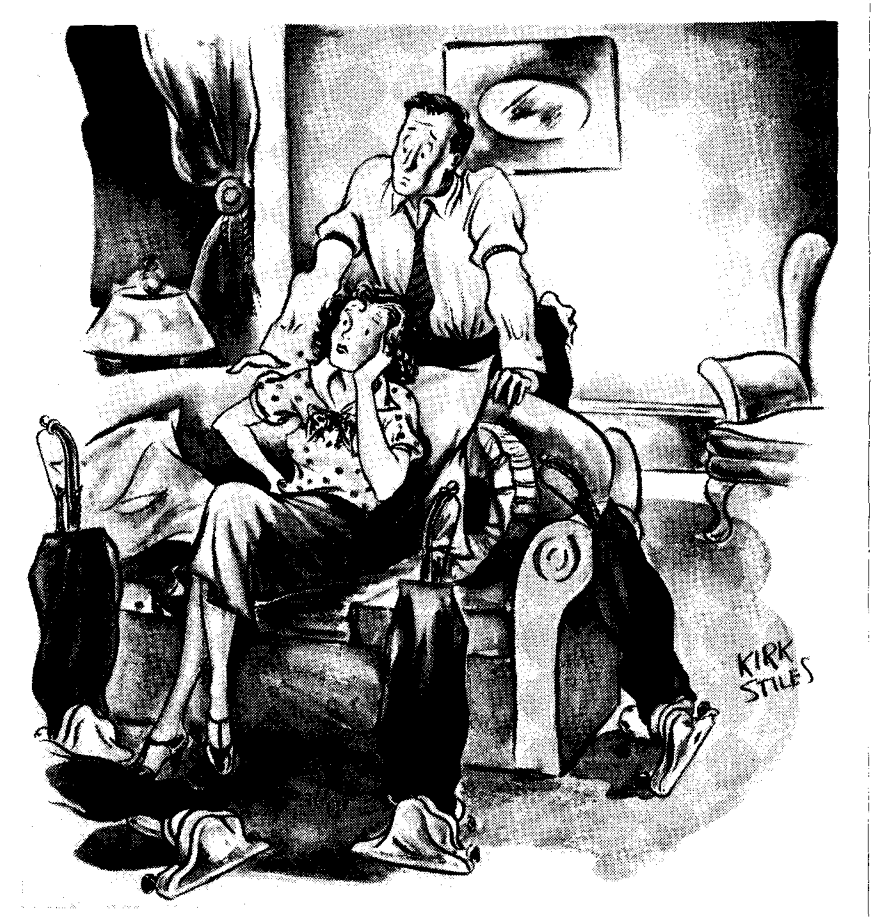
WHEN I got back to my place the game had begun. Tucking my blanket around me, I missed what happened.

"A fumble," Jean told me, as the crowd settled down.

It was Paxton's ball when the teams lined up thirty yards from Montana's goal line. Brandt failed to make ground through center, a forward pass failed; Dickon was thrown for a loss. And then around us the crowd was standing. A blue jersey was running out; a white 7, Gallagher. The cheering was loud and jubilant. Trent came in. The stands grew silent again.

Behind his crouching line, Gallagher was standing to kick. "A try for goal," a man behind me said. Fourth down. No sound in the stands. All those thousands of eyes on Gallagher, small down there, the sun on his dark head, on his hands, still and waiting. He stood easily, waiting. The ball shot back; red seeped through the blue, and I saw a red end racing for Gallagher. No kick.

(Continued on page 52)



"Golly! Could that man talk!"

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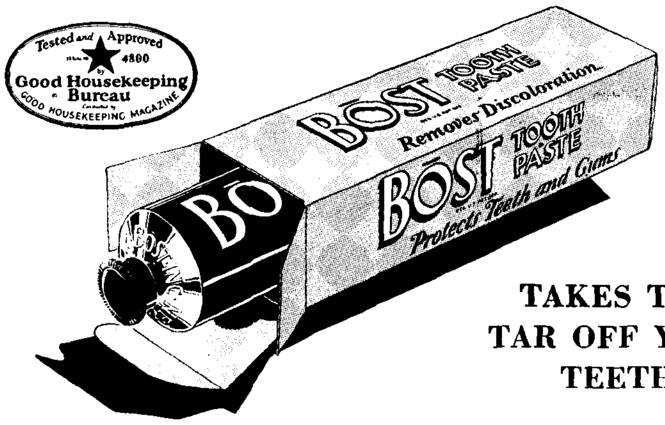

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(Continued from page 51)

He side-stepped like a dancer and, free of the sprawling end, was off, knees leaping high and fast, behind Dickon and Brandt. Brandt went down as a red back dodged Dickon, and dove for Gallagher. Gallagher stopped in stride, pivoted free of the clutching red arms, and the man was down behind him. He leaped on, dodging, wheeling, trailing red jerseys. Free now, free and over the last white line.

The noise around us was deafening. Someone was pounding my back. Cheer leaders danced, the band played unheard, and around us the crowd began singing, "Glory, Glory to Old Paxton." We stood with the others, Jean, Endicott and I, not moved to song.

Brandt tried for goal and missed in the gusty wind. No one minded. We'd win now. Paxton's day.

And indeed, the tide of battle seemed turning. Whatever Gallagher was, he was a quarterback and his teammates knew it. With cool skill he drove them, with cold fury. Gallagher, Dickon and Brandt, blue knives now through the red wall.

On the ten-yard line Brandt fumbled. State recovered and kicked out of danger as the period ended.

The last quarter now. Stamping of feet in the stands. Paxton still a point behind, attacking again, and between each play Gallagher cradling his arm. He didn't go out. Men around him went out. Men against him went out. He stayed. He had speed and skill. More than that: power flowed out of him into the others.

Five, ten yards at a time, they were cutting through, rolling back the big red line. First down and again first down. Up the field Paxton drove to score, led by a boy playing for money. Playing for money? Could a boy play like that, fight like that for a bribe? I couldn't believe it. And I watched it. I was up with the others, shouting and waving my hat.

Drama down there, conflict that lifted the heart. Down there in the gathering dusk Paxton men were outfighting their betters. Ten weary and battered youngsters led by a rogue with a twisted grin, were refusing defeat. Spitting it out, and charging again.

Gallagher's left arm was crippled, hanging queerly. Under the robe Jean's hand gripped mine. "His shoulder's broken," she whispered. Then fiercely, "Why don't they take him out?"

"Only four minutes now," I told her.

FOUR minutes. And a hoarse, desperate chant rolling across from the Grizzly stands. "Stop Gallagher. Stop Gallagher." They couldn't stop Gallagher.

Again he flashed into and out of the red and blue swarm. Ten, fifteen yards he sped on, flashed on, knees leaping high, one crouching red back between him and safety. The red back plunged for him, locked him down on Montana's twenty-yard line. I watched him getting up, trying to get up. One knee, and then slowly the other. He went back for more.

Three minutes to play and two points to win. Brandt through center, then Dickon. No gain. Less than two minutes now.

As the lines crouched, Gallagher fell back to kick. A short kick to win, twenty windy yards. Gallagher couldn't lose now. A long-drawn sigh like a prayer went up from the crowd, and then no sound at all. The ball shot high to his waiting hands. A red end came plunging to get him. He kicked free and the red end crashed him down. The ball wobbled up, a blur in the dusty darkness, coming down now, coming down. Over—not over. It struck the cross bar and fell back.

Gallagher had failed at last. He didn't know it, lying where the red end had left him. As they took him under the stands, the Grizzlies cheered him; Paxton cheered him. He didn't hear them.

I had lost my hat. Endicott found it and gave it to me, his eyes amused. Under the blanket, a cold, small hand held to mine. A gun barked and the game was over. The Grizzly crowd flowed onto the field, and the Grizzly band paraded.

We walked home across the cold campus, dead leaves swirling and lights coming on in the halls. Gallagher, Endicott explained, had physical courage. A pity he lacked moral courage. Between us Jean was silent. I was glad to leave them.

That night at the Alumni ball I saw them again. Outside the cloak-room I came upon Jean, a very pretty child in blue and silver, waiting for Endicott.

As we moved apart from the crowd around us, I said, "Gallagher's in the infirmary. Feeling low, I suspect."

Her gray eyes were bright and her small voice scornful, "He should feel low."

WE STOOD silent, hearing the music begin. She seemed to be studying a silver slipper. I hardly heard her voice through the music. "A girl to stand by him, right or wrong. He wanted a lot, didn't he?"

"Yes," I said.

Her eyes lifted to mine. She was smiling again. "He is weak, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said.

Endicott joined us and they moved off to dance.

I chatted with the other chaperons, smiled and nodded at smiling faces; and my duties performed, retreated to the balcony and stood watching the dancers. I saw Beale come in with Dr. Titus. I saw Jean, a blue and silver flower, in Endicott's arms. Wailing violins, soft rhythm of drums. Young hearts don't break, I thought. They bounce.

A heavy hand on my arm. It was Beale. "I'm leaving, Thorne. Thought I'd say goodby."

"Goodby," I said.

He smiled as one smiles at a sulky child. "Quite a lad, your Gallagher."

"Not my Gallagher," I said. "You bought him."

He nodded. "Tell him for me that I paid off." He was watching the dancers. "Just now I told Prexy that firing that fellow Endicott would be a mistake. Bad publicity if it got in the papers. And it would—in my papers." He turned smiling. "Smart man, Prexy. I wouldn't worry about Endicott. Well, I must go."

I shook hands with him. "Thank you, Jerry."

He patted my arm. "Thank your Gallagher," he said, and was gone.

I stood a while looking down at the color and movement. My Gallagher. Not mine, nor Jean's. We had failed him. I saw Endicott dancing with a girl in pink.

The nurse in the office told me that Gallagher was fine. Just a broken collar bone and exhaustion. He was doing very well.

He was indeed. Opening the door very softly, lest he be sleeping, I saw blue and silver, and a bright head bending over him. A very odd sound. I heard Jean whisper, "That's for keeps, Bill. So am I. Right or wrong, for keeps."

In the quiet room a loud and happy sigh, a loud, happy voice.

"Do it again," he said, "before Shakespeare comes."

Softly, very softly, I drew the door shut. If he didn't tell her, I would, but tomorrow. Downstairs I went briskly, a foolish old man, humming, "Glory to Paxton."

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Quick, Harlow, the Needle!

Continued from page 21

"When it got to the point," said Mr. Bingham, "where we started counting the house the minute we got into the stadium and began looking up almanacs a year in advance to see if there was a possibility of rain on the day of the Holy Cross game, we decided the time had come to do something about football."

The first thing they did was cut off the minor sports of cross-country, boxing, wrestling, lacrosse, soccer and fencing. In the future these are to go on their own, with the hope of getting endowments to keep them alive. Nobody in Cambridge is too hopeful that there will be patrons so enamored of soccer that they will come forward with offers of gold, and it is feared that after the first flush of sporting interest these particular minor sports will be stricken with a form of ennui bordering on decay. In contrast with such actions, there are Harlow and his coaching staff. Harlow can coach and there are going to be good teams at Harvard. With good teams will come increased gate receipts, which can certainly not come under the head of deflation. It is all very strange.

But It's Harvard's Problem

But it isn't Dick Harlow's problem. He didn't ask them for the Harvard job. In the past few years he has turned down seventeen offers from first-rate colleges. He was comfortably fixed at Western Maryland. He liked the town of Westminster, and a careful investigation in that village failed to reveal anybody who disliked Harlow. From his arrival in 1926 until his departure last spring, his team had won sixty-one, lost thirteen and tied seven. He was said to get twelve thousand dollars at Western Maryland (possibly something less since the depression), and the best quoted price at Harvard was eight thousand. But Harvard is the great collegiate opportunity and an opportunity for a sporting nature, and Harlow has never been afraid of opposition. Along with the birds and the Alpine treelets, it is admitted that Harlow is manly enough for all concerned. In a pinch he has even been known to toss down a beaker or two of the amber fluid in an evening with the boys. In short, an all-right sort of fellow who was reared in the old homicidal school of football but has learned with the advancing years that the nation will not be permanently blighted if a Harlow team takes one on the chin from an opponent.

Harlow was christened Richard Cresson Harlow and got his start at the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia. From there he went to Penn State in the days when Bill Hollenback was starting to coach. Bill couldn't make up his mind where he belonged for a time, being at Penn State one year, at Missouri the next and back at Penn State the third, but Harlow went right through the various transformations and ended up as Hollenback's assistant after his graduation in 1911. As a tackle, nobody was in the habit of pushing Harlow around. One feature of his teams as a coach has been facility in blocking punts and Harlow was adept at that as a player, breaking up seventeen kicks in his senior year in five major games.

"It generally changes the whole course of a game when it happens," says Harlow. "When you block a punt on a team, they never have the same confidence again."

They were tough and stupid in the old days, according to Harlow himself. The stupidity was not in the playing but in the old heroic attitude toward football. On one occasion he broke a bone in his ankle and in ordinary circumstances would have been in the hospital. Instead he insisted on playing in the Pitt game.

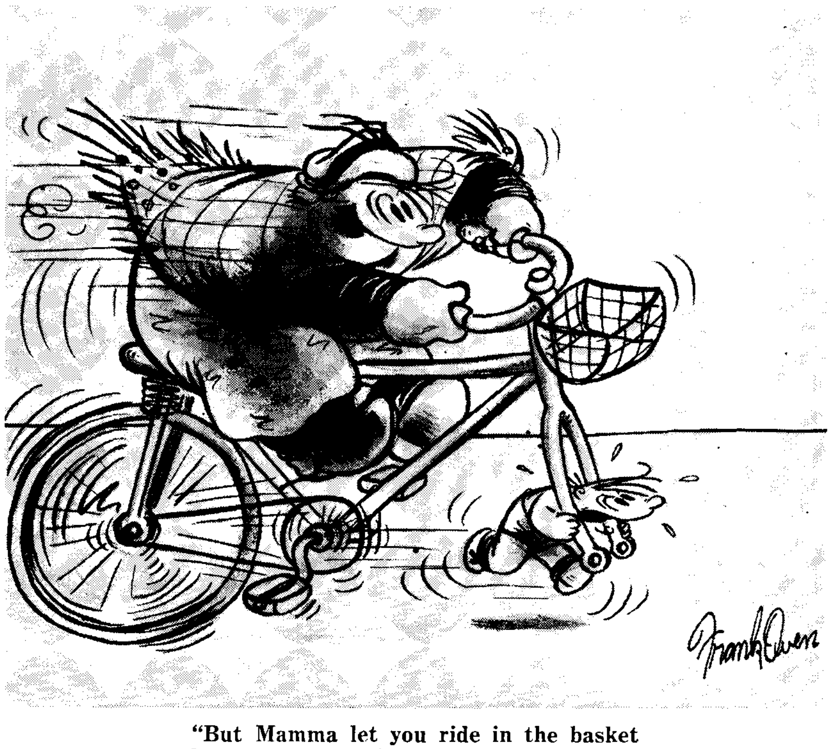
"We made an issue of it," says Harlow. "Either I played or we'd all be mad. Pete Mauthe, the captain, demanded that I have my rights and Hollenback gave in. They made a plaster cast for my leg and wrapped it around

(Continued on page 54)

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"But Mamma let you ride in the basket before the wheel broke down, didn't she?"

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Yes sir! 15 MONTHS IN THE WOOD MAKES IT THE SMOOTHEST WHISKEY AT THE PRICE!

What a remarkably fine whiskey at so low a price! Such superior taste, bouquet and smoothness can come only from careful distilling and patient ageing. Such low price can come only from tremendous volume. Compare it, men, with other whiskies in its price class. You'll agree it's a *great buy!*

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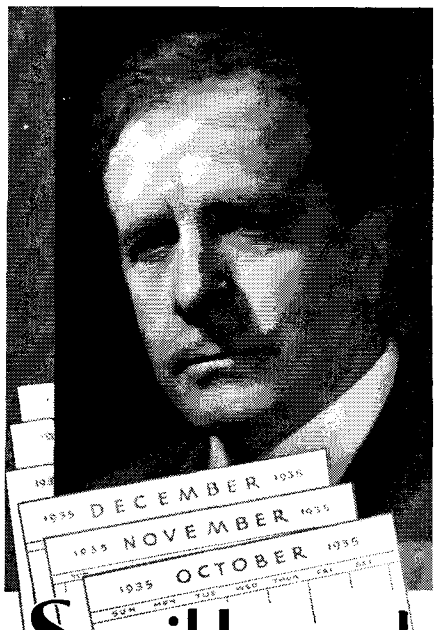

Sensible people prepare for winter *in advance*....

These are the months to begin building good general resistance

New scientific studies show that winter ills move in a cycle. They begin in the fall, occur more frequently each month, and reach their peak in January and February.

One reason they affect you is because you're working harder, living indoors more at this time of year. You probably don't give much thought to your physical needs. For a while, you may get along on the reserve you stored last summer, but by mid-winter, that reserve may be lost. You may get into a condition of *lowered general resistance.*

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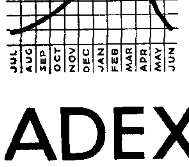
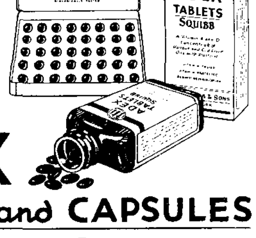
The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures U.S. Dept. Public Health...





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

(Continued from page 53)

the iron splints Mike Murphy of Penn had invented. I came to the field on crutches and got rid of them in the field house. Then I went out and played the whole sixty minutes. That was me—a hero. I could hardly stand up. After the game I went back on crutches for six weeks. It wasn't bravery; it was dumbness. I learned something from it at that. I learned that a player half as good is twice as good as a man out there with a broken leg. I've gone on that principle ever since."

The Hollenback Tutelage

Harlow kept on learning when he started to coach. Bill Hollenback was only a few years older and the two made up the coaching staff at Penn State, which was big stuff in football those days. This is in contrast with present days with a coach for every two players. Hollenback was an excitable creature and created a great deal of havoc by cruising up and down the side lines (a practice permitted for coaches in those days) during the game. He became petrified to a dead halt, however, one year in the Pitt game when he heard Mauthe on the 58-yard line calling the place kick signal. Hollenback yelled wildly to Harlow to get him another halfback immediately. Harlow, who was young and also excitable, started toward the other end of the bench hunting frantically for a substitute. He overturned water buckets, mangled third-string quarterbacks and half fell, half careened his way along the side lines. Before he could locate his man, Mauthe had taken the ball and kicked it squarely between the goal posts. When Harlow got back to Hollenback with the substitute, Bill's face was wreathed in smiles of satisfaction.

"A great play," Hollenback was yelling. "Exactly the signal I had in mind!"

In Harlow's recollections that incident is mixed with the finest play he ever saw. It had to do with Eddie Tryon, the Colgate back. Colgate was leading the great Princeton team of 1925 with only a few minutes to play. The score was 2-0 and Princeton had Colgate pinned back against its own goal lines as the result of a bad pass that Tryon had recovered on the three-yard line. He went back into punt formation and again the pass was bad. Tryon jumped and pulled the ball down. By that time McMillan, the All-America center of Princeton, had broken through and was ready to smash him. Tryon made a swift motion of handing the ball to McMillan. He held it out before him temptingly and then suddenly withdrew it. McMillan lurched for the ball and in his anxiety fell off balance. In that interval, Tryon twisted around and got his kick off over McMillan's shoulder, a tremendous boot which covered seventy yards and so befuddled Princeton that Colgate finally won the game, 9-0.

"Not only was it the quickest thinking I've ever seen on a field," says Harlow, "but it was remarkable for another reason. Tryon kicked that ball seventy yards while all tied up in a knot, and he had never kicked more than forty yards before in his life. He was always like that—played a mile over his head when it counted."

By his Colgate days Harlow had built the foundations of his system, which is a combination of Warner and Haughton with his own variations. *He alternates* between the single-wing and double-wing attack, according to the material on hand. At Colgate his squads averaged sixty men and at Western Maryland he never had more than thirty to pick from. Harlow's thoroughness as a coach is widely known. His records are complete for every practice as well as every game. After every session, notes are written up and records kept. Practices themselves are strictly budgeted as to time and no deviations are permitted. Each assistant coach has his time schedule as he goes on the field—so much time for blocking, so much for signals, so much for pass defense.

"I found out years ago," says Harlow, "that if we put all the time on blocking one week and forget, for instance, about pass defense, they'll be buzzing successful passes around our ears all the next Saturday afternoon. I stick to that rounded program and find that it works better."

The Harlow teams go in for modern football and it is certain that the Harvard teams will be tossing the laterals around as freely as his teams have been doing for years. Harlow is a devotee of professional football, and left home at 4:30 in the morning at Westminster on four successive Sundays last year to be at the Polo Grounds in time for the New York Giants' games.

"The postgraduate school of football," says Harlow. "We can all learn something from those fellows. Did you ever see line play like that?"

Harlow has always been his own trainer and will continue the practice at Harvard. He never goes on the field, even in practice, without a qualified physician on the bench and prides himself on never having had a seriously injured player.

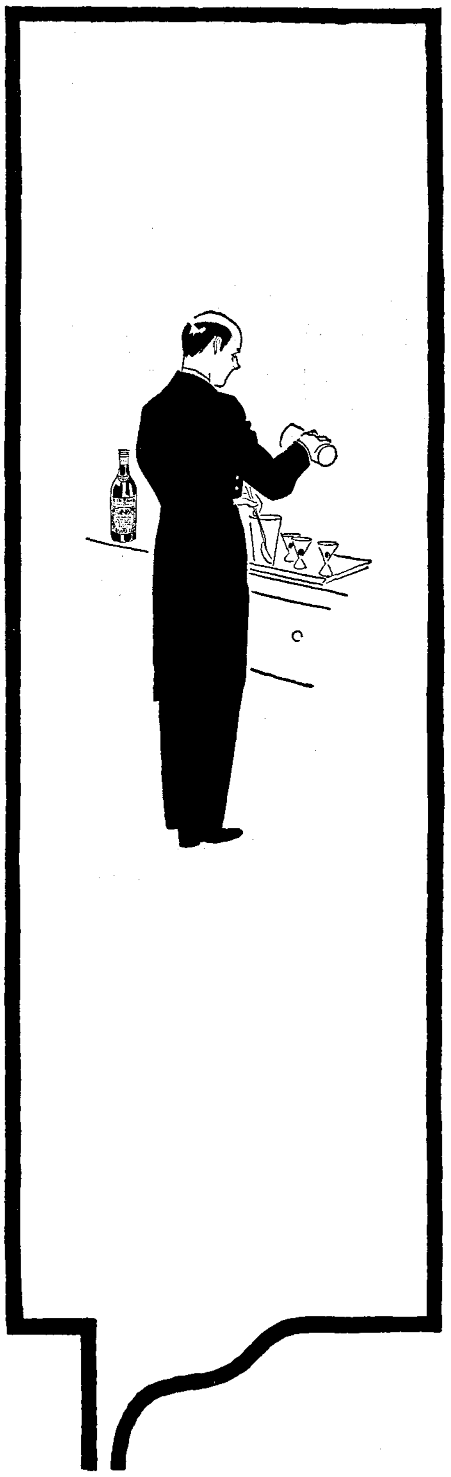
Like other coaches who were players in the pre-war days, Harlow thinks that Jim Thorpe was the greatest player of all. Of the players he has coached, he gives the honors to Jim Welsh, the Colgate tackle.

"The teams might not have been as well coached in those days," says Harlow, "but where could you find men like Thorpe? Think of the old Harvard teams. It would be impossible to find a harder-hitting end than Tack Hardwick. He simply murdered anybody who came near him. Think of a team which had Hardwick, Pennock, Trumbull, Bradlee and Eddie Mahan in one lineup. They all made the All-America that year. Before that they had the finest kicker I've ever seen, in Sam Felton. When he got off one of those left-footed spirals, the odds were three to one that the opposing quarterback wouldn't even touch the thing, let alone run it back. They tell me one year Yale never caught a Felton punt, and I can believe it. They tell me—and I saw enough of Felton to believe anything—that the opposing linemen were afraid to turn around and look at their backfield men after a Felton punt. When they did turn around, they invariably found Hardwick sitting on the ball."

Mass Migration at Penn State

Among the concerns of the Harvard purists when Harlow was engaged last fall was the alleged hegira which took place at Penn State when Harlow took up coaching at Colgate. The story has expanded now to the point where the entire State team was supposed to have followed him to his new home. It has been a source of trouble to Harlow ever since and one of the things that Bill Bingham had to examine with some care before making his decision.

"Admitting that things were laxer in the old days," says Mr. Bingham, "the fact remains that a coach with personality invariably attracts young men. *They were telling me a similar story out* at Ohio State recently about some players who wanted to follow Francis Schmidt from Texas Christian. It was embarrassing to Schmidt, but legally there was no reason why the young men couldn't transfer if they wanted to. The admissions committee solved the problem by turning the young fellows



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A "GLORIFIED"
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down for academic reasons. I don't imagine anybody who knows Harvard entrance requirements will be worried by an influx of halfbacks who can run better than they can read, but it is an instance of what can happen to make a coach look bad. Furthermore, if Harlow was recruiting material at Western Maryland, he was doing a poor job of it. I looked up the record of his freshmen teams and found they had lost twenty-eight out of thirty-five games during his regime."

An idea of the revolution which has occurred at Cambridge can be had from the makeup of the Harlow staff. Old campus fixtures such as Jimmie Knox, the junior varsity coach, and Eddie Farrell, the trainer, have been replaced by Harlow men. Jimmy Dunn, who was the mainstay at Western Maryland before the days of Bill Shepherd, will be the junior varsity coach. Neil Stahley, formerly of Penn State and Delaware, will coach the freshmen. Rae Crowther of Colgate and Drexel will be line coach. Mike Palm of Penn State and West Virginia will coach the backfield and particularly the place kickers. There are assorted West Pointers, Ohio Staters and Harvard men on the staff but they are there for the purpose of assisting the Harlow appointees.

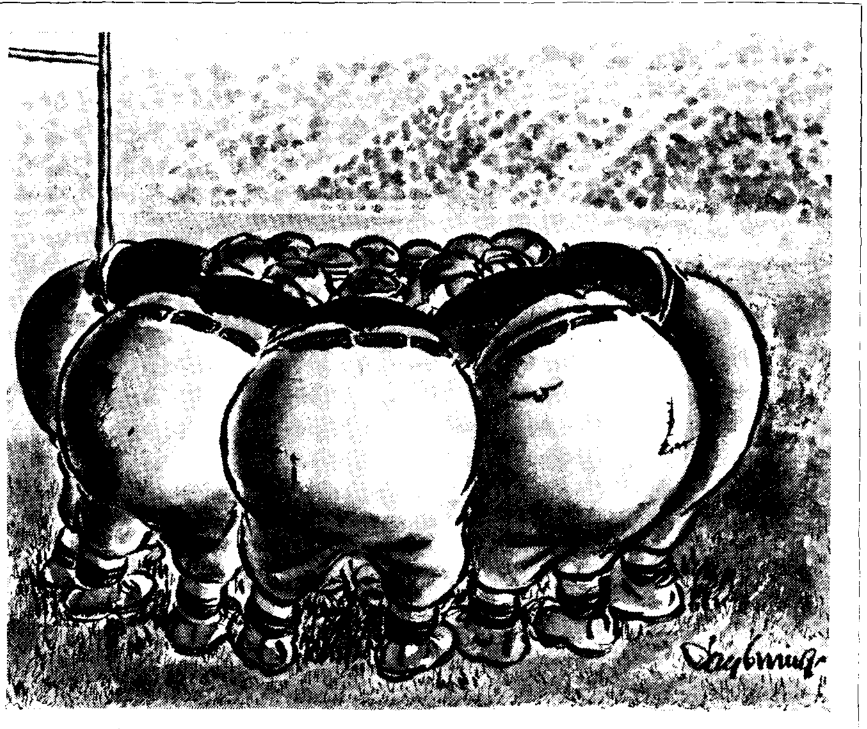
The idea of Harlow leaping from Westminster, Md., to the sacred confines of Harvard Yard is hardly less striking than the big Crimson being guided by men who were formerly at Delaware and Drexel, but it is Harlow who is on the spot and entitled to have men around him who know his methods. The proof of the thing will be in the results. If the teams are well coached, all will be forgiven, and they are most assuredly going to be well coached at Harvard while Harlow is there.

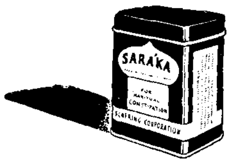
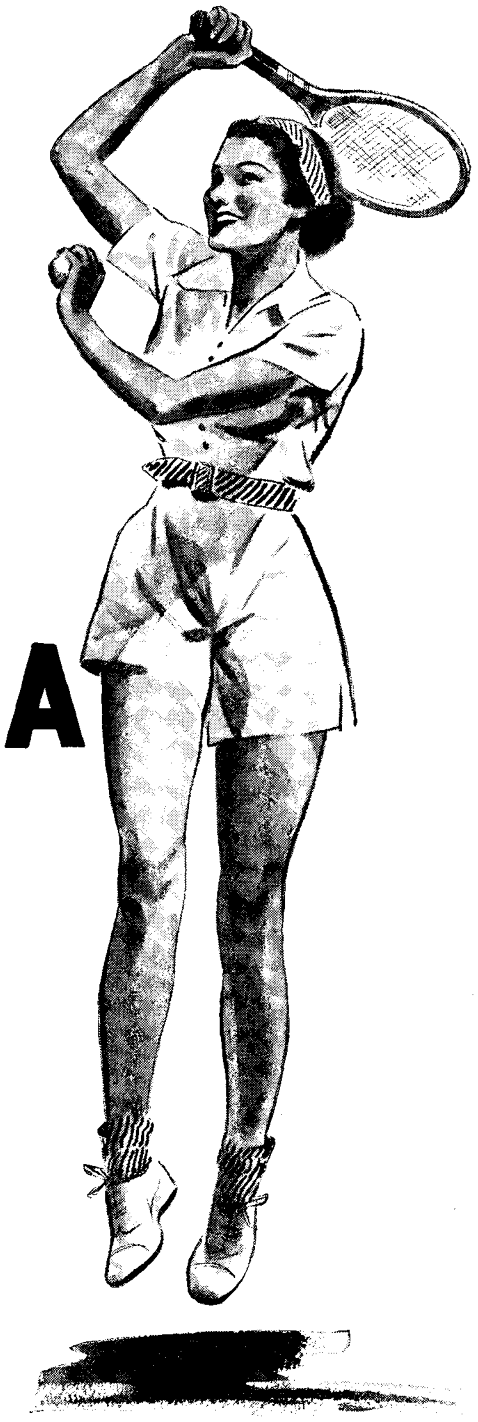
Harlow spent the summer preparing for the new job. In addition to spring training at Cambridge, he has attended a football clinic at Pittsburgh, had a coaching school of his own at Westminster and a third at Northeastern. To do it he had to give up his summer vacation with the birds. In the past Harlow has explored every river in eastern United States by canoe from its headwaters. For seven successive summers he visited Canada, taking in eastern Canada, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. In the West he had hunted eggs in the Slave Lake section almost to the Arctic Circle. His greatest achievement was in making known to science the eggs of the dowitcher, a member of the snipe family, which had hitherto eluded the most daring of ornithologists. The collection in Agassiz Museum had been willed to the Museum by Col. John E. Thayer, who had traded eggs with Harlow years before the latter thought of being Harvard football coach. When it comes to amateur sports, the collection of birds' eggs comes near the top. It is all expense and no return. They're going to have a hard time talking Harlow out of that credit.

A Big Season Ahead

But all of that is immaterial. What matters is what Harvard does to a schedule which includes Holy Cross, Army, Dartmouth, Yale and Princeton. All the Alpine plants in the world won't help much against that opposition. It will take what Harlow has always given: a fast, hard-hitting, quick-thinking team. His teams in the past have never been dumb and they have looked like football teams even when they were being beaten. It is hardly likely that the Harvard undergraduates in the stands will, as they did last year, be unfurling banners after the first Yale touchdown: "What the Hell Do We Care!" Unless the signs are all cockeyed, Harvard is going to deflate football under Harlow to a point of frenzy.

As a sidelight there will be the spectacle of Eddie Casey, former Harvard coach, in charge of the Boston Red Skins (professional), which will have in the line-up Bill Shepherd, who was Harlow's star at Western Maryland and high scorer in the United States last year. Shepherd scored the only touchdown for his team in the East-West game at San Francisco last year, was the star of the Chicago Bears-All Stars game in Chicago this fall, and had his pick of professional contracts. He selected Boston on the advice of Harlow. If Harvard is terrible, Harlow will at least have Shepherd around to show what can be done when a coach has something to work with. That will be even better than the birds' eggs, but it won't be better than what Harlow will probably provide, a very swell Harvard team which will be bunting unsuspecting enemies all over the New England landscape. A happening of that sort generally settles all arguments among the alumni and even among the young idealists who place sport above victory but are never downcast at a good, rousing football victory.


"Betcha this must look impressive from the grandstand" JAY IRVING

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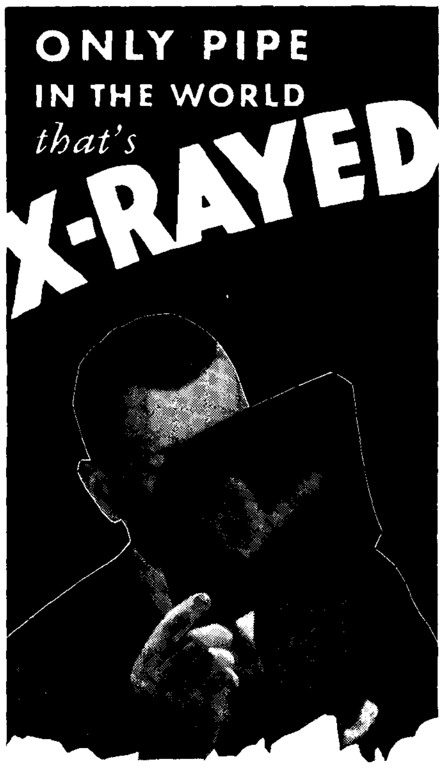

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Mothers' Little Darlings

Continued from page 15

Board of Education nowadays surrounds movie children with protective regulations, both as to working conditions in the studios and as to disposition of their earnings.

You can get the court to allot you a reasonable slice of Walter's earnings; but the greater share must be placed in trust for him. Such rules, years ago, would have averted some of Hollywood's modern heartaches; that of one girl, for example, who rode the crest, made a fortune which her parents squandered, and today—her baby prettiness fled—works as a stand-in; those wingless creatures who bear the drudgery of preparation in lights and placement for the stars, and crawl back into the shadows when the cameras grind.

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

Few child stars survive the loss of their first teeth and the lengthening of their colt legs. Madge Evans is the only featured adult name of today that carries memories of a lovely screen child of a decade ago. Of the original "Our Gang" only Mary Kornman and Mickey Daniels still make a go of it in pictures. Farina is on the vaudeville circuits. Jackie Cooper, of the 1929 "Gang," is an exception; he has lasted beyond his twelfth year, and gives signs of being a perennial. He is Norman Taurog's nephew, and comes from stage folks; neither fact has hurt his career.

Furthermore, if your child should break through and make a contract and a featured cast line, there is always the question whether the game is worth the candle. The mothers of present starlets are not sure. Mrs. Temple will tell you of the difficulty she has in arranging a normal play life for Shirley. On the street, kids follow her. In her own yard, it is not much different. Recently Mrs. Temple fetched in a neighbor's child of Shirley's age, six, to play with her: but the overawed little tyke just sat and gaped at Shirley; remained both speechless and motionless. Mrs. Temple had to send her home.

Or, before you push your Karl to fame and fortune, take thought of Freddie Bartholomew. He cannot go out and lead a normal boy existence. His playmates are hand-picked, for their English accent and good manners. He has a bicycle. One alley between studio buildings is roped off for his cycling. Once he pedaled outside the mark, and his bicycle was taken away from him, for punishment.

He is allowed five cents a day spending money. But the Yankee influence has found a crack. Freddie uses his nickel each day to buy gum.

If, after consideration of all these factors, you are determined to seize Philippe by the neck and hustle her to Hollywood, you'd better pause long enough to look into her I. Q. Is she a linguist, like little Virginia Weidler; who speaks English, French and German and is commonly regarded in Hollywood as the ascending starlet of the year? Educators at the University of Southern California made intelligence tests of certain outstanding child stars, and found they all ranged up in the genius bracket. Norman Taurog and I were discussing this, when little David Holt came along. David is seven now. He had a slate in his hand, and evidently was on hookey from the schoolroom. He said to Norman: "Hello, pal. I was just wondering, pal. Would *you* say that nine and nine are seventeen, pal?"

Norman said: "Well, pal, what would you say?"

David scratched his head: "I reckon I'd say nine and nine *are* seventeen, pal."

"And I, pal," said Norman, "would say that nine and nine are eighteen!"

"Thanks, pal!" shouted David. He was gone in a flash, triumphantly, and Taurog laughed. "I'll bawl him out later for that deception; the idea, tricking me into helping him with his lessons! Grand kid, David—and if all mothers were like his, all directors would want to do kid pictures!"

But all mothers have not got in them the stuff, the persistence, that sets Mrs. Holt apart as a movie mother, as much as David's talents set him apart as a starlet. David was born in Jacksonville, Florida, to L. E. and Martha Holt. Martha had always wanted to be an actress. Her mother considered such ambitions sinful. When David came, Martha saw for him the chance she was denied. She taught him with the stage in view. She planned and scrimped; denied herself. When she had reason to believe David was ready she persuaded her husband to build a trailer for their little car, give up his job, and they set out for Hollywood, fortified by canned goods and a little cash.

At tourist camps, David earned coins with his impersonations and bits. They had less than two hundred dollars when they settled in Hollywood. Mrs. Holt made the weary rounds with David. No luck; and the money disappeared, and there was no work for the father. They started back to Florida; again David paid the way by what he earned at tourist camps. At Kansas City Dad Holt got a job. Martha reflected; she had seen David entertain tourist campers along the continental highways, and she felt sure the Hollywood directors were mistaken in overlooking him. In faith, she coaxed her husband to turn back to Hollywood. Again, David's acting paid for the gas and food. This time she fought it out, and from months of extra work, then bits, she held on until You Belong to Me, with Lee Tracy and Helen Mack, was being cast.

Crying for a Job

David was considered, but Dickie Moore, well-known starlet, got the part. Mastoiditis struck poor Dickie, just as shooting was to begin. David was recalled. The director looked at his tests. "He's just what I want, in some ways, but much too small!" he ruled. David, listening, began to cry. The director was impressed. "Say," he asked Martha Holt, "can he cry like that—under instructions?" And when she insisted, and David proved, that he could, David got the job. And now that he is a contract player, Mrs. Holt never goes near the lot.

How much it meant to David; from what deep wells his tears flowed, I can't say. Nor can anyone tell you what these famous little people of Hollywood think about their jobs; their fame. You have a clue, perhaps, in one four-year-old who stamped her feet and cried to break her heart when she learned that she was only a "stand-in." As for me, whenever I wonder what goes on in their heads, I remember Spanky McFarland. Spanky was born in Dallas, Texas, and began his march to the head of "Our Gang" by serving as model of a "Typical American Baby" in a baking company poster. I once asked Spanky his age.

"Six," he said.

"And how long have you been in pictures?"

"Seven years," he said.

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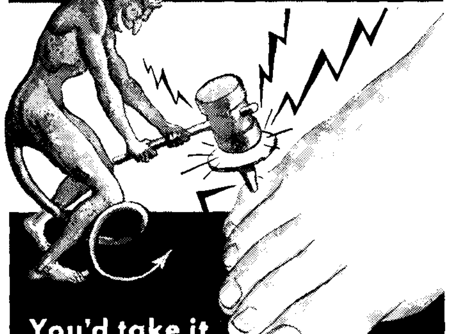
IF YOU HAD A TACK IN YOUR TOE



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BLUE-JAY
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CORN PLASTER

The Test of Tests

Continued from page 11

all men know, a light dory can be made to live through a hard gale sometimes: but two things a Gloucester trawler never does unless driven hard indeed, and one is to cut away his trawling gear and the other is to heave overboard his dory-load of fish. Dory men doing that don't leave a good name with their shipmates, and men who don't stand well with their shipmates would better stay ashore. It's share and share alike with them. They're all out there to catch fish together, not to heave it overboard in any weak moment after they've caught it.

It was a night of wicked seas roaring down on us, and we were standing knee-deep in water, bow and stern, bailing her out with hardly a let-up. One weak moment I had when, thinking a bit of the wife and the dory-load of children at home, and not forgetting Nekkie and his young bride-to-be, I came near saying out loud, "Well, Nekkie, let's heave the fish over the side."

But I didn't say it. "No," I said—to myself—"the dory could stand it a bit rougher yet." And if Nekkie thought it was foolish to hang onto our fish, no sign or hint came from him.

We caught glimpses of the vessel's riding lights from time to time in the first part of the night, but not later: which means we were drifting away from her. Once Nekkie turns around from his bailing to ask what the skipper was doing about us all this time. And I told him, meaning I told him what I would be doing if I were skipper.

The vessel would be kept laying to anchor till daylight. Then look-outs would be sent to both mastheads. If there was no sight of the missing dory, it would be up anchor, make sail and start cruising for us, the masthead look-outs never taking their eyes off the sea. How far the dory would have drifted before the strong Gulley tides the skipper wouldn't know; but we could leave it to him to make a good try to find us.

HE WAS a driver, but a driver who knew more than how to carry sail in a breeze o' wind. He would get out the chart, and he'd mark where the vessel lay to anchor, and he'd mark where the dory was when dark come. He'd lay a line on how the tide was setting then. Six hours of strong Gulley tides on that course and six hours this. He would allow for the wind too, though not much because she's a deep-loaded dory.

"He'd say then," I explained to Nekkie as well as I could in the wind—"he'd say then: 'She ought to be about here!' And he'll head toward where we ought to be. And when he judges he's drawing near us, he'll start tacking and filling across the course, and the masthead look-outs won't once take their eyes off the sea, not even to spit to loo'ard.

"When morning comes," I hollered about an hour later, remembering I forgot to tell him that, "we'll hoist our sail to help out the look-outs." To myself I added: "We'll hoist it, if we're still atop of water!"—because it was a wild night to be out in a dory.

It was February and a cold night: but bailing out the dory kept us from freezing stiff.

The first signs of daylight come crawling over the ocean, and then we hoisted our sail. By and by, the sun busted his head above the horizon. And we felt better—we were still afloat, and the sun was warming to look at. We waited for the vessel. And we waited. For hours we waited.

The hours we waited! And the wistful expression of Nekkie when he would turn for a look toward where I told him the vessel would come—when she come!

Once he asked me if my wife ever worried while I was out to sea. "Not my wife," I said; "she's a sensible woman. Worrying, and being able to do nothing about it, is no help to her or me. And that's what she'll be sure to tell that girl of yours when she has her in for her night at the movies." Nekkie smiled at that, and went back to the bailing like he's cheered up.

The sun was high in the sky when we sighted the sails of a vessel. A schooner rig she was, and soon we knew her for the Ariadne.

BY THE time the vessel was alongside with the dory under her lee we had our sea anchor in.

We start passing the fish up on deck. The skipper leans over the rail and says: "There's what I call a dory-load of fish! And I said you'd hang on to your fish, Jud. Pretty rough night, wasn't it?"

"I wouldn't call it a comfortable night," I said.

"How that Finlander behave?" he asks me after we put our fish aboard and climb aboard ourselves.

"He'll do," I said.

"Good," says the skipper. "And now aboard with that dory."

"How'd Lem make out in the galley?" I ask them.

"We've had three meals of Lem's cookin' since you're gone," says the skipper. "Three more and the crew would mutiny on me, I think."

I hustle below then to see what's wrong. Lem is reading my story.

"Hi, Jud!" says Lem. "And am I glad to see you!"

"Are the crew glad!" says Roy Patton, who is still filling his pipe.

I look around the galley, and on the galley locker is what looks like a twelve-pound lump of coke from out of a gas-house. I ask Lem if that's the fine roast I left in the oven.

"It is," puts in Roy. "Lem wanted to heave it over the lee rail, but we made him keep it aboard to show you."

"Didn't you hear me telling you to baste that roast, Lem?" I said.

"I heard you, Jud."

"And I left you a cookbook."

"You did. And I read it to page 196 but not a word could I find explaining how to baste things. Baste 'em, it said, yes. But how to baste 'em—not a word. So I says to myself, why'm I wastin' all this time on a cook book? And then I found this mystery story in your bunk. And, Jud, ain't that detective ingenious, though?"

"NEVER mind that detective! Didn't you ever hear your wife speak of basting meat in the oven?"

"Jud, if I was to stand around an' listen to ev'rything my wife tried to tell me when I'm ashore—honest, Jud, I'd never find time to go fishin'."

"Get out of here! Heave your carcass up on deck and out of here!"

"That suits me," said Lem. At the foot of the ladder he stops. "How'd Nekkie behave last night, Jud?"

"He'll do me for a dorymate any time I have to put out from the vessel again."

"Then I guess I'll keep him on for a dorymate."

"You guess you will? You'd better know you will or an empty grub locker is what you'll find whenever you come foragin' down here for any mug-up."

"Jeeps!" said Lem. "O' course I'll keep him."

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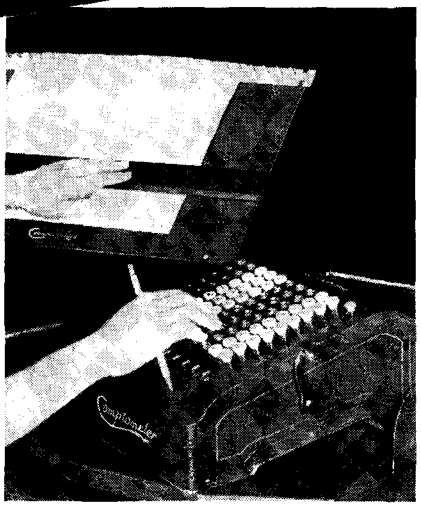

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Deepwater Island

Continued from page 13

"Look here—you've got to get into some dry clothes. You want to get pneumonia? We've had enough trouble stamping tuberculosis out of here—aren't you ever going to learn?"

"All right." With one bare foot Lilua pushed more wood into the fire. Then methodically, and with no trace of self-consciousness, she stripped the holoku off over her head and leisurely hung it on the back of a chair before the fire.

"Damn it," Dick snapped at her, "doesn't anybody ever teach you anything?"

He flung a blanket at her.

Sulkily and unhurriedly, the girl wrapped herself in the blanket.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you," Dick grumbled, hunting for his pipe. "Seems to me—"

He stopped. Under the voice of the rain, barely perceptible, yet unmistakable, he had heard the sound of running feet.

In another moment there was a quick, fluttery tapping at the door and a thin, little voice outside was calling, "Mister Dick! Mister Dick!"

At the door when he opened it was the tiny figure of a kimonoed Japanese girl. Her hair, usually as neat as polished ebony, was disheveled, and her eyes stared so widely that they showed the whites.

"Mister Dick—you come!"

"What is it? What is it now?"

"I tap on Mister Wayne door—I take Mister Wayne him milk. Mister Wayne, he not answer."

"Well, did you go in?"

"No, no, no!"

"Where is he? In his office?"

"Yes—office. Plenty light but no speak. Something moves in there—I hear something move! But nothing in there will speak."

DICK WAYNE drew a deep breath, and the air of the hall was so clammy upon his lungs it was as if he had breathed in the outer rain.

"All right."

Once more he went striding through the house, the broad old floorboards squeaking under his tread, and the *tabes* of the Japanese girl pattering behind him.

There was a line of light under the door of James Wayne's office; but as he reached for the latch the Japanese girl flattened herself against the wall, fearful lest she accidentally see into the room, and Tonga Dick Wayne himself hesitated. He knew what was within.

James Wayne still sat in the chair behind his vast desk, in the same place he had sat during so much of twenty hard, driving years. But now his head was forward upon the desk, and by the slack emptiness of his uncle's hands Dick knew that this was the end.

All over the floor were scattered the ginger blossoms of a broken lei.

When Dick Wayne had made certain that his uncle was dead, he picked up the scattered ginger blossoms and, opening a casement, threw them out into the night.

A raw wind swirled in, laying a wet sparkle on Dick's chest, but he left the casements open. He wanted to get the smell of ginger flowers out of the room. That spicy, pungent fragrance belonged to youth, and life, and love; it did not belong here where an old man was dead—worked to death, as much as anything, in a long struggle that was now probably lost. Already he knew that he would never smell ginger flowers again without recalling the stern, heavy shock of his first knowledge that James Wayne was dead.

He went to the door. The Japanese girl looked smaller than ever, standing there with her back pressed tight against the koa-wood wall, as if trying to hide herself from things unseen. "Send the missey here," he said.

"Missey Lilua?"

"No, no! The *haole* missey."

"Yes, Mister Dick."

"As soon as you have sent the *haole* missey to me, bring me Charles Wong."

As Dick turned back into the room he spotted one more of those unescapable ginger flowers under the corner of the desk. He picked it up and put it in his pocket. Then he went and stood at the window, looking out into blackness, unmindful of the cold spit of the rain. It seemed to him a long time before Karen came.

AS HE turned and faced her he saw instantly that the night had changed Karen. Her keen, bright sophistication, her unassailable poise, her effect of being able to take care of herself unassisted—all that was gone now. There was no blood in her face, and her eyes were frightened. The indescribable, elusive suggestion of some mysterious and hidden promise, which had first attracted him to her, was not visible now. What was left of the Karen Waterson he had seen before was simply her slender-boned, beautifully made frame, her clear and delicately cut features. This person standing in the doorway of James Wayne's room was no more than a frightened girl.

"Is—is something wrong?" Her words were faltering. "Has anything happened?"

Dick Wayne stared at her, astonished. Deep in his pocket his fingers were still rolling between them the petals of that last ginger flower; but Karen's eyes were uncommunicative and he saw that she did not so much as glance at the floor to make sure that the flowers were gone. Suddenly a terrible pity for this girl got the better of him and he shut his jaws.

"Dick," Karen cried out, "what is it?"

He was unable then, pitying her as he did, to tell her that he knew she already had the answer to that.

"James Wayne is dead," he answered.

"This—this is a terrible thing."

"Perhaps not."

"What do you mean?"

Dick's voice was hard and bitter. "If you are going to take this island, perhaps it is better that you take it from me and from my brothers—not from the man who made it what it is."

Karen Waterson stood staring at him blankly. Until now it had seemed to Dick Wayne that nothing he had ever said to her had reached her completely in its full meaning; but now he knew that he had hurt her, as definitely as if he had struck her across the face. The silence that followed had a strange, hopeless quality about it, empty, yet singularly acute. Dick was glad that Charles Wong now appeared, moving quickly into the room.

Charles Wong went straight to the desk, but his eyes were questioning on Dick's face.

"Yes," Dick answered the unspoken question.

Charles Wong verified the fact for himself before he spoke again. "You were here? Were you with him when—"

"No. Tsura called me when he didn't answer her knock. I found him just as he is."

A wave of swift emotion crossed the

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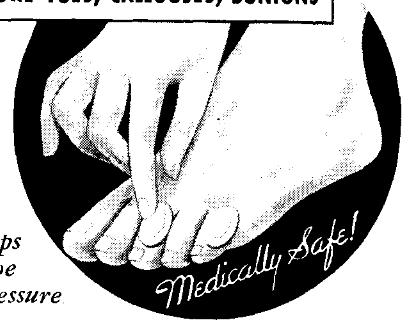
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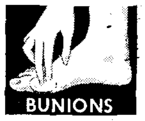

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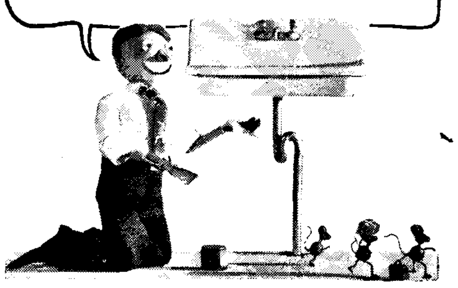

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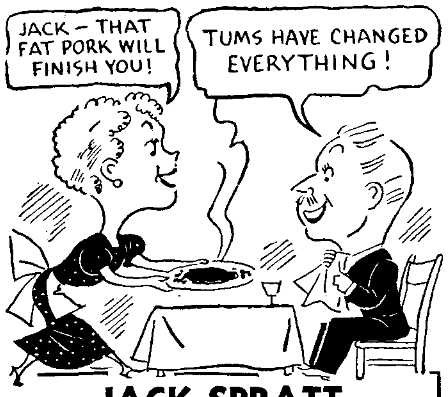
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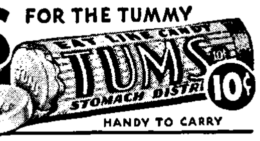

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Chinese secretary's face; he raised one hand and his fingers ran through his heavy hair.

"Get the doctor on the phone; get him up here at once. That is necessary for the proper reports. When that's done, get my brothers in Honolulu on the wireless phone; tell them what has happened; and that I will be in Honolulu tomorrow night, regardless of whether they will be here by then or not. Then get me John Colt; I think you already know where in Honolulu he is."

"And—what shall I tell him?"

"I'll talk to him myself."

THE Holokai did not weigh her hook until after dusk of the next day; but as she beat her way slowly out through the reefs, half an hour after sunset, Dick Wayne was glad that the day was over.

There was something fatalistic about the death of James Wayne, as if it had not only been foreordained to happen here and now, but that Dick had known it. A man could not work forever, giving all of his effort year after year, taking nothing for himself, without some day finding that he was all spent; and James Wayne had been an old man.

Tonga Dick had respected and admired his uncle, had understood what his uncle meant to Alakoa. Everything productive that Alakoa possessed had existed first in this one man's mind. They had all depended upon him and been guided by him; all of them except Dick himself had been controlled by him.

Even when they had hated and resented his decisions, they must have known that James Wayne was the one great driving power among them, and that his mind was the chart which mapped the destinies of them all.

But even Dick Wayne, who, because of his own stubborn will, perhaps understood James Wayne better than anyone else, had not fully comprehended how all-important this one man had been here, until he knew that James Wayne was dead. The loss of this man was as if a rugged island had disappeared under the face of the sea, or as if a ship had gone down beneath the feet of those she carried. Everything would have to be reorganized now, with squabblings and brotherly strife; and this disaster, which would have meant chaos at any time, now most certainly meant utter demoralization in the face of John Colt's attack.

He had not, after all, talked to John Colt over the wireless phone. His first impulse had been to attempt to buy John Colt off for a flat price, before news should reach Colt of their disaster. An offer of a hundred thousand dollars had been in his mind. Ten minutes' consideration, however, had shown him this impulse for what it was—a harebrained and futile notion, conceived in panic, and executed without preparation. Only an exposure of the weakness of his own position would be accomplished by any such shallow attempt to stampede Colt.

In the end he had simply told Charles Wong to notify Colt that Karen Waterson was a guest here overnight, and that she would return to Honolulu within another twenty-four hours. Charles Wong had rung off in the face of Colt's demand to speak to Miss Waterson herself; and Colt's further attempts to establish connection had been refused.

IT WAS good to be on the cool sea again, where the charging chop of the water cut them off from the singing and the drums; but they were not clear of the outlandish yet. As they drew away from the reefs a monstrous fin loomed out of the dusky sea, and an incredibly vast form took up a position off the Holokai's starboard quarter. It seemed to Karen that the great fin towered out of the water at least twelve feet.

All over the Holokai brown-skinned men stood silent, staring without comment and without exclamation.

It was minutes before Karen could speak.

"Dick—that thing's fifty feet long if it's an inch!"

"More like seventy. You're looking at Kai-Ale-Ale, Karen! I never believed in him before. I don't know that I believe in him now."

"But what is it? Surely that awful thing can't be just a shark?"

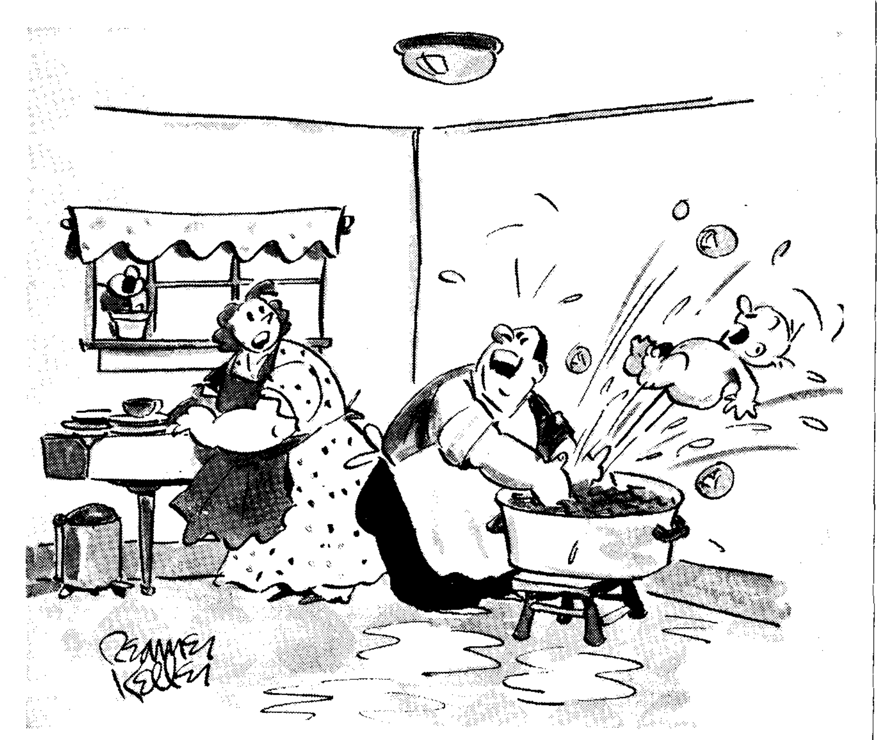
"A different kind—a whale shark. I've seen two or three before, and they were big ones; but never anything like this."

"Is he—would he—is he dangerous?"

"I haven't any idea. The Kanakas claim he bit a canoe in two. I don't know what he does."

Until now they had stood at the taffrail, watching Alakoa lose itself in the dark; for although it was turning cool, perhaps each of them had an uneasy

(Continued on page 60)



"Get me some sand, Ella. I can't hold onto him!" REAMER KELLER

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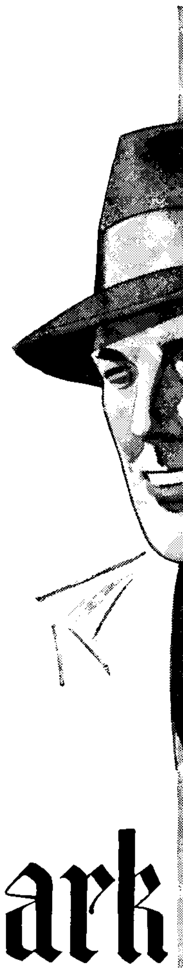

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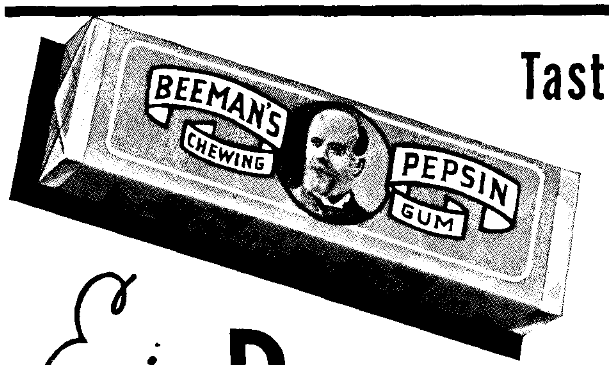

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(Continued from page 59)

distrust of being alone with the other. Now, however, Karen was only too glad to be taken below. Something about the slow, smooth drift of that eerie shape through the water was even worse to look at than its size.

Presently, therefore, they found themselves sitting face to face across a compactly set table under the cabin's skylight. The main cabin of the Holokai was trim and well lighted, but necessarily very small; here not even the hovering of the Chinese mess boy could spare them a sense of being shut in, very close together.

Karen's eyes rested unhappily upon her plate. Her fork fiddled with broiled *pakii*, but she was unable to eat. Her clear-cut poise had returned in the form of a reticent withdrawal; but behind the thin shell of that poise Dick Wayne was able to perceive that the girl was nervously distraught.

DICK WAYNE ate, for no other reason than that he had not eaten in more than eighteen hours, and waited for Karen to speak. Now, surely, he thought, she would have something to say about her presence at the death of James Wayne. He wanted to know now why she had sought James Wayne after she was supposed to be in bed, and what had been said between those two, in those last moments before James Wayne's finish caught up with him. And he wondered also what manner of panic had caused Karen to attempt to conceal the fact that she had been there.

Then presently he became aware, with a slow amazement, that Karen was not going to speak. She must have known who had picked up the broken ginger blossoms that would have given her away. But did she? Dick suddenly recognized that Karen perhaps did not know. Conceivably, she might have concluded that Tsura, the Japanese girl, had picked up those telltale flowers, motivated by nothing more than the housekeeping habit which clings to certain women even in times of stress.

He let his eyes rest with some deliberation upon her face, and saw that she was uncommonly pale; it gave her an exceptionally fragile look. "It seems to me," he began, "that you might tell me—"

She raised her eyes then. They had become astonishingly dark and deep, but her face was unafraid. Suddenly the deep sympathy, more significant than pity, to which this girl could move him, overwhelmed what he was going to say. For the first time, perhaps, he understood the great disadvantage at which he had placed her, and he was ashamed. She had carried it admirably, he thought; it was untrue that she was hard, in the way that his uncle had believed, but she had somewhere some thin thread of a strength that could not be humbled nor discredited. He found himself unable to force upon her the discussion of something which she had not wished him to know. Later, perhaps—but not here on the Holokai, where she was still very literally a prisoner.

He let the question he had begun lose itself in the black race of the sea past the lee porthole.

"We're making fast time," he said. "We'll be in Honolulu before very long."

Karen murmured, "I'm glad." A little shiver ran across her shoulders, so that her two words made Honolulu seem a long-sought haven, for her.

"There's something I want to tell you, Karen."

She waited, relaxed and impassive except for that sense of strain behind her pale composure. He lighted a cigarette for her and she accepted it.

"I am sorry I shanghaied you. I didn't realize what I was letting you in for."

"I'm not exactly used to being pushed about," Karen said.

"After all," he reminded her, "when you came aboard you believed me to be deceived even as to your name. And though your visit to Alakoa was against your will, you yourself, and your friend, John Colt, were partly responsible, I think."

Karen was silent.

"But I'm not all sorry," Dick said. "In spite of everything, I know you better now; and that has been worth while."

"I should not have tried to fool you about who I was," Karen said. In spite of her concealed nervous tension, she seemed very tired, so that he could hardly hear her words. "That was a very silly mistake."

"There have been other mistakes," Dick said.

She met his eyes for a moment, and he wondered if she was thinking about a silent room and a broken lei. He wanted to tell her that there was no reason for her to think about that; that he believed in her completely—could not help believing in her, in the face of any evidence whatever.

Dick said morosely, "You and I ought to be able to talk to each other more easily than we do."

"Do we have to go into all that?"

"It seems to me of the utmost importance," Dick Wayne said gravely, "that you and I work out some sort of understanding. Not here, not tonight; but soon."

"I don't see why," Karen said. "Under the circumstances I can't see that it's any use for us to talk at all."

"I would have thought that when we sailed from Honolulu," Dick admitted; "but I see some things differently than I saw them then."

"So do I," Karen answered; but her inflection subtly increased the distance between them, and the barrier between them seemed to strengthen.

"We can work these things out," Dick Wayne said. "You and I are the only ones who can."

KAREN WATERSON stiffened and sat back.

"I can only say this—if there are to be any negotiations at all, they will have to be carried on with John Colt, not with me."

"I have never talked to John Colt," Dick said slowly. "But I have a pretty fair idea that it isn't going to get anyone anything when I do."

"As a matter of fact," Karen said, "I don't think you will find that John Colt is interested in compromises. We are perfectly ready to go to trial, and that's what we expect to do."

"It seems to me that that is something you and I had better not let happen."

"I'm not interested in discussing it in any way." A certain frostiness had come into Karen's voice again. "If you think you can break our case, I advise you to do it."

"If the case came to trial as it now stands," Dick Wayne said, "I have no doubt that you could win. That is not going to happen—but just suppose for a minute that it did. Don't you realize that that would only be the beginning? After that would follow appeal after appeal, delay after delay; and even if you won in the end you'd be a white-haired old lady before your victory ever paid out. The Waynes won't give in because they can't give in."

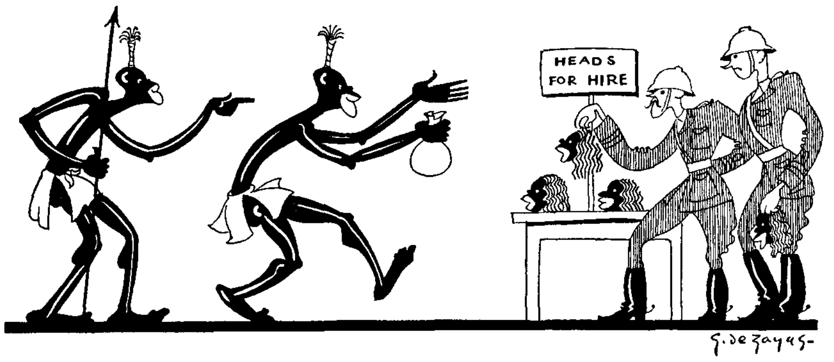
"Neither," said Karen, looking at him directly, "do we intend to give in."

"What you mean is that John Colt won't give in."

"It's the same thing."

Dick Wayne looked at her queerly. "Is it, Karen? Are you in love with Colt? Are you going to marry him?"

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Head-hunting is no longer practiced on the island of Borneo and the supply of dried heads, which are used in certain important celebrations, is virtually depleted. However, the British and Dutch government offices have managed somehow to collect quite a number which they lend to the tribes for these festivals.

Ozark mountaineers still use many words and phrases which were current about 400 years ago. Among these survivals are *preachment* for sermon, *feather into* for shoot, *ruinate* for ruin, *red up* for clean up, *in the gales* for in good humor and *needments* for necessities.—*By June Wheeler, Santa Barbara, California.*

Highly credible and well-confirmed testimony points to the fact that, in the nineteenth century, a number of Eskimos of Greenland and Labrador, while out in their kayaks, or canoes, were carried by storms or currents clear across the Atlantic Ocean to the northwest shores of the British Isles.

In asphyxiation the heart usually stops about five minutes after respiration ceases. Yet sometimes heart action continues for much longer periods. One recent case was that of an infant who, upon birth, lived with a normal heart beat for forty-five minutes without taking a breath.—*By Dr. R. T. Heath, Hardeeville, South Carolina.*

Not long ago swordfishes were classed with icebergs, storms and other dangers to ocean-going vessels. Although their swords are only about three feet long, they have often been driven through the sides of ships. In the Natural History Museum in London today there is a piece of timber that, although less than a foot square, contains three of these broken spears. —*By H. C. Belden, Los Angeles, California.*

New York City has a church that receives $80,000 a month in rentals from its real estate holdings, a millionaire who is an officer or director in 240 corporations, and a wealthy family that has given away more than $600,000,000.—*By Robert Cooper, New York City.*

Although oxygen—when a gas—does not possess any apparent metallic properties, it is—when liquefied—attracted by a magnet.—*By A. D. Hornstein, Hoboken, New Jersey.*

Mecca, holy city of Islam, lives in greater fear of spiritual contamination than any other town on earth. No adherent of another religion may pollute it with his presence and no Mohammedan himself will enter its gates until attired in a dress without seams—for seams are made with needles and thread which usually are manufactured by "infidels."

Although it is impossible to change one's fingerprints, even through an operation, there are three diseases which do it to a marked degree. They are scleroderma, radio dermatitis and leprosy. In fact, leprosy, it is said, changes the papillary pattern of fingerprints so much that they cannot be used for purposes of identification.

In the United States today a house or other structure is willfully set on fire—for insurance, excitement or revenge—on an average of once every 105 minutes, despite the fact that arson fires are usually easy to detect and the punishment is severe. In six states conviction calls for the death penalty and, in 14 others, it results in either life imprisonment or a 20-year sentence.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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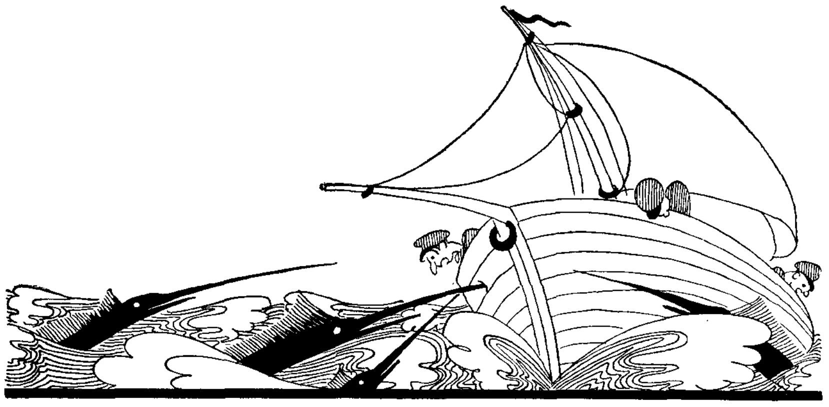

Basically, it isn't the amount of a man's salary that's important—it's what the salary buys. So it is with shoes. It isn't the original cost—it's the cost per day of wear. On this ground, Florsheim Shoes are the most economical. The DART, *S-513, in Black Calf. "No breaking-in" required. Also in Brown Calf, S-514.*

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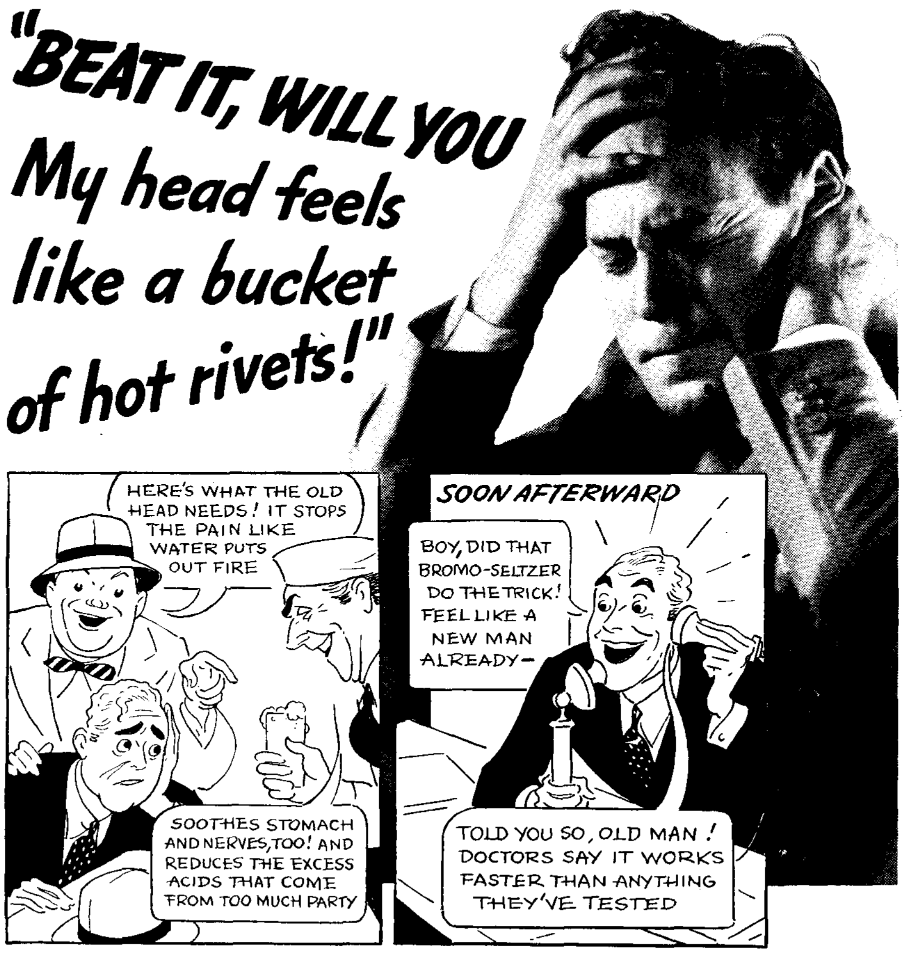
"BEAT IT, WILL YOU
My head feels
like a bucket
of hot rivets!"
HERE'S WHAT THE OLD HEAD NEEDS! IT STOPS THE PAIN LIKE WATER PUTS OUT FIRE
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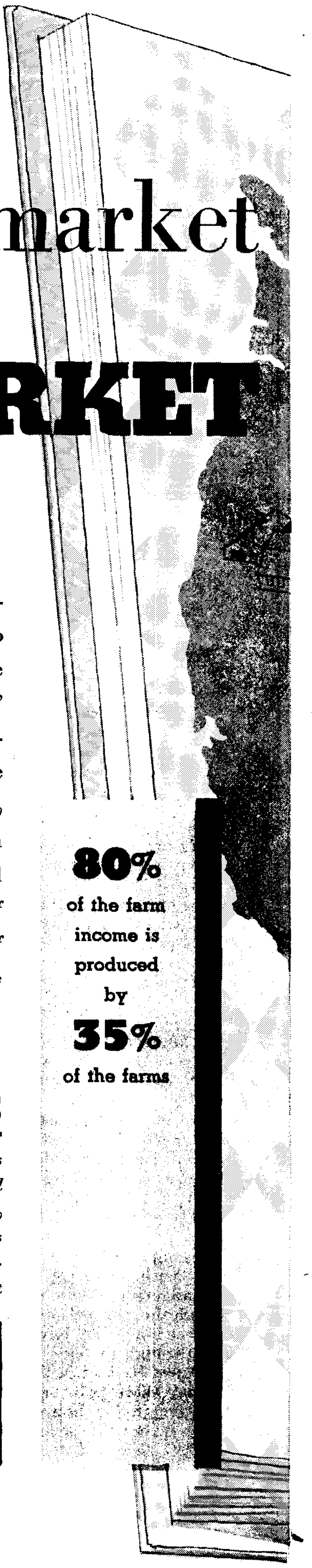
Discover an "export" market at home — in FARM MARKET

THE important question before many an executive conference in the last few years has been: *"How, and where, can we replace all the export business we have lost?"* Some manufacturers decided to adopt a waiting attitude — and are still waiting. But others have turned their eyes *and selling efforts* to rich new fields almost in their own back yards. To Farm Market A — where there was a potential business of almost five billion dollars last year.

An "export market" at home — with none of the disadvantages of foreign trade. No tariff walls. No changing rates of exchange. No shipping difficulties or language differences. Where the living standards and buying standards are higher than in any foreign country in the world. *Where, in 1934, the average-per-family income was $2,888!*

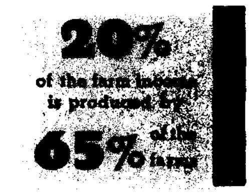
What a market to cultivate! A market without slums or shambles. Where smart rural business men earn a rich living from the soil. For right here in Farm Market A are concentrated the 35% of the farmers who account for 80% of the national farm income. But Farm Market A itself is not concentrated in any one section, state or community. It is a national market. It reaches from coast-to-coast — and advertising that reaches it must be *national* advertising, reaching every state in the union. The only effective and economical way to do that is through a national farm magazine — *The Country Home Magazine.*

Just as America's rural buying power is concentrated in Farm Market A, so is America's rural reading power concentrated in The Country Home Magazine. Edited to appeal to the live intelligence and to hold the continued interest of these top-income farmers and their families, it is the *"accepted"* magazine of Farm Market A. The Country Home offers advertisers a hand-picked circulation in the farm field — the largest in the United States. Over 1,500,000 monthly — 91% of which is in Farm Market A counties. A circulation which does not include the low-income, unable-to-buy farmers, and delivers the cream of the farm market — *and at less than half the cost per-page-per-thousand of the scooped-up coverage of localized farm magazines.* A fact which you may want to place before your next executive meeting.


80%
of the farm income is produced by
35%
of the farms

BUYING POWER THAT BUYS

For two years farm incomes have been sweeping upward — and farmers have been translating those big incomes into big sales. Last year's rural sales were the best since 1930. The first six months of this year are 22% above the same period last year. Booming business — and most of it comes from Farm Market A. For every year this top third of the farmers get four-fifths of all farm income. Only a third of the farmers, but they have almost all of the real rural spending power. More than that, they have a taste for all the best products that city manufacturers have to sell. They are a brand-conscious market that is spending money—and spending it for the products that are advertised directly to Farm Market A.



THE Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Largest circulation in the rural field

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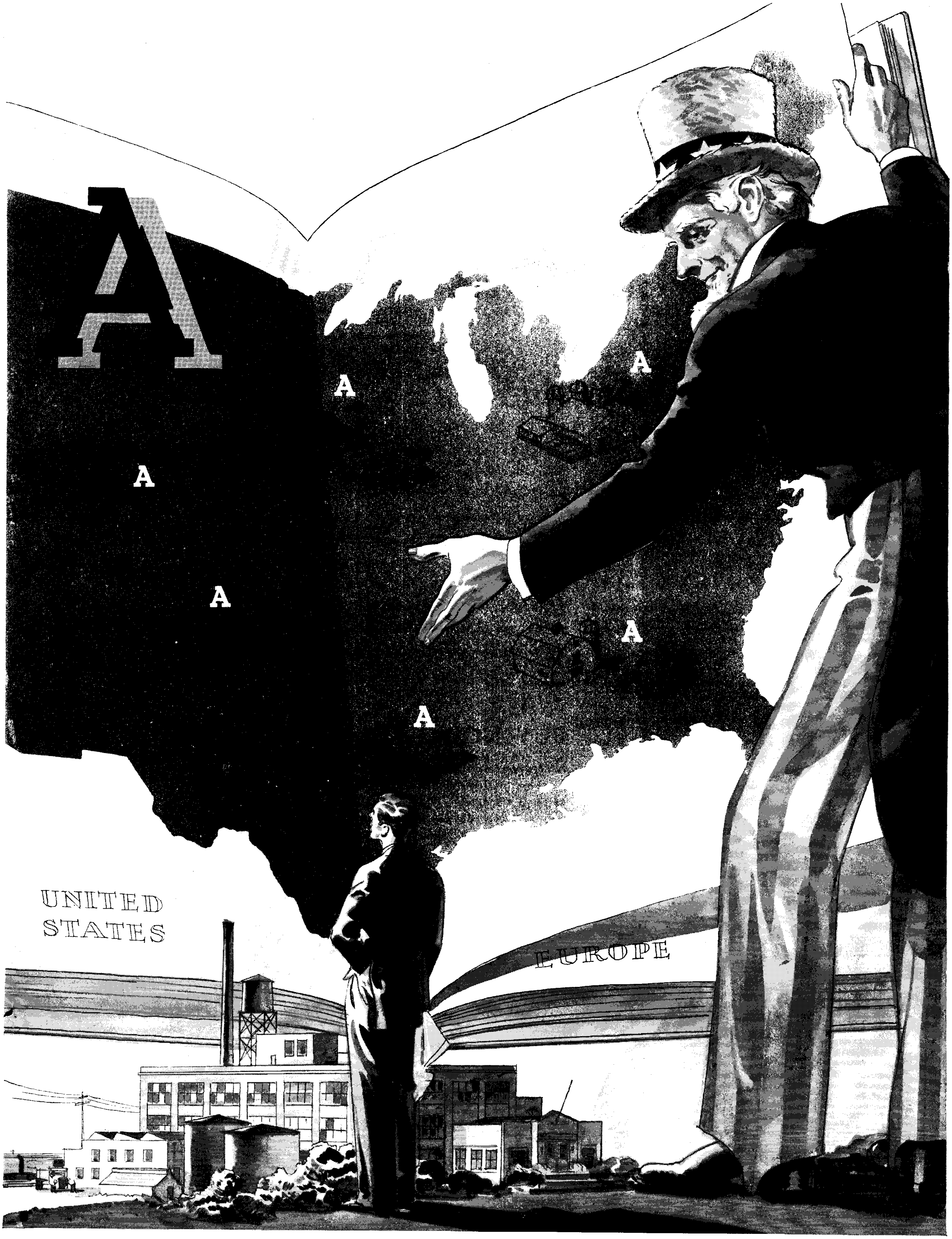
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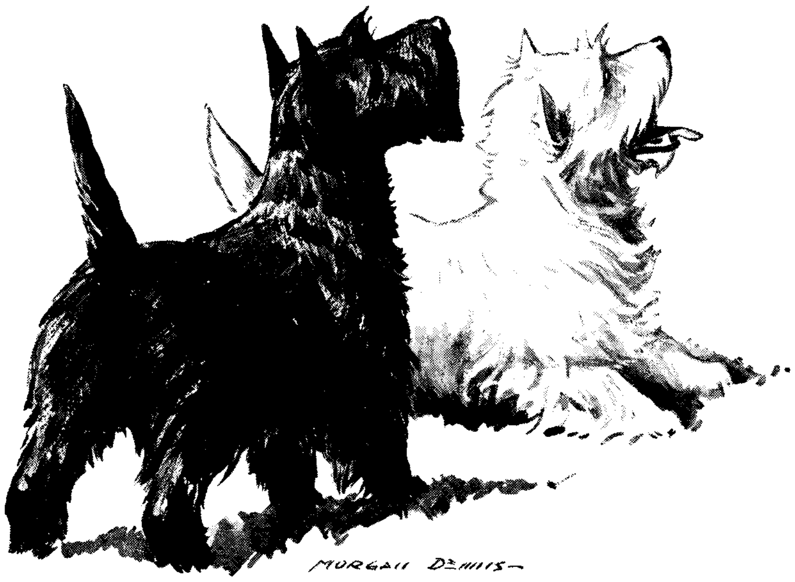

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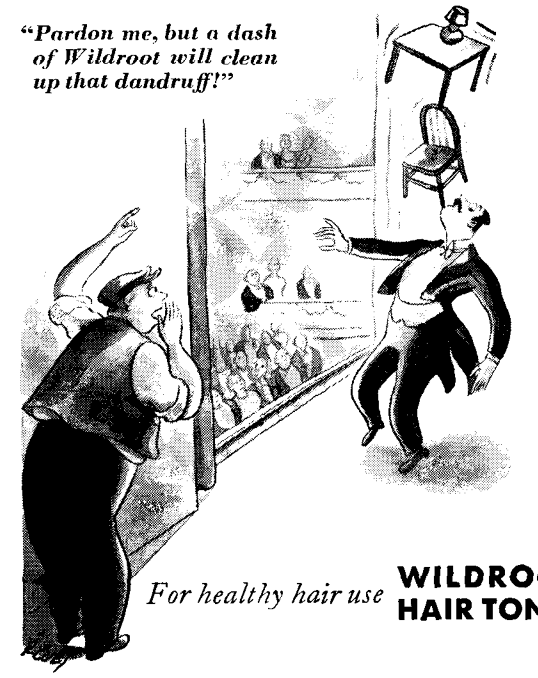
"Pardon me, but a dash of Wildroot will clean up that dandruff!"

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For healthy hair use WILDROOT HAIR TONIC *Eliminates dandruff*

Your Best Game

Continued from page 22

he was in a four heart contract, against which East had bid clubs and West diamonds. A diamond had been led to East's ace and a diamond returned, which was of course ruffed. Mr. Phipps took two trump rounds, being careful to leave one trump in dummy so that a diamond return from his lead-throw would enable him to score a ruff and discard. Next he led a spade to the ace, ruffed dummy's last diamond, and led his jack of spades. West covering with the queen, dummy overtook with the ace and led the last spade, which East had to win with the ten. The latter now could win nothing more but a third trick with his club ace, so the contract was made.

Reading the opponents' holdings from their bids and plays can not be dispensed with in difficult hands. Louis J. Haddad, the Chicago star who is president of the American Bridge League, had just that kind of assignment on this deal:

	North	
	♠ K J 8 2	
	♡ 8	
	◇ 8 7 4 2	
	♣ K J 10 6	
West		*East*
♠ 10		♠ 6 4 3
♡ K Q J 10 5 2		♡ 9 6 3
◇ 6 3		◇ K J 10
♣ A Q 5 4		♣ 8 7 3 2
	South	
	♠ A Q 9 7 5	
	♡ A 7 4	
	◇ A Q 9 5	
	♣ 9	

He found himself in the apparently impossible contract of six spades, despite West's opening bid and rebid of hearts and a bid of clubs, showing at least a six-card heart suit and a four-card club suit. When the heart king was led, it looked as if two tricks must positively be lost, one in diamonds and one in clubs. But if, besides the ten cards shown by the bids, West's other three cards included only two diamonds, Mr. Haddad saw a way to make his contract.

Begining to eliminate the hearts, he ruffed a small one in dummy, then laid down the spade king. When West dropped the ten, he knew it was probably singleton and that two diamonds were likely companions of it. On a small diamond lead for the successful queen finesse, East played the ten, which he probably would not have done unless he had exactly the king-jack-ten. This would place West with the remaining small one, which proved correct when, after the last heart was ruffed, West followed suit to the ace of diamonds, leaving:

	North	
	♠ K	
	♡ None	
	◇ 8 7	
	♣ K J 10 7	
West		*East*
♠ None		♠ 6 4
♡ Q J 10		♡ None
◇ None		◇ K
♣ A Q 5 4		♣ 8 6 3 2
	South	
	♠ A Q 9 7	
	♡ None	
	◇ 5 3	
	♣ 9	

Mr. Haddad now led the nine of clubs. West now could pretty well read what he was up against and surveyed his alternatives. If he won this with his ace, his only choice was a heart or club return. If a club, South could discard both losing diamonds on the clubs; if a heart, dummy could ruff with the king, discarding one diamond, then park the other diamond on the club king. If West ducked the trick, dummy could win it with the club ten, and then lead the club jack, discarding one diamond. If West passed this, the contract would be home, with South having only one loser left in his hand, so West would have to win it with the queen. Then if he returned a heart, the last diamond would go via the ruff-and-discard route; if he returned a small club, the king would furnish a discard of the last diamond; if he returned the club ace—prettiest variation of the finish, which he chose—Mr. Haddad would ruff this, enter the dummy with the spade king, then discard his last diamond on the club king.

Unusual defense by the opponents can compel a declarer to use special methods of his own to make a contract, as Lester S. Crane, of Miami, Fla., had to do with this hand:

	North	
	♠ K J 7	
	♡ A 10 6 3	
	◇ 10 9	
	♣ J 9 7 3	
West		*East*
♠ A 10 2		♠ 9 5 4
♡ 7 4 2		♡ K 8 5
◇ J 6 5 3 2		◇ K 8 4
♣ K 8		♣ Q 10 5 4
	South	
	♠ Q 8 6 3	
	♡ Q J 9	
	◇ A Q 7	
	♣ A 6 2	

Playing at three no trump, he let East's king win the diamond led by West and took the return with his ace. If he now lost a heart finesse to East, the latter could knock out his last diamond stopper, and West then would eventually run the rest of his diamonds when he got in with his spade ace. Mr. Crane decided to remove that spade stopper first, since it is plain West never can have a heart entry. West held up his ace until the third round. Now if he returns a diamond, the contract is easy, for three spade tricks, three hearts, two diamonds and one club will make game.

This particular West divined that his diamond suit was probably hopeless, and that he had better try to find his partner holding a club suit. Hence he returned his king of clubs. Mr. Crane, deciding he would be fancy too, took it with his ace, led his heart queen, which East passed up, laid down the spade eight for a club discard, East discarding likewise, then scored his diamond queen. He then led a club in this situation:

	North	
	♠ None	
	♡ A 10	
	◇ None	
	♣ J 9	
West		*East*
♠ None		♠ None
♡ 7		♡ K 8
◇ J 6		◇ None
♣ 8		♣ Q 10
	South	
	♠ None	
	♡ J 9	
	◇ None	
	♣ 6 2	

East thus got two club tricks, but had to follow them with a lead of hearts, giving Mr. Crane the last two tricks which he needed.

Constant vigilance earned success for John Cummings on this deal:

North
♠ Q J 3
♡ J 9 3
◇ Q 6 5 3
♣ 9 7 4

West	*East*
♠ 8 6 4	♠ K 9 5 2
♡ A 8 7 6 2	♡ K
◇ J 4 2	◇ K 9 8 7
♣ Q 6	♣ K 10 5 3

South
♠ A 10 7
♡ Q 10 5 4
◇ A 10
♣ A J 8 2

He was in a three no trump contract, the approach to which was his own opening third-hand bid of one club in the South. A not vulnerable West had bid a heart over it, East one no trump, Mr. Cummings doubled, West passed, North bid two diamonds, East passed, Mr. Cummings two no trump and his partner three no trump.

Answering East's indication of club strength with the one no trump call after the clubs had been bid, West led the queen of that suit. Mr. Cummings won it with the ace, led his heart queen to East's singleton king, took the return of the spade deuce with dummy's queen and returned the spade three for a successful finesse of the ten. Now he led a heart through West's bid to dummy's nine, which began to put discarding pressure on East, who shed a diamond. A second diamond was deposited by East on dummy's lead of the heart jack, which West won with the ace. Declarer's ten took West's lead of the fourth round of hearts, which squeezed East again, this time into blanking his spade king. The spade ace thereupon dropped said king, the diamond ace was lead, leaving:

North
♠ None
♡ None
◇ Q 6
♣ 9 7

West	*East*
♠ None	♠ None
♡ 8	♡ None
◇ J 4	◇ K
♣ 6	♣ K 10 3

South
♠ None
♡ None
◇ 10
♣ J 8 2

The diamond threw East in for his side's third trick, and no matter what club he then led, his side could get only one more trick, the contract being made.

Keeping the dangerous hand out of the lead in the early stages is often an important preliminary to the building up of a successful end play. Such was the case when Mrs. Alexander Randall of Baltimore played a three no trump contract on the South cards of this deal:

North
♠ A Q 10
♡ K 10 6 4 3
◇ 7 3
♣ 8 7 5

West	*East*
♠ 7 4 3	♠ 9 8 6 5 2
♡ J 2	♡ Q 8 7
◇ A J 9 6	◇ Q 8
♣ A J 9 4	♣ 10 6 3

South
♠ K J
♡ A 9 5
◇ K 10 5 4 2
♣ K Q 2

Some pairs in the tournament were beaten in four heart contracts, with the loss of a heart, two diamonds and a club. Others were beaten at three no trump because, after winning the club lead, they cashed two high hearts, lost one to East and then saw the adversaries take three club tricks and the diamond ace. They did not realize, as did Mrs. Randall, that the contract depended on keeping the dangerous East hand out of the lead, so that there could be no coming through her clubs and diamonds.

After she won the opening club trick, she determined East would never get the lead if she could prevent it. She went to the dummy with the heart king, returned a small heart to the nine and let East's jack win it. Then, when a clever West returned a spade, to try to give his partner the lead, it had no effect. She won it with the king, dropped East's dangerous heart queen with the ace, raked in two spades in the dummy and the last two hearts there and now had all told eight tricks. These cards remained:

North
♠ None
♡ None
◇ 7 3
♣ 8 7

West	*East*
♠ None	♠ None
♡ None	♡ None
◇ A J	◇ Q 8
♣ A J	♣ 10 6

South
♠ None
♡ None
◇ K 10
♣ Q 2

She led a diamond from dummy. No matter what East played, she was prepared to cover it, thereby giving West the choice of letting her make the needed additional trick right there or else taking the trick. West won the ten with the jack and then took his two minor aces, but at the windup had to lead to the club queen.

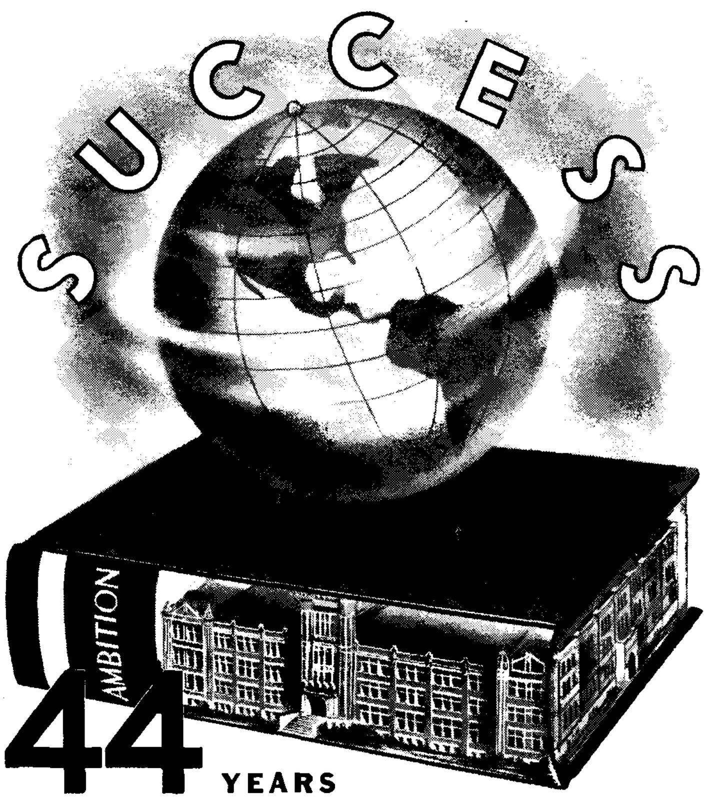
How to Plan the Hand Shown on Page 22

The crux of this hand is the club suit. With four other tricks available, five club tricks are needed. Doing as most players would, leading the king and then to the ace, the only chance is to find one opponent with a doubleton queen-jack. The chances can be almost doubled by first leading the nine of clubs and, if the first opponent does not cover, playing the ten from dummy. If the East player happens to hold three clubs topped by the jack, or three headed by the queen, you have nearly a sure bet that he will take the trick, if he has the amount of carelessness in his system possessed by most human beings. Then on the next round of clubs the king is overtaken by the ace, dropping the other outstanding honor. This method of "increasing the percentage" will work also when the queen and jack are doubleton with one opponent. Wouldn't you fall for this play if you were in your normal semi-careless mood and held the East cards in this layout?

North
♠ 9 4 2
♡ 8 5
◇ 7 4
♣ A 10 8 7 3 2

West	*East*
♠ J 10 8 7 5	♠ K 3
♡ K J 6	♡ Q 10 4 2
◇ K J 10	◇ Q 9 8 3
♣ Q 4	♣ J 6 5

South
♠ A Q 6
♡ A 9 7 3
◇ A 6 5 2
♣ K 9



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Today the need for trained men is great—and increasing. Recognition of this fact is causing more and more ambitious men to come to the training they need. We cordially invite other earnest men to follow their example. Return of the attached coupon will bring you information about the subject in which you are most interested.

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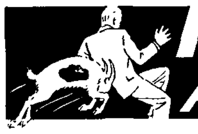

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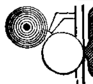

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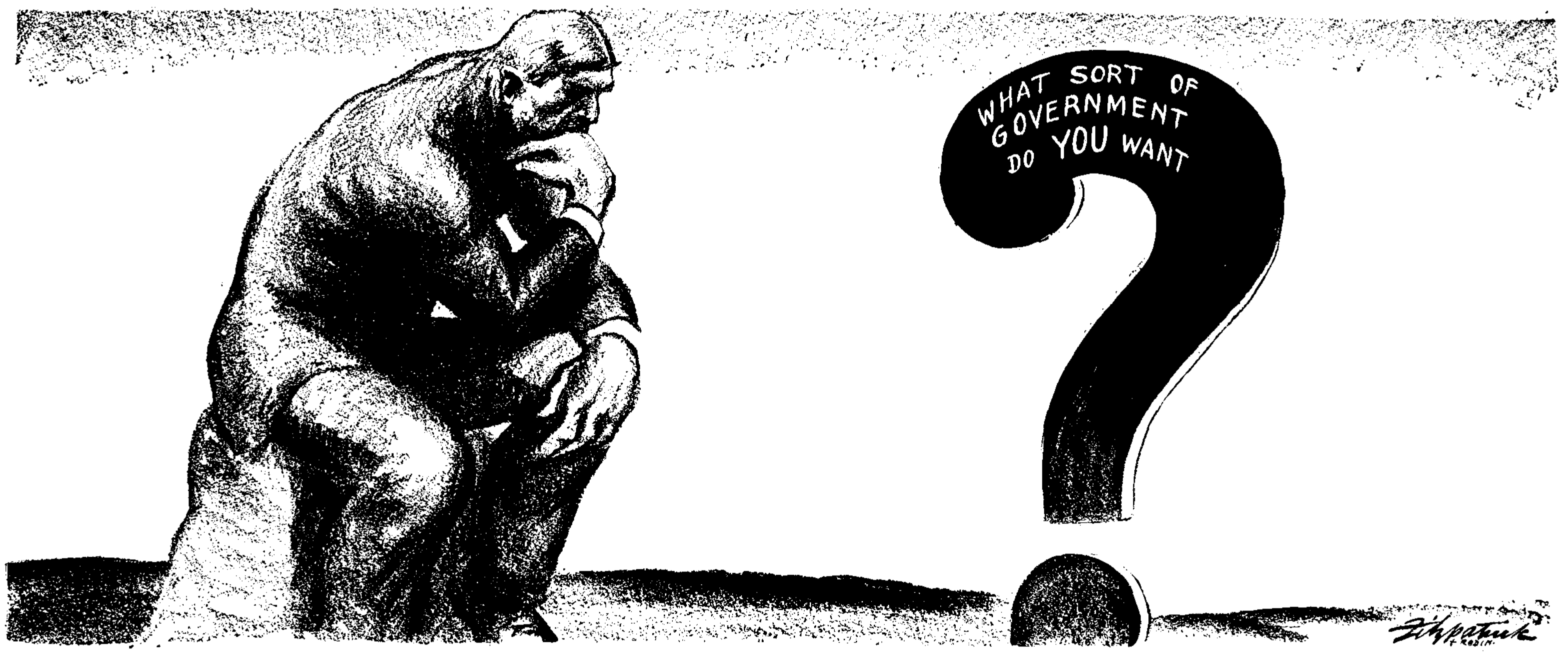
WHAT SORT OF GOVERNMENT DO YOU WANT

It's Up to You

CONDITIONS are better today than a year ago when we were making up our minds whom to elect to a new Congress. Business affairs have improved. More profits are being earned. Better wages and salaries are being paid. Unemployment and, consequently, public relief continue but there is light ahead.

The temper of the people has changed. How far the tide of sentiment has swung no one knows definitely. Last summer's election of an anti-Administration congressman in Rhode Island may have been merely an isolated episode or it may indicate a widespread change. We shall not know certainly for another year.

Meanwhile, representatives and senators are at home, merged in the mass of their fellow citizens. Within another three months the Seventy-fourth Congress will again convene. Just now the lawmakers are discreetly trying to find out our hopes and fears.

At any time the dominant desire of the majority of congressmen is to be reëlected. A few members, men of the caliber of Senator Carter Glass, are more concerned in upholding principles which seem right to them than they are in winning or retaining office. But the Carter Glasses are few in any assemblage.

The great majority of representatives want most of all to represent and express the opinions popular among the voters. If we as citizens are excited, Congress will be excitable and exciting. If we as citizens are full of folly, our foolishness will be eloquently uttered in the halls of the Capitol. If we are angry or vengeful, malice will be expressed in Congress. Representatives and senators try to become loud-speakers broadcasting whatever they think is in the minds of the electorate.

So the present vacation of Congress is highly important both to congressmen and to the country. Representatives and senators would like to know what we want done at the next session.

The lawmakers have plenty to talk about with the folks at home. Congress appropriated over eight billion dollars for various purposes, at the rate of sixty-odd dollars for every man, woman and child in the United States. That is quite a tidy sum and in the thriftier sections of the country it may provide a topic which may be discussed in considerable detail.

Congress also passed the largest number of important laws recorded in any session since the Civil War. The net effect of the measures enacted was to transfer money and authority from business to the federal government. Taxes were increased and national regulation of banks, utility companies, coal mines, railroads, motor carriers and other business concerns was strengthened.

The Congress also made a brave beginning in the writing of a law upon which a system of old age and unemployment pensions and insurance may be founded. The act, incomplete because of the lack of an appropriation, may well be remembered as the most important service rendered by this Congress.

What was done was significant enough, but what was said and intimated at the hearings of various committees and at other times was even more suggestive of stringent measures to come.

Members of the Seventy-fourth Congress were elected while voters were hot at evidences of incapacity and irresponsibility on the part of a few leaders of business. The 1934 temper of voters was reflected in the 1935 Congress. Then, too, the ancient practice of sacrificing a scapegoat for the sins of the people is still strong in us. Many senators and some congressmen spent much time in searching out goats to be sacrificed in open committee hearings.

These inquisitions are important to inquiring representatives and senators because of the publicity they receive. Men hoping for reëlection or elevation to still higher office appreciate favorable publicity. Advertising pays and politicians are skillful in asking questions calculated to produce sensational headlines.

The record compiled in the long session will be remembered clearly enough. The imminence of next year's presidential election assures this. The present pressing problem is what we, as a people, want of this Congress when it reassembles in January.

Congressmen may say in their own behalf that all they have done so far is to extend relief to the needy and to seek to reform abuses which urgently required consideration. Hostile critics can easily find other and less friendly words to sum up the situation. The truth is that many of the acts of Congress by implication have raised questions which sometime must be faced, considered and decided by public opinion.

Some of these questions are fundamental and far-reaching. They go to the very heart of our economic and social system. Upon the answers rendered depends the kind of a civilization in which we and our children and our children's children shall live and work.

How far is national control to extend? Is private business to be strangled in regulation? Is the central government to supplant private enterprise with public activities? Is the making of money by private enterprise inimical to the public welfare? Are the young men and women of tomorrow to prepare themselves for public employment in governmental bureaus and agencies or is individual initiative to continue?

The important thing now is for the members of Congress to learn from their constituents the spirit and temper in which we, as voters, desire them to proceed. If we want thoughtful, considerate legislation now is the time to make our wishes known. If we want something else, now, also, is our opportunity. For we can be sure that Congress will represent us as fully as it can interpret our minds.

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Refreshing

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Remember the first time you tried an ice-cold Coca-Cola? You found you had been missing something,—*the pause that refreshes.* If you've never tried it with good things to eat, you don't know what you're missing . . . that tingling, delicious taste-thrill that makes lunch time a real *refreshment time.*

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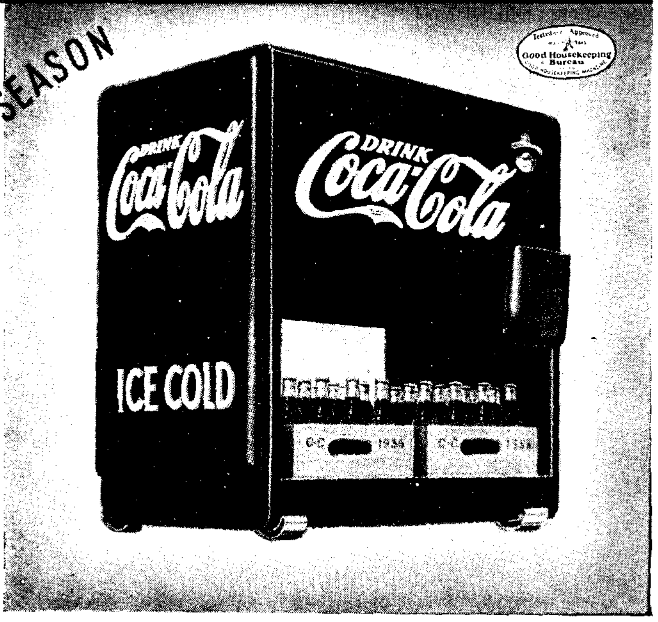
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$10,000.00

1520 Cash Prizes!

FIRST PRIZE, $3,000.00

Awarded for simple statements—100 words or less—about the Sno Sheen measuring sifter!

PILLSBURY'S
SNO SHEEN
CAKE FLOUR

Look at the picture of the measuring sifter above. That little sifter is built into the side of every package of Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour. Women are enthusiastic about it . . . about its convenience and its cleanliness. That little sifter is going to bring $10,000.00 in cash prizes to 1520 lucky people. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be one of them. Just write a simple little statement (not over 100 words) about the advantages of this measuring sifter. Remember . . . you have 1520 chances to win part of that $10,000.00!

FIRST PRIZE $3000.00
SECOND PRIZE $1000.00 **THIRD PRIZE $500.00**
FOURTH PRIZE $250.00 **FIFTH PRIZE $100.00**
Ten prizes of $50.00 **Twenty-five prizes of $10.00**
Four hundred eighty prizes of $5.00 **One thousand prizes of $2.00**

$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES...1520 PRIZES IN ALL!

HAVE *you* tried Pillsbury's Sno Sheen in the measuring-sifter package? If you haven't, go to your grocer's today and get a box. Take it home and test it. Notice first that you don't have to hack open a heavy package; you simply pull off the little piece of label paper which covers the sifter, and the package is ready for use. (By the way—save that piece of label paper!) Gently pull out the sifter, and put in the little crank. Hold the package—tilted downward—in the palm of your left hand. If the flour sifts too slowly, squeeze the box to make the flour drop into the sifter.

Now you can measure an accurate cup of sifted flour, right from package into measuring cup, without spilled, scattered flour, without fuss or muss, without any chance of a mistake in measurement. And you can do it in just about half the time necessary to sift and measure a cup of flour in the old-fashioned way!

When you are through, simply push the sifter shut . . . replace the crank . . . and your package is sealed tight against flying dust or soot!

This little measuring sifter, as you see, is a great convenience. It is more than that . . . it has made cake-baking a lot more simple, for it assures an accurate, properly sifted cup of flour, every time. It saves flour; it helps prevent baking failures; it saves time, trouble and annoyance; it keeps your flour clean until the last spoonful is used!

Now, when you've finished trying the measuring sifter . . . when you've discovered what a wonderful thing it really is . . . prepare to make some money for yourself. Sit down and write a simple statement (not over 100 words) about the sifter, telling about its advantages as *you* see them. Add your name and address, and attach the little piece of label paper which covered the sifter. Mail it to Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Contest Department 3, Minneapolis, Minn., before midnight of Oct. 27, 1935. Remember, if you shouldn't win first prize, there are 1,519 other cash prizes, one as high as $1,000.00 . . . all worth winning!

You have just as much chance to win as anybody. Fancy entries are no better than any others. First prizes in the last two Pillsbury contests were won by an 85-year-old farm woman and a 25-year-old bride, a worker in a big city department store! Buy a package of Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour today. You'll be delighted with the superior quality of the flour. You'll be delighted with the measuring sifter. And when the prizes are awarded in December, you'll be more than delighted if you find a Christmas check in your mail box some bright morning!

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Simply write a statement of not more than 100 words about the advantages of the measuring sifter in the Pillsbury's Sno Sheen package. Use only one side of the paper. Write your name and address under your statement.
2. Attach to this statement the little piece of label paper which covers the measuring sifter in the Pillsbury's Sno Sheen package. Mail to Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Department 3, Minneapolis, Minn.
3. Submit as many statements as you like. But each must be written on a separate sheet of paper, signed with your name and address, and each must be accompanied by the little piece of label paper which covers the measuring sifter in the side of a Pillsbury's Sno Sheen package.
4. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight of Oct. 27, 1935.
5. Judges are: Miss Jean B. Guthrie, Better Homes and Gardens; Mrs. Gabrielle Griswold, The Country Home; Miss Julia Bliss Joyner, Pictorial Review.
   The decision of the judges is accepted as final by all entrants.
6. Prizes will be awarded for statements which in the opinion of the judges give the most complete and clearest picture of the advantages of the measuring sifter. No special consideration will be given decorated or fancy entries.
7. Each winner agrees to permit the use of her prize-winning statement, together with her name and address, in published or radio announcements. No entries will be returned.
8. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
9. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Pillsbury Flour Mills Company and its advertising agency, and their families.

PILLSBURY'S
SNO SHEEN
CAKE FLOUR
MEASURING SIFTER HERE
DO NOT CUT INTO PACKAGE, USE MEASURING SIFTER ON SIDE

Pillsbury's SNO SHEEN *Cake Flour*